

ULTIMATE SPIDER-MAN®

VOL
4

LEGACY

MARVEL

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**CHAPTER 22
REFLECTIONS
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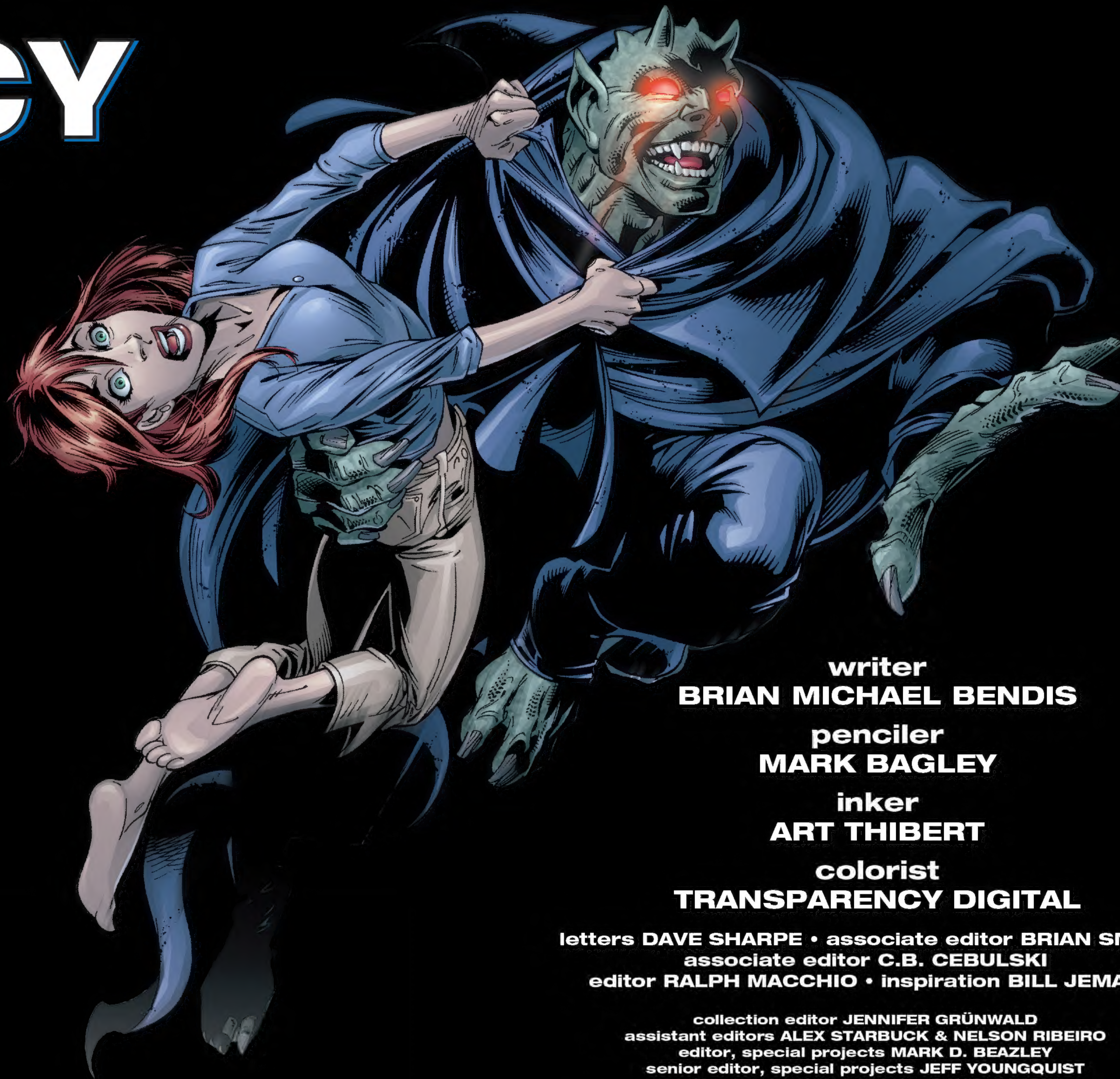
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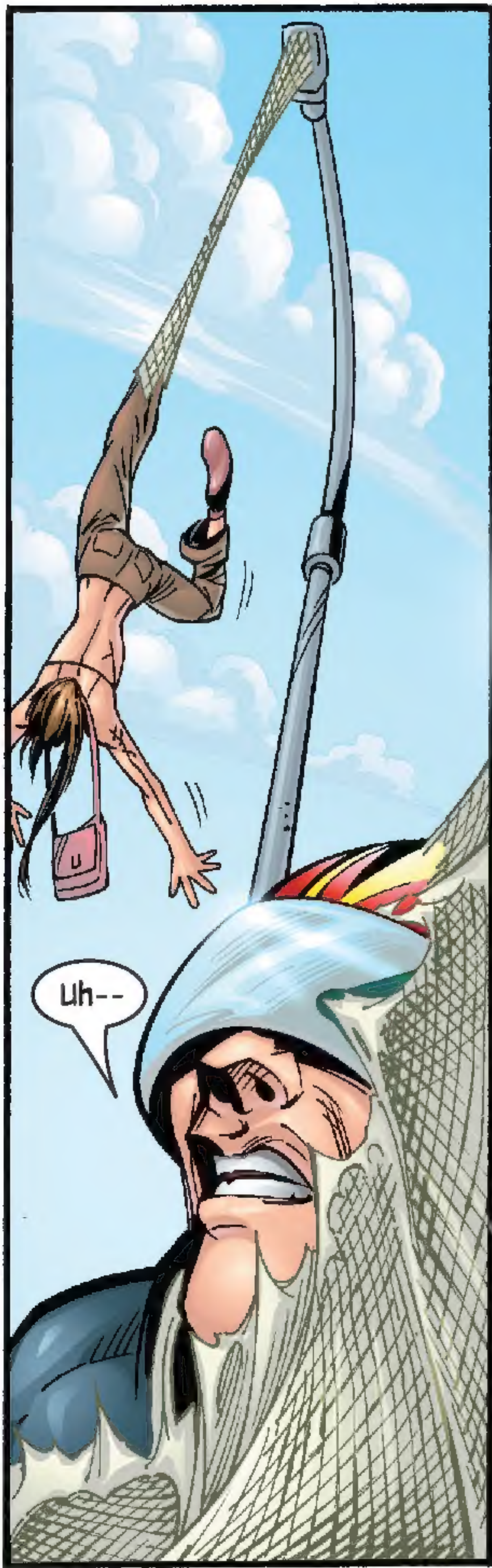
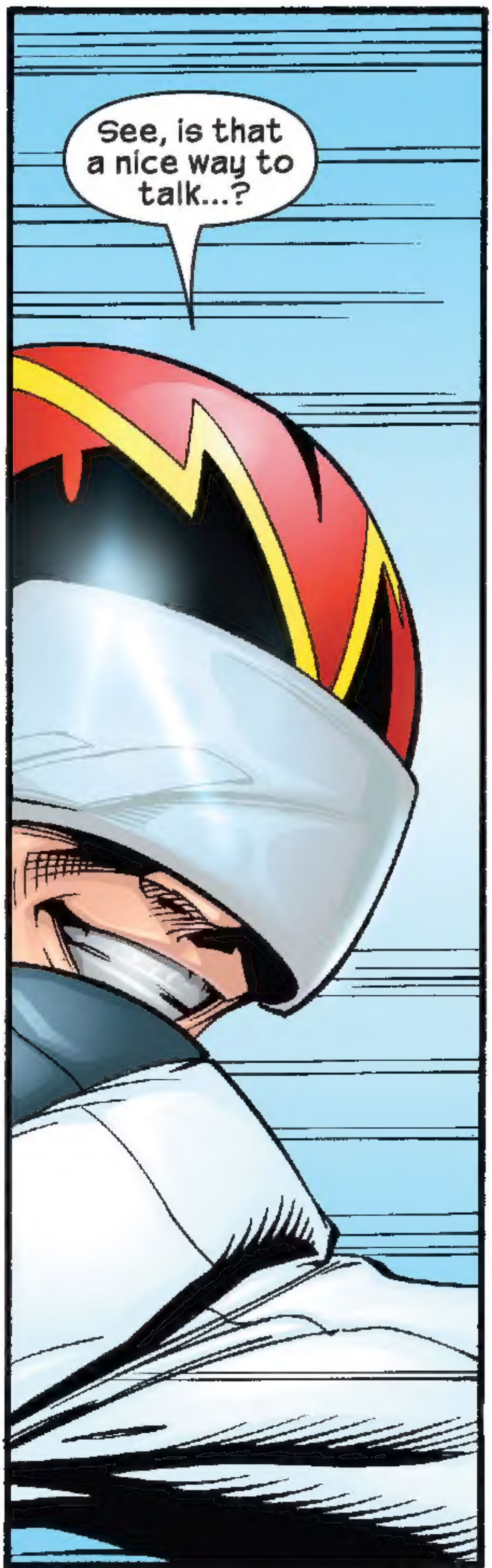
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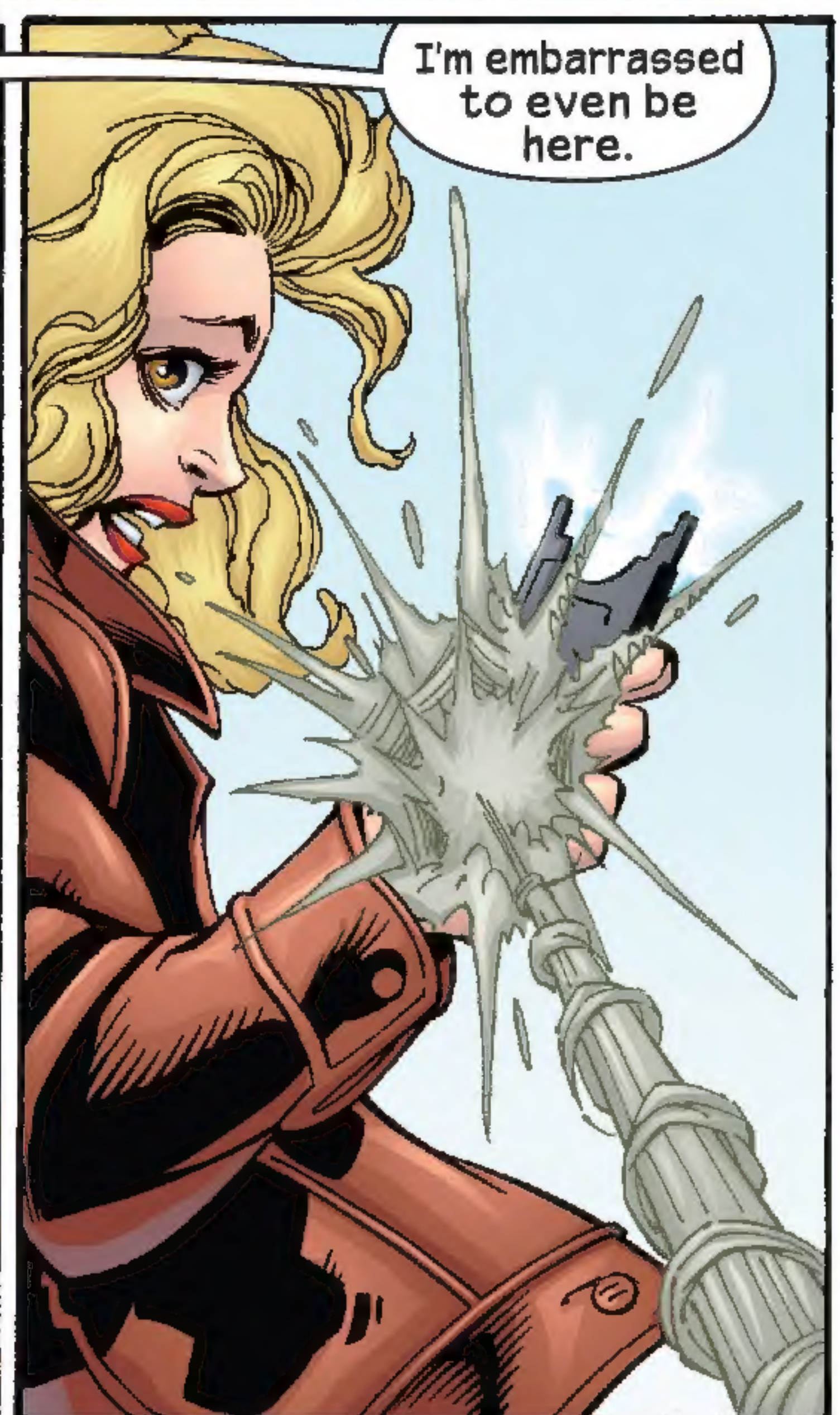
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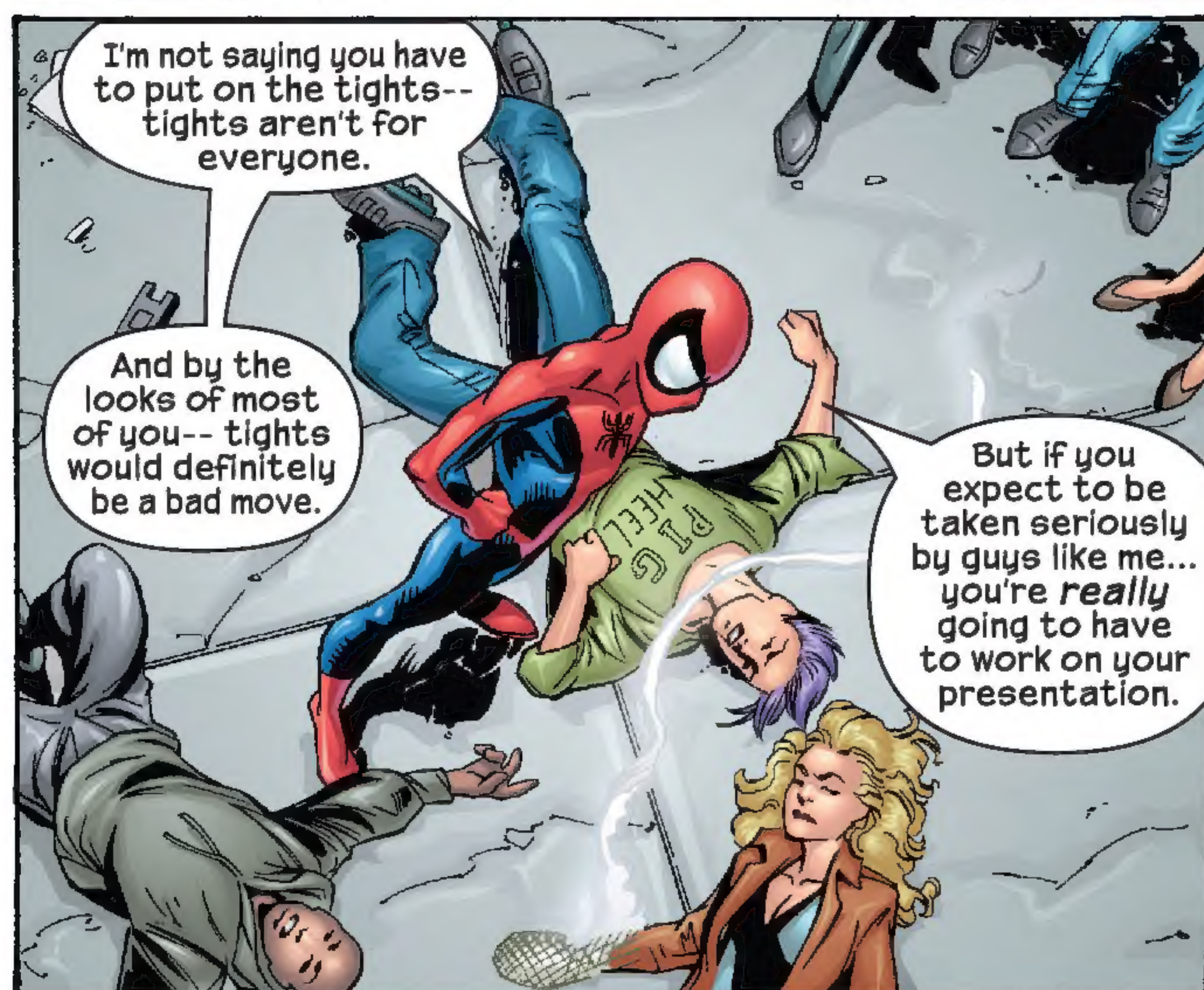
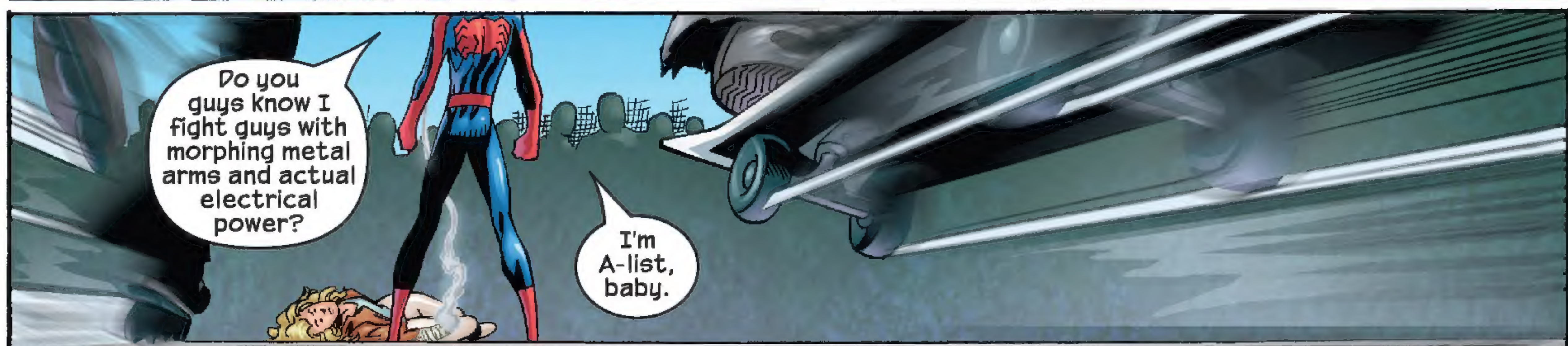
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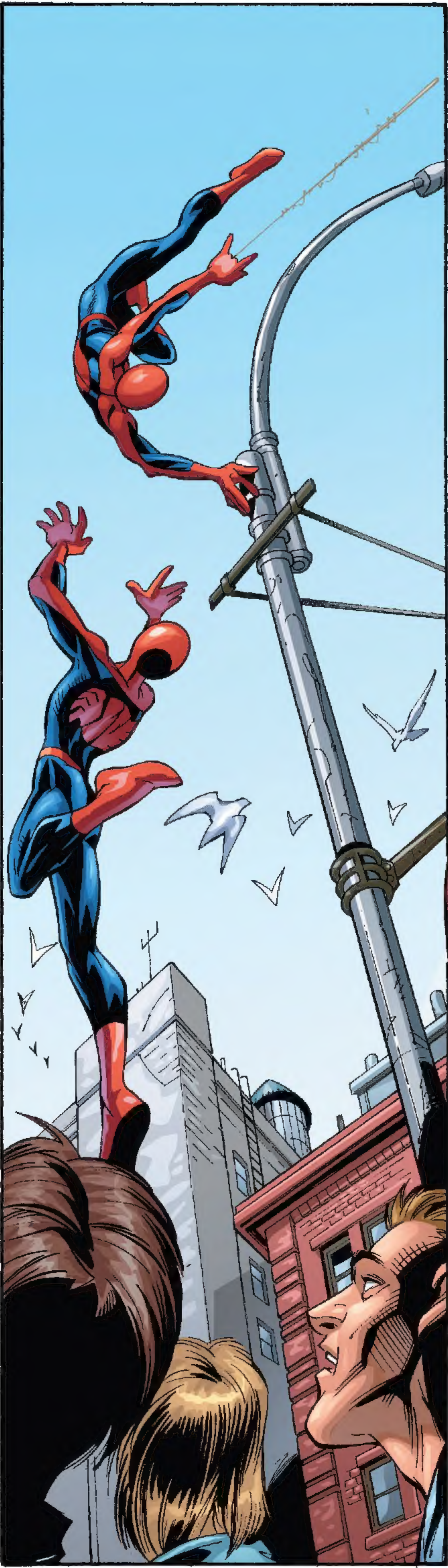


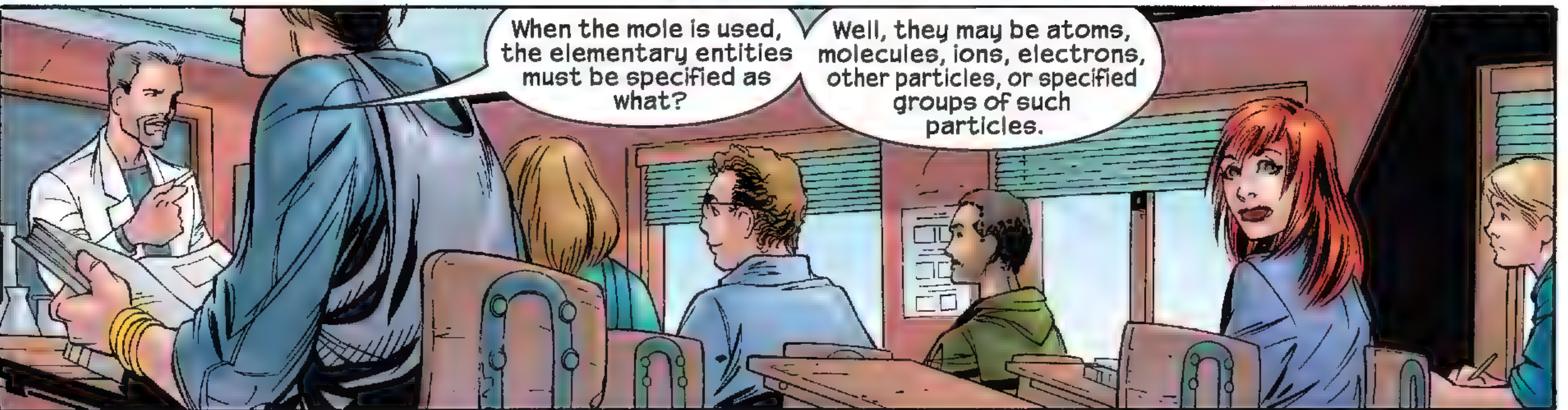
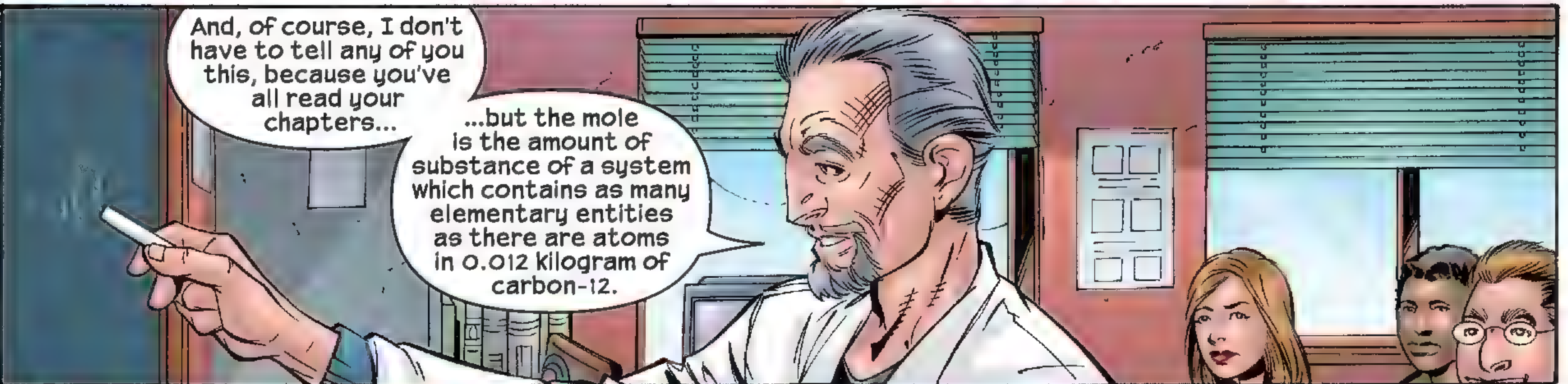
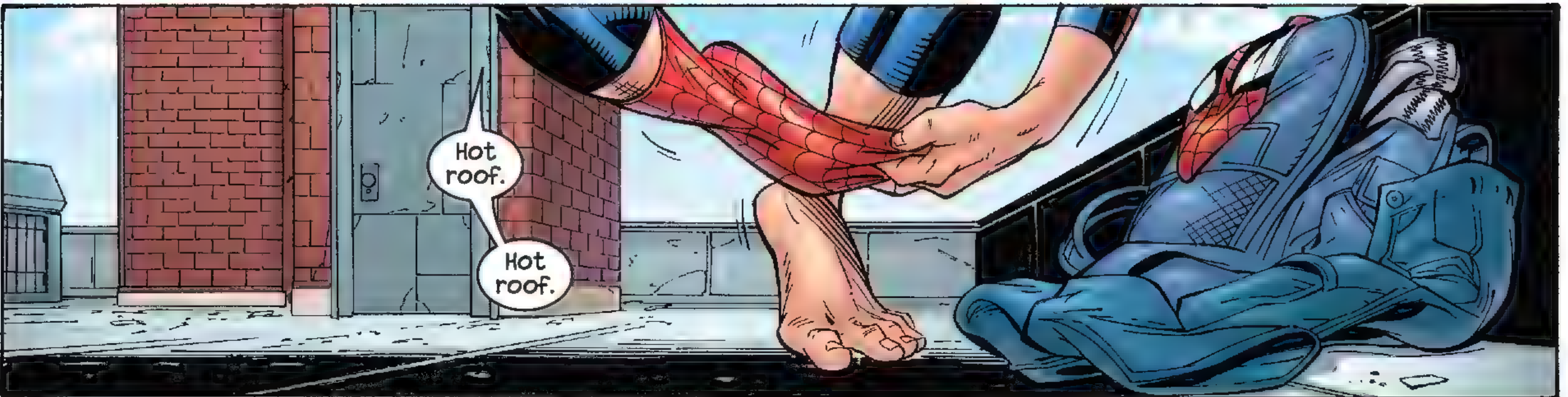
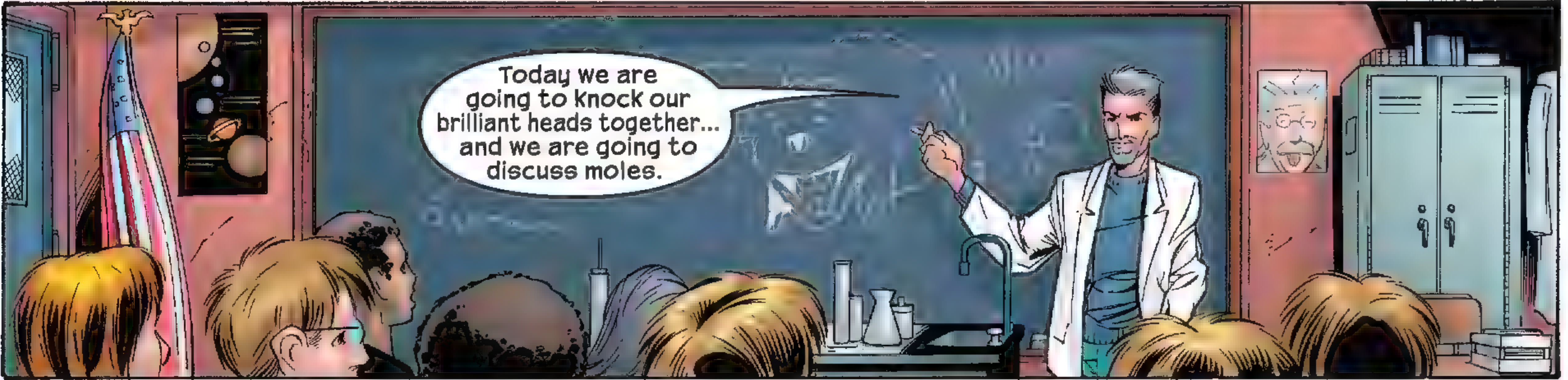
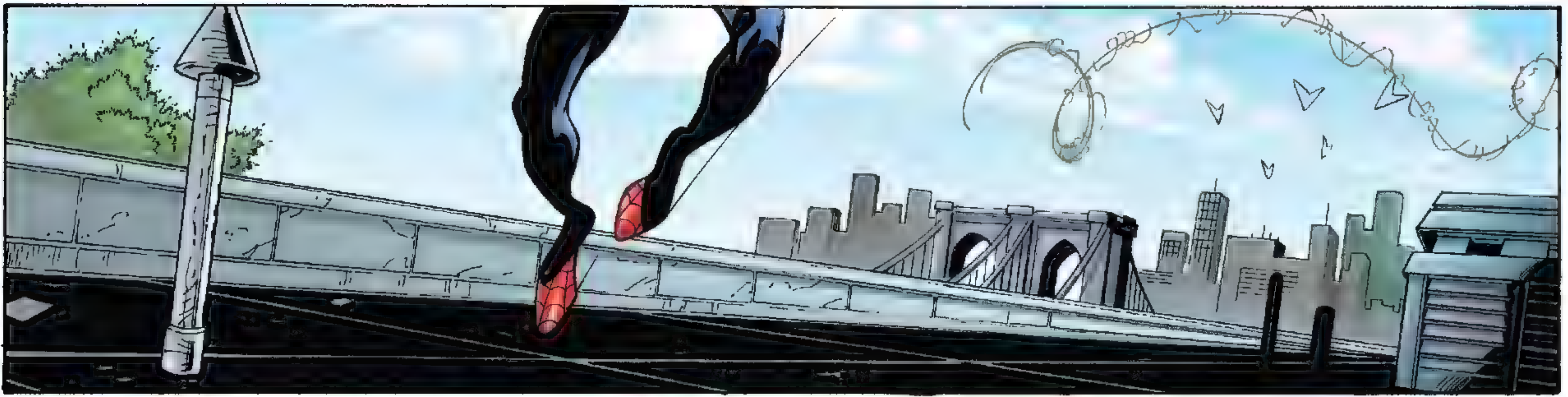


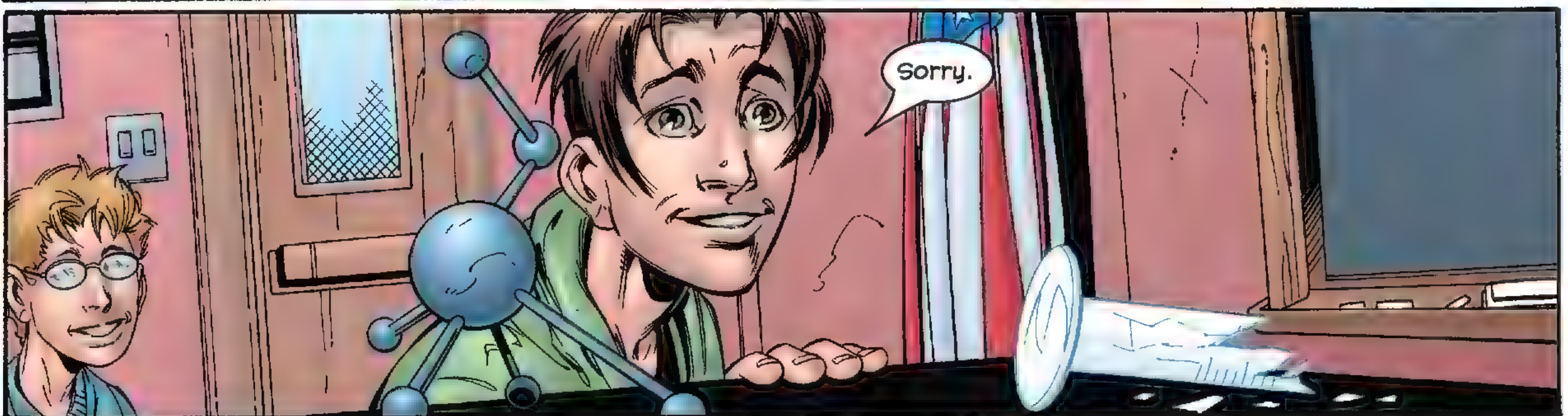
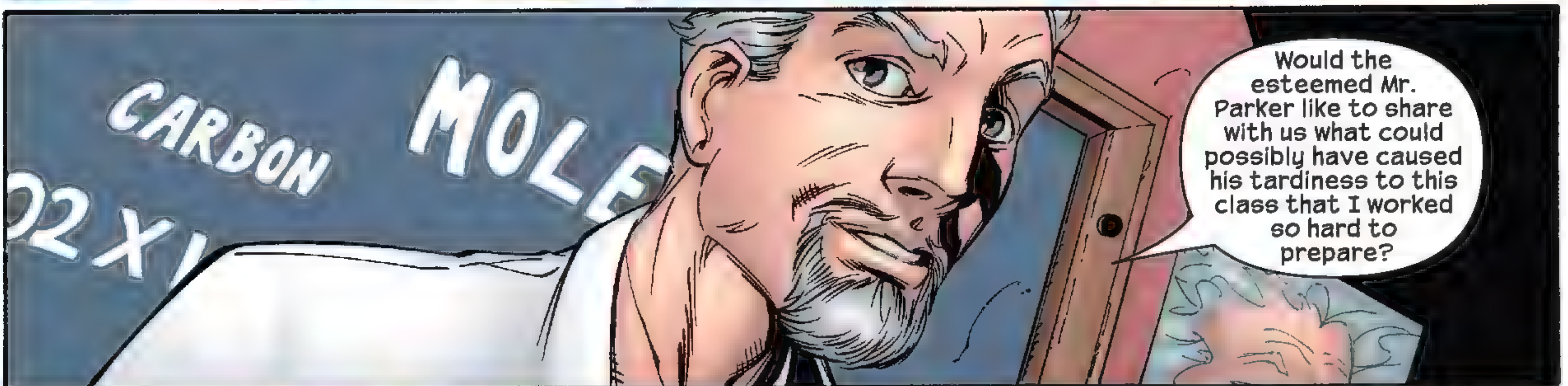
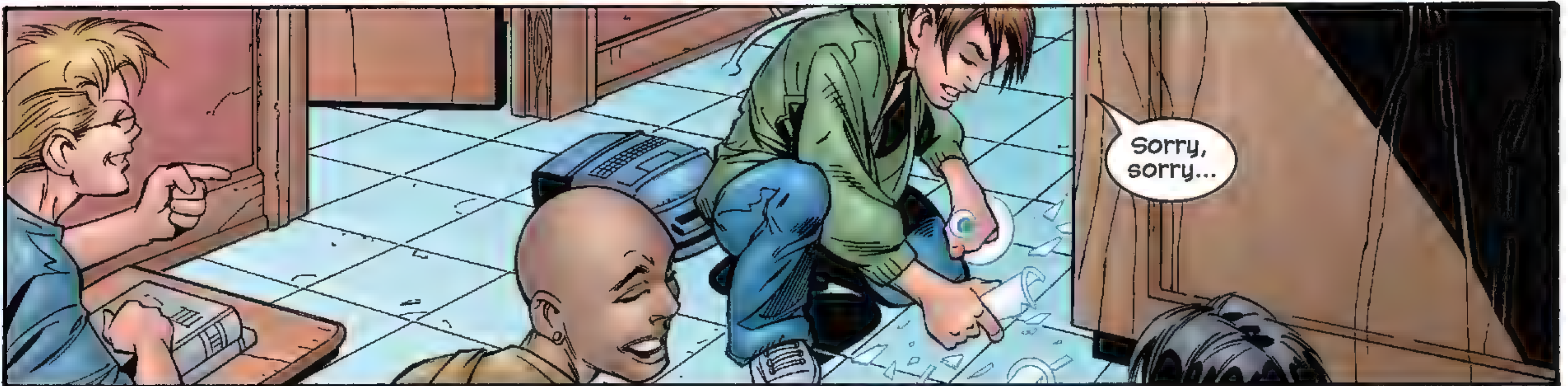
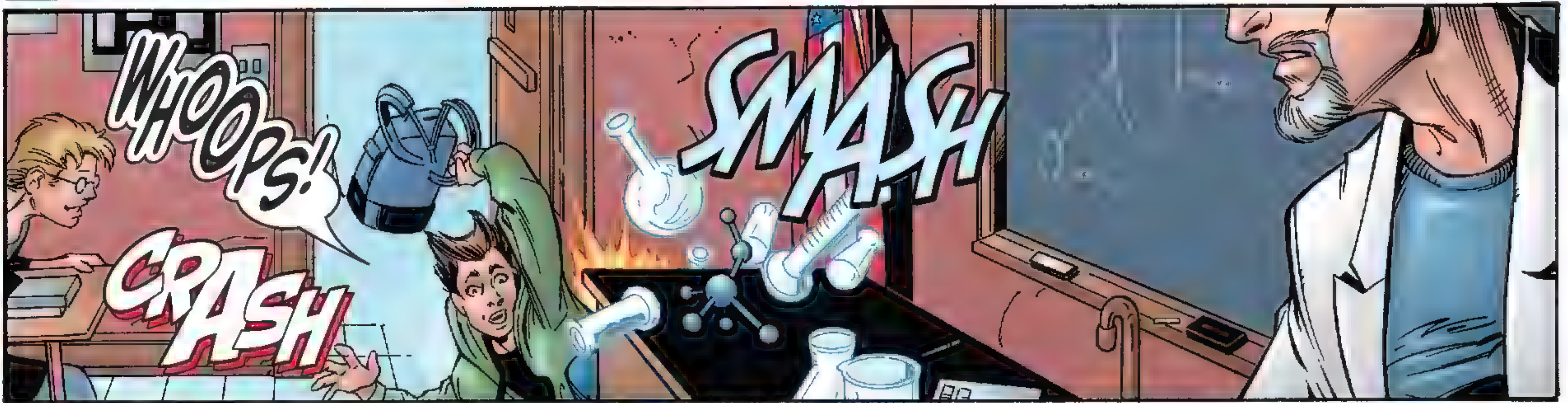
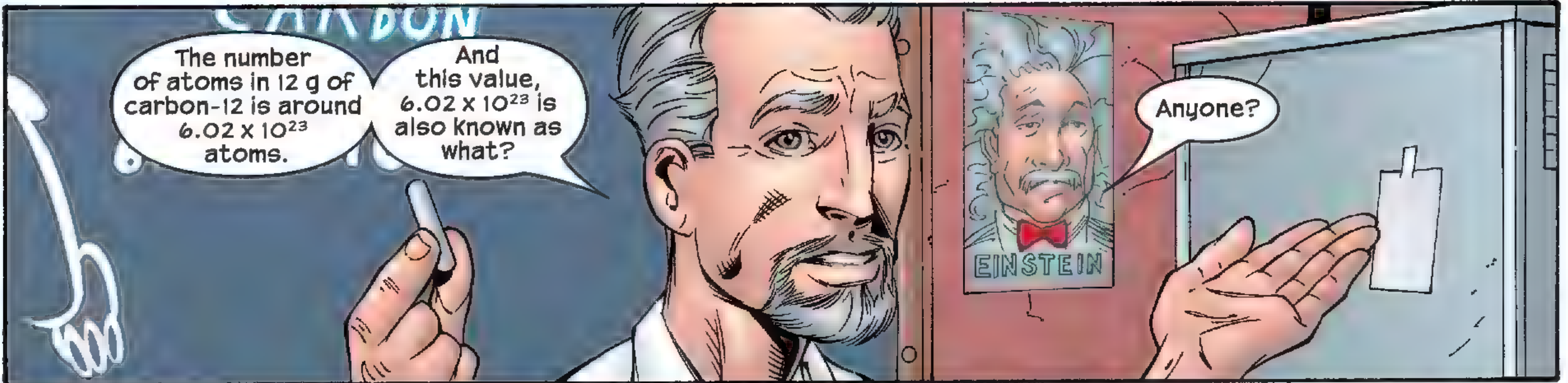
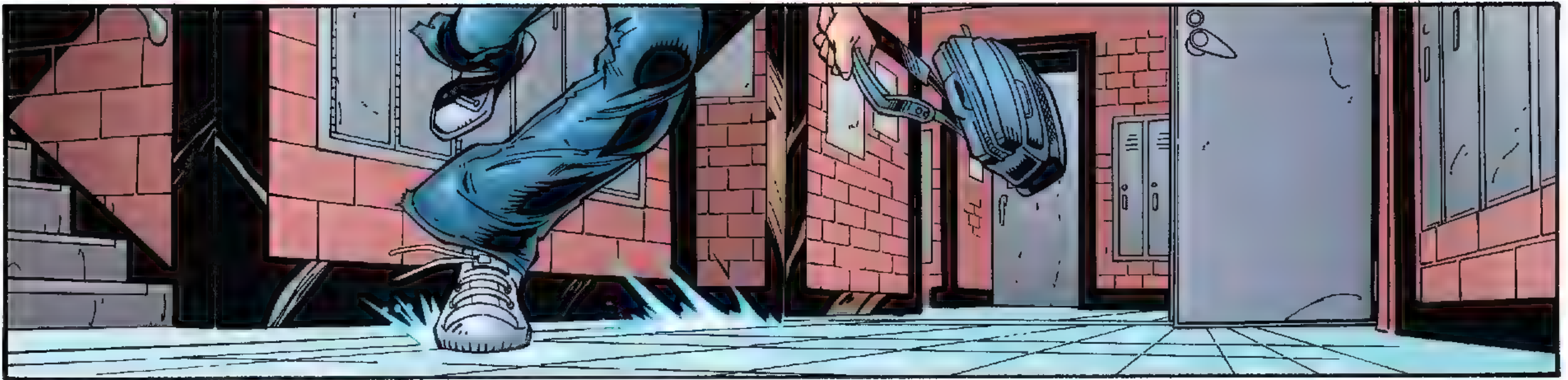


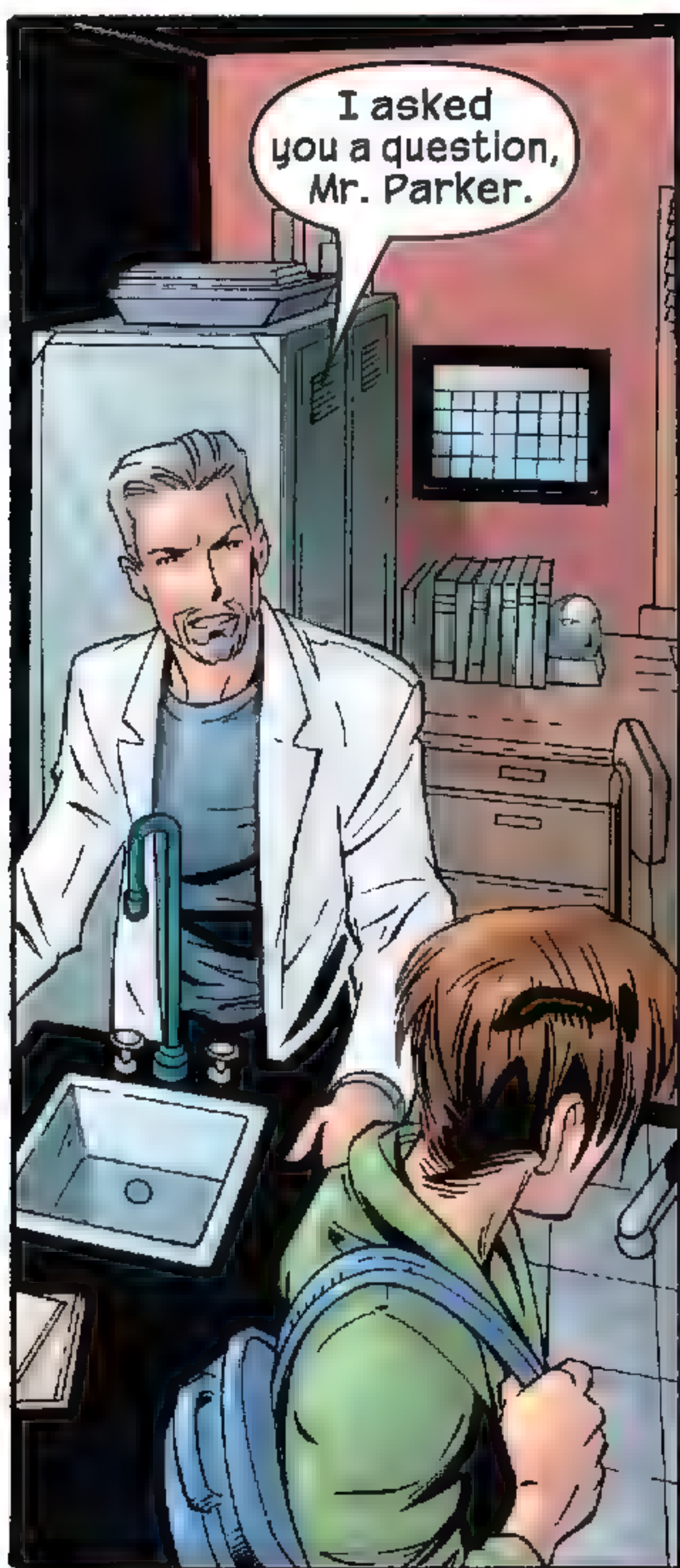








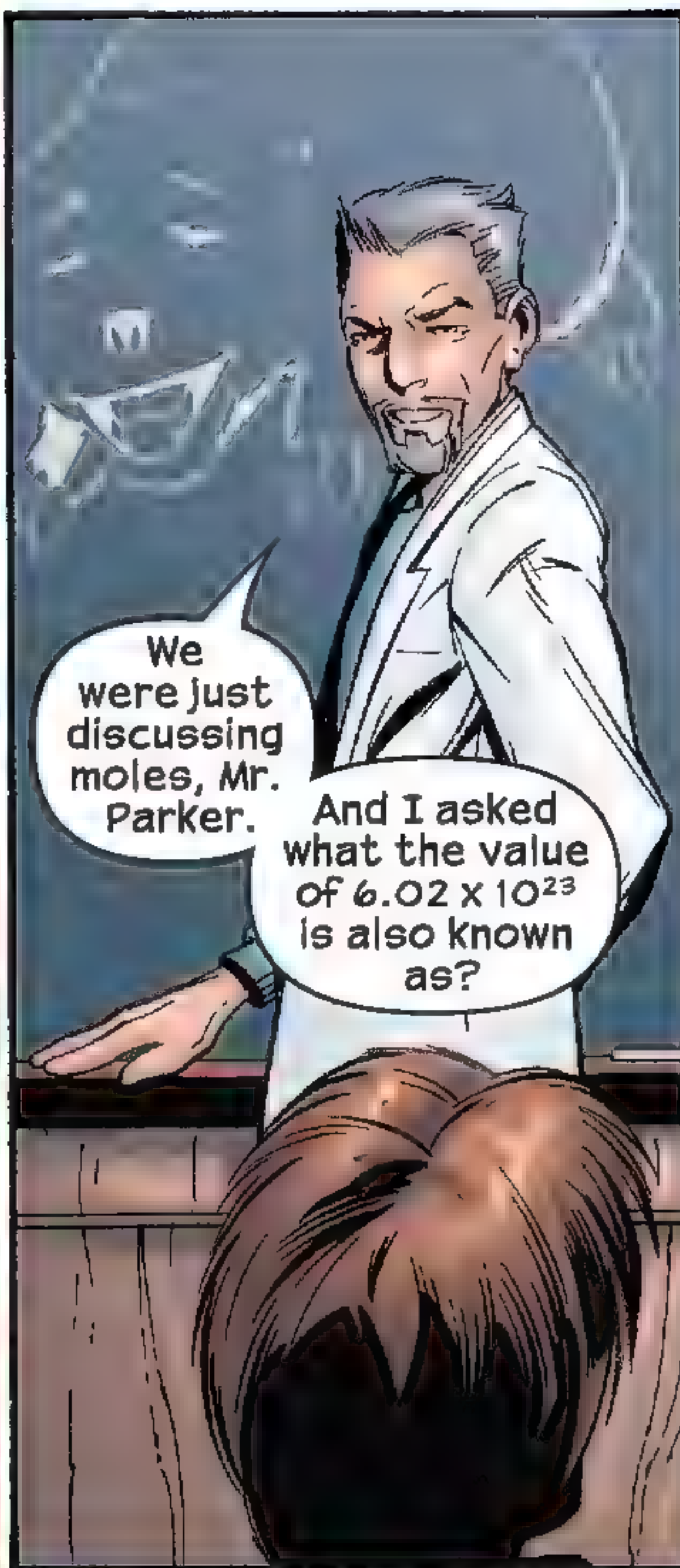




I asked you a question, Mr. Parker.

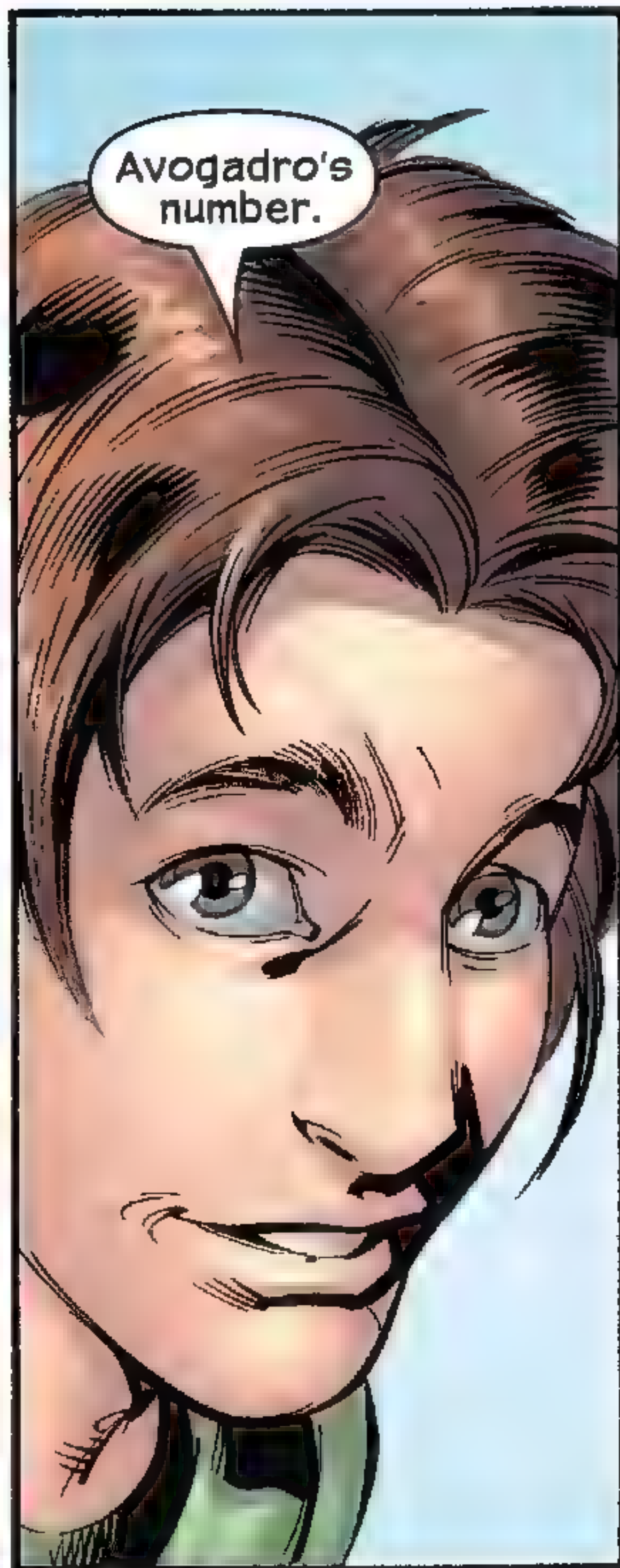


I--
uh-- I fell asleep?

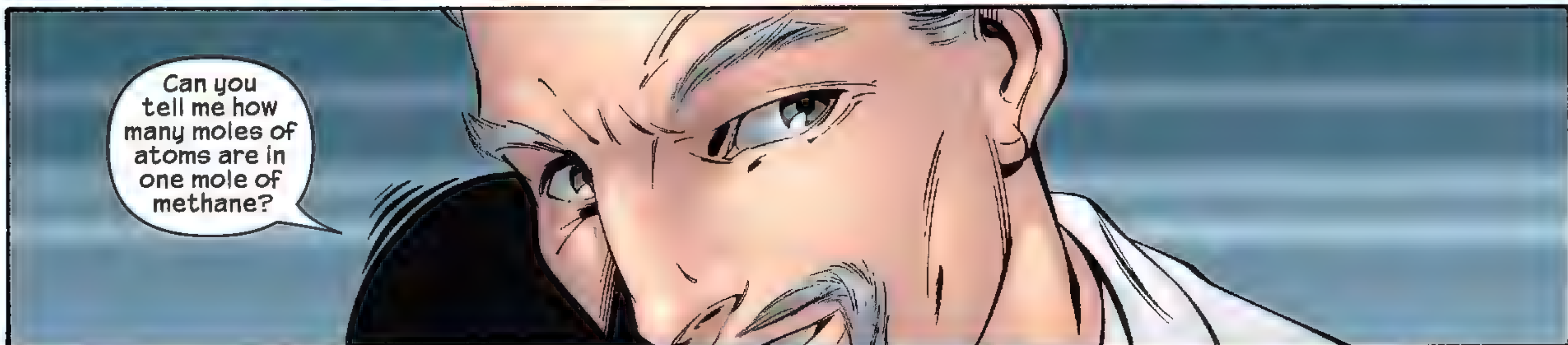


We were just discussing moles, Mr. Parker.

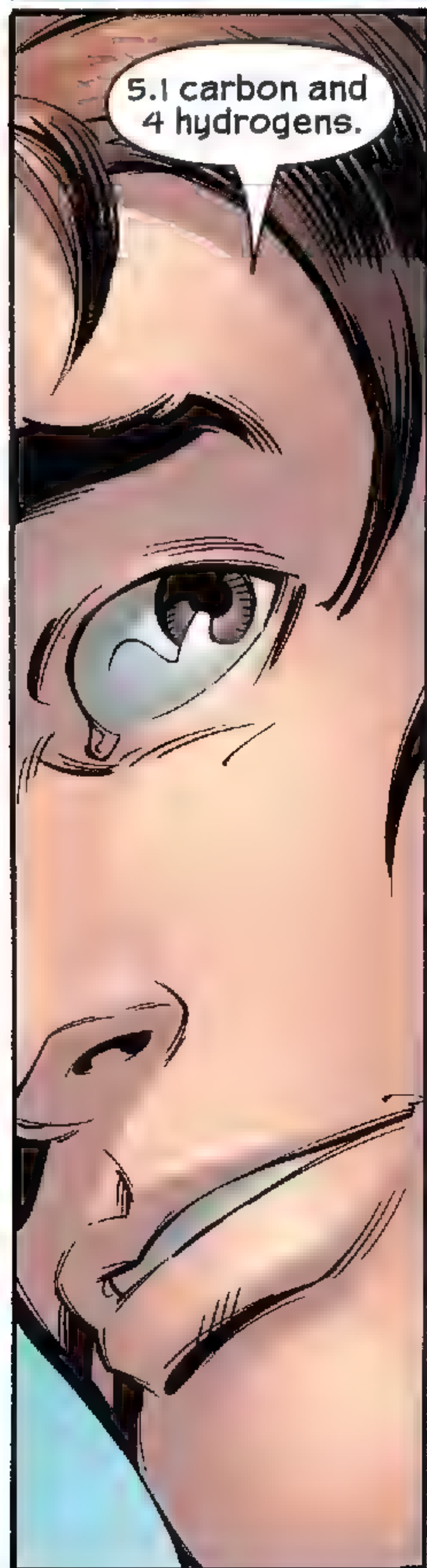
And I asked what the value of 6.02×10^{23} is also known as?



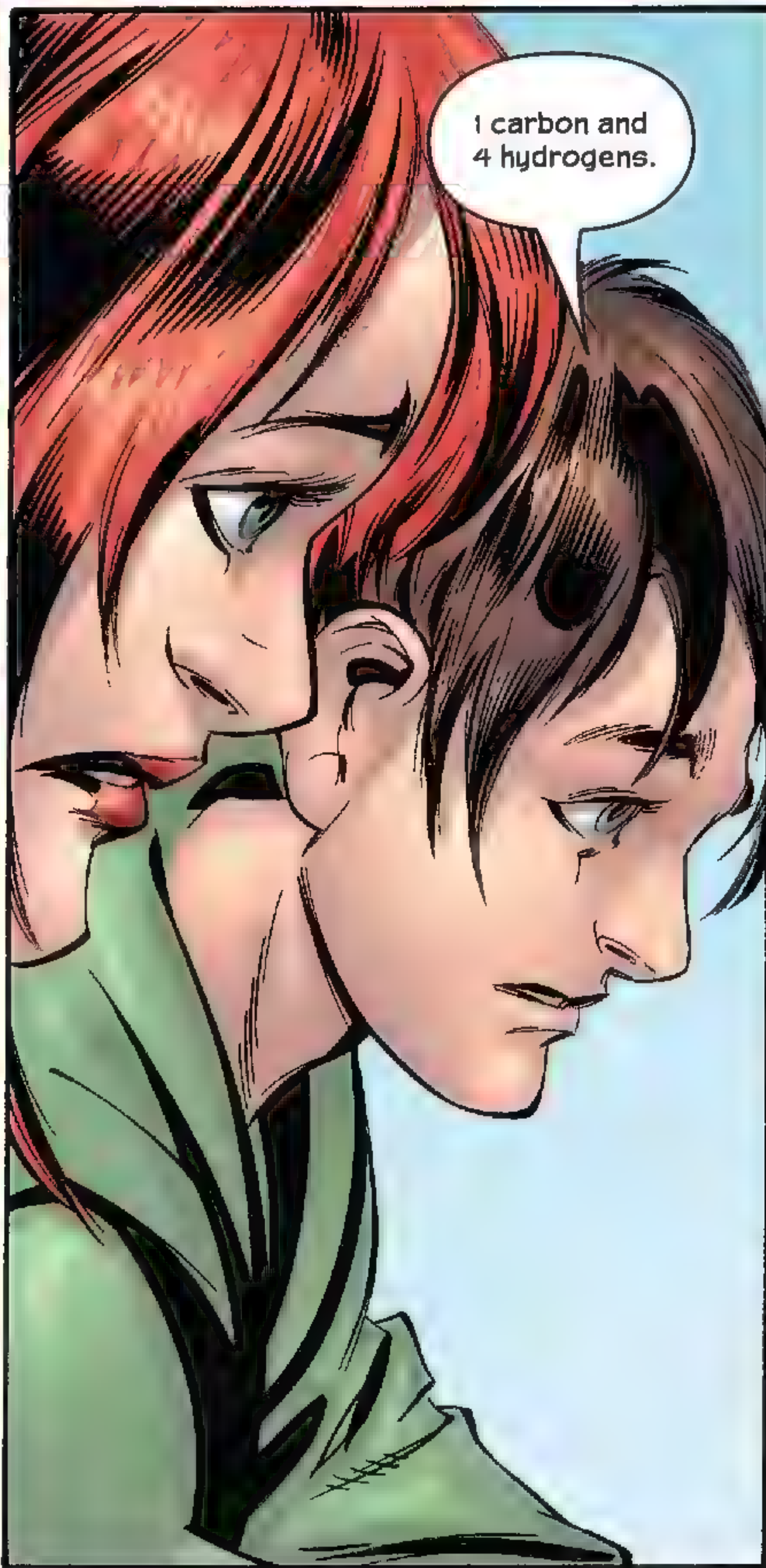
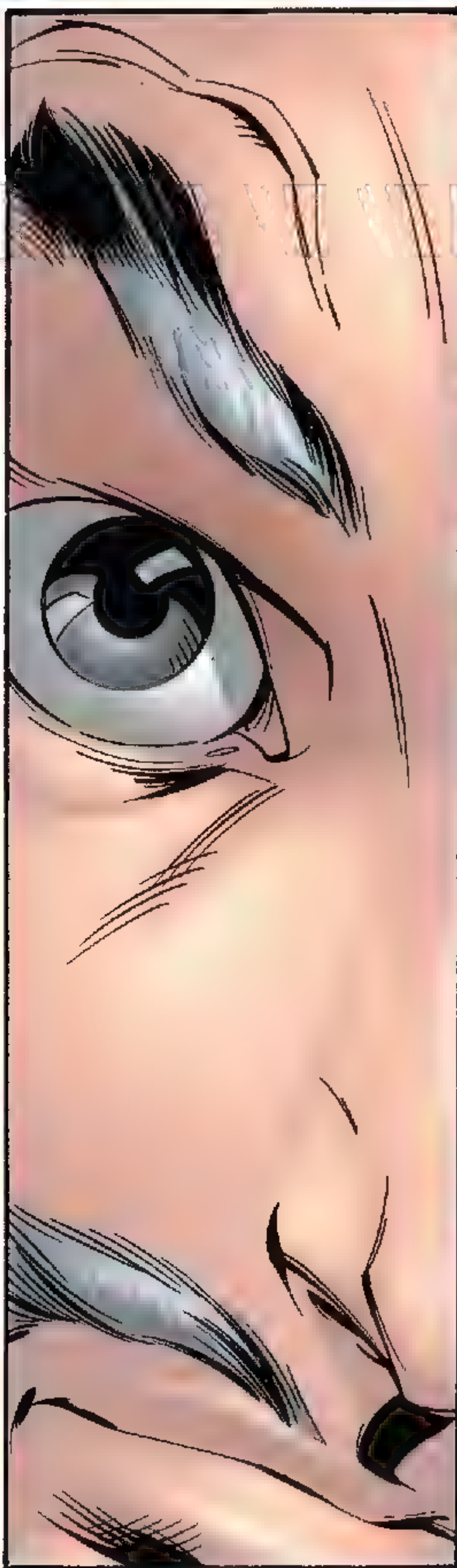
Avogadro's number.



Can you tell me how many moles of atoms are in one mole of methane?



5.1 carbon and 4 hydrogens.

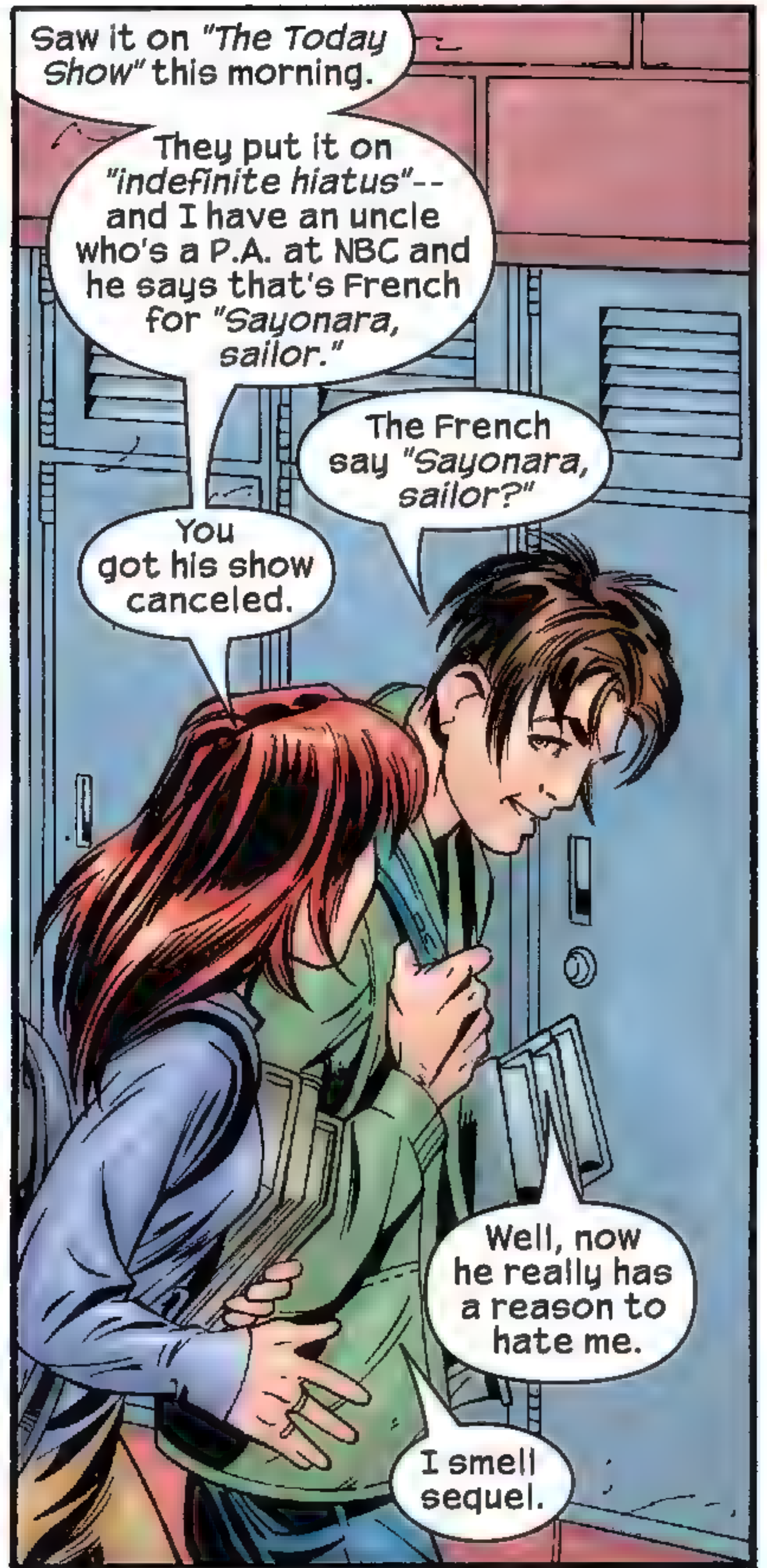
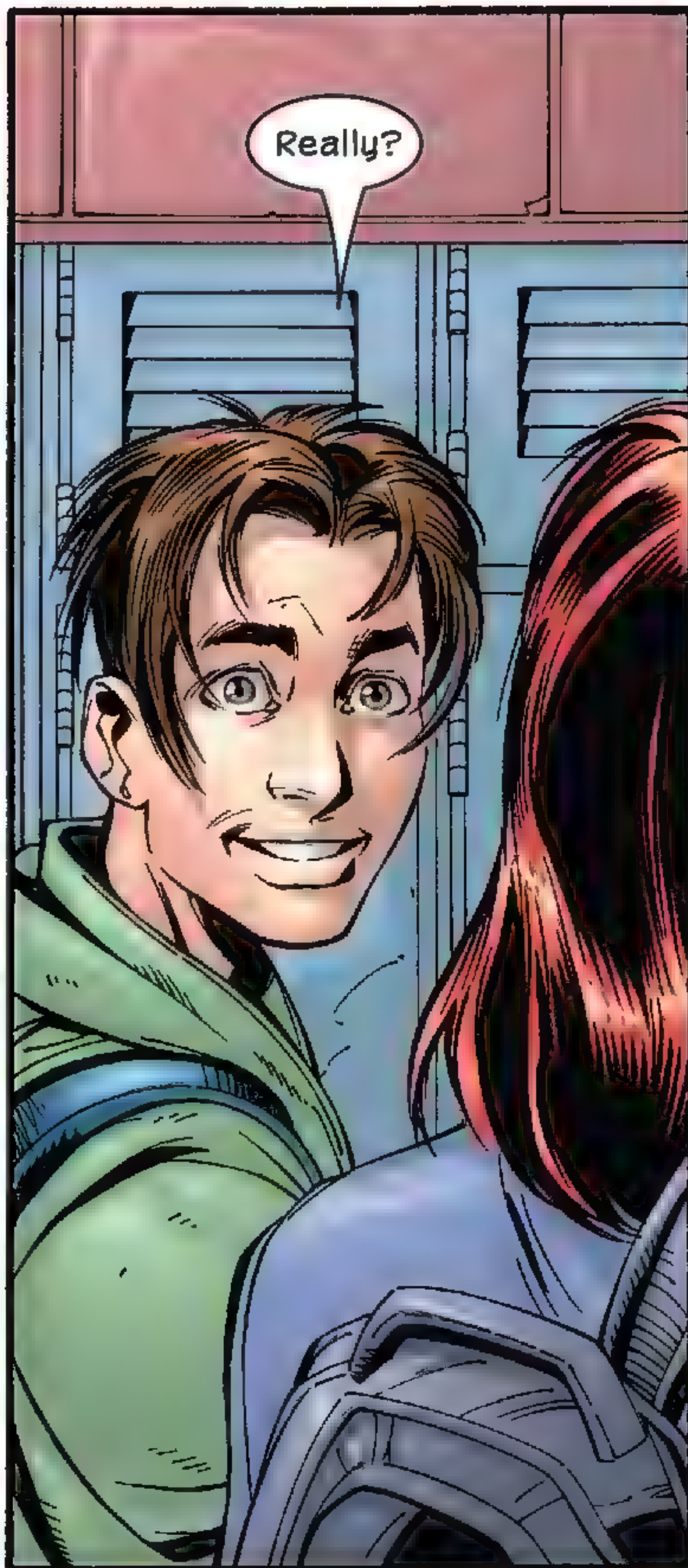
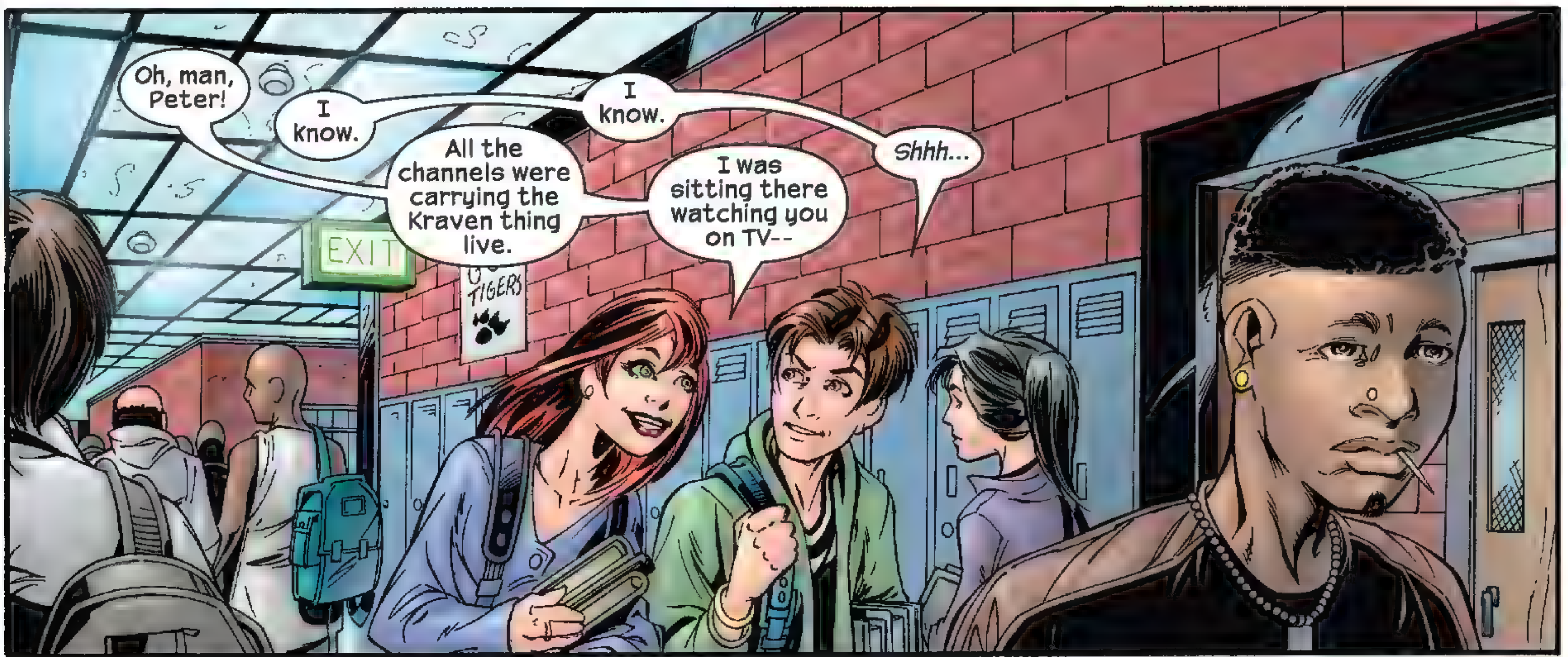


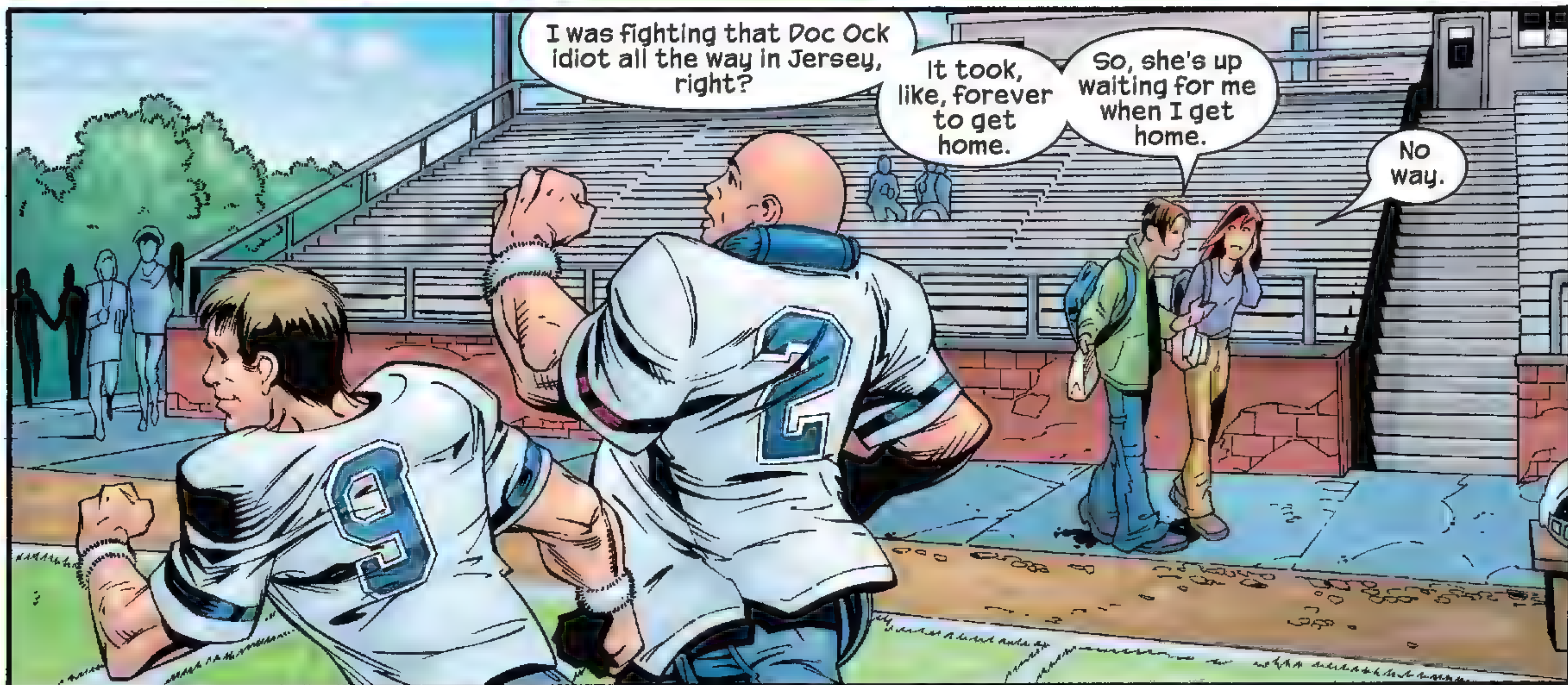
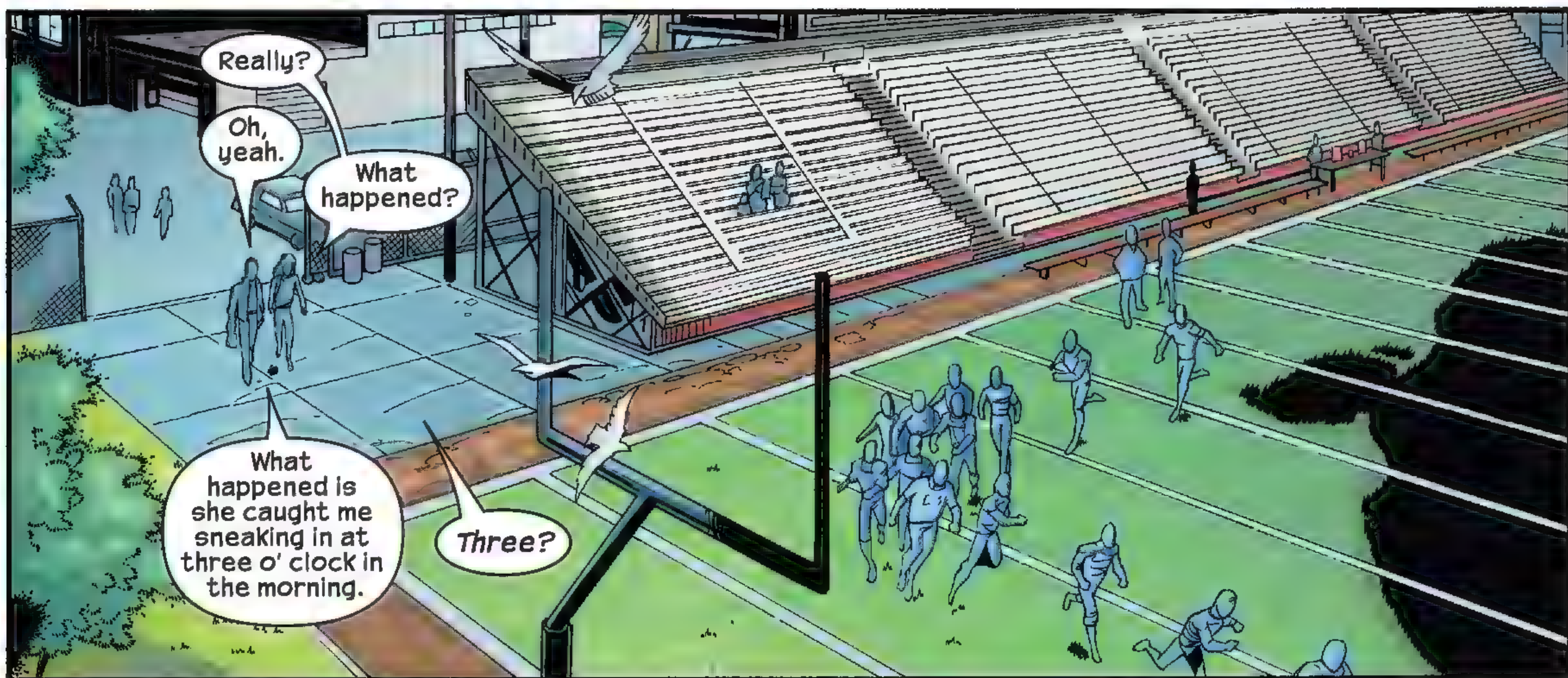
1 carbon and 4 hydrogens.

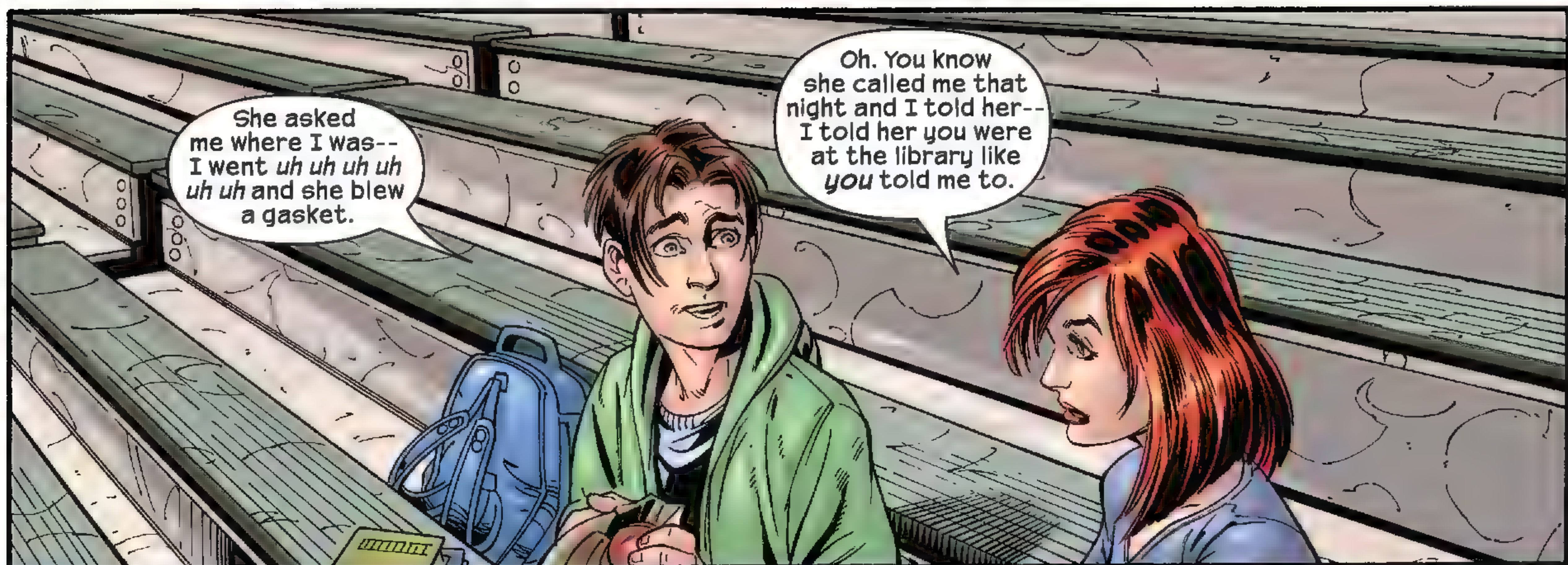


Yes, that's right.

Very good, Mr. Parker.







She asked me where I was-- I went uh uh uh uh uh and she blew a gasket.

Oh. You know she called me that night and I told her-- I told her you were at the library like you told me to.



And I blew it and told her I was at the Bugle.

Oh, man...

Not your fault.

So what happened?

I'm grounded.

No.



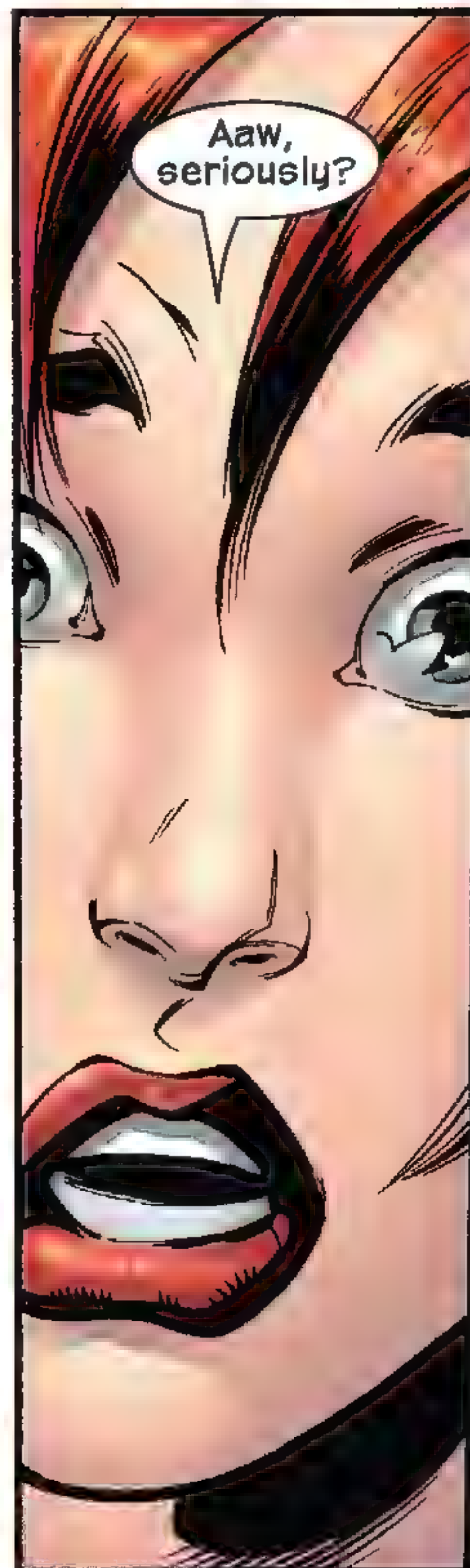
Oh, yes.

For how long?

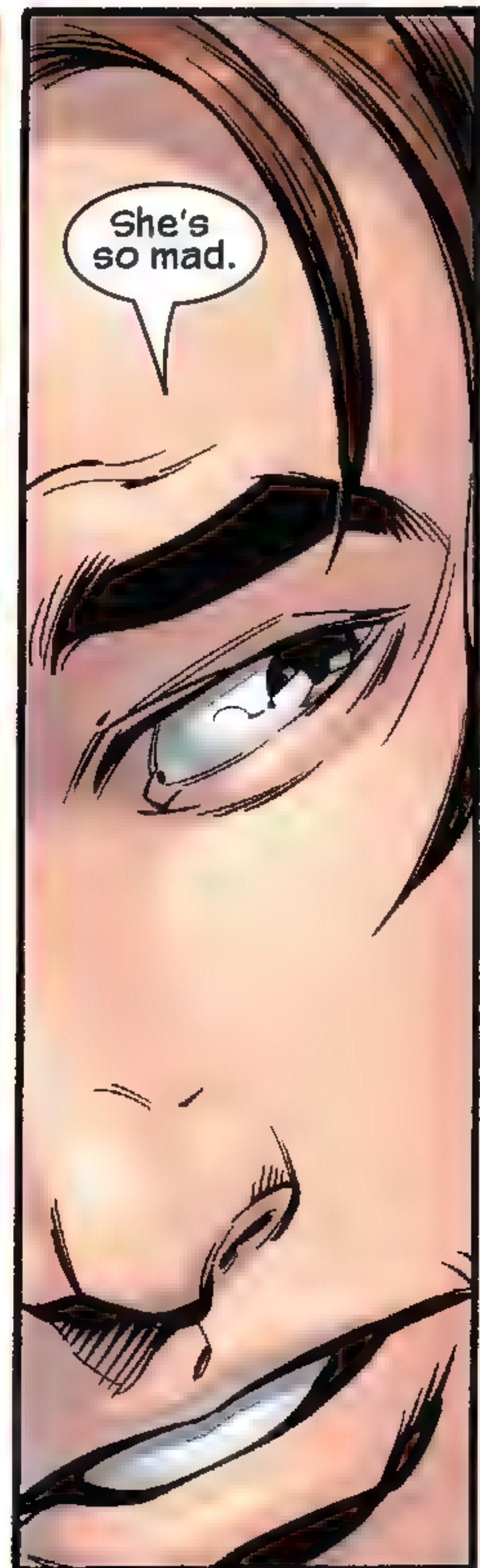
What time is it now?

1:30.

Oh, good, then I'm only grounded for ninety-nine more years.



Aaw, seriously?



She's so mad.



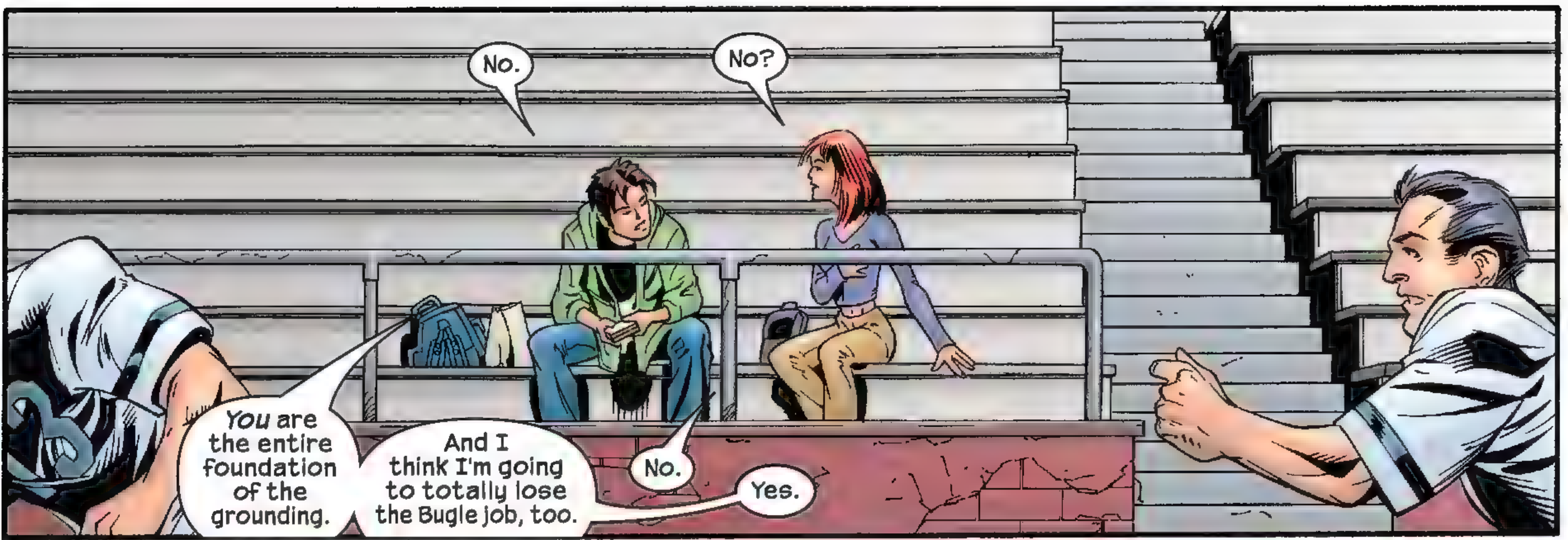
Really.



Like I have never seen.



Can I come over then? We'll just hang out at your place.



No.

No?

You are the entire foundation of the grounding.

And I think I'm going to totally lose the Bugle job, too.

No.

Yes.



In fact, I think I might have to hang up the webs for a while too.

I tried to get some swing time in at lunch, but you saw, I was late to school and I missed lunch and now I'm starving.

I guess I'm just going to have to lie low.

Wow.

I know.

Guess I'll just catch up on my reading and keep making boo boo kitty faces at Aunt May until she gives in.



This stinks. How long, really?

I don't know.

This stinks.

I haven't been grounded since I was seven years old.

It used to be-- Uncle Ben would calm her down for me--

--but with him not here, I don't know what I have to do.

She knows I lied and I can't tell her the truth.



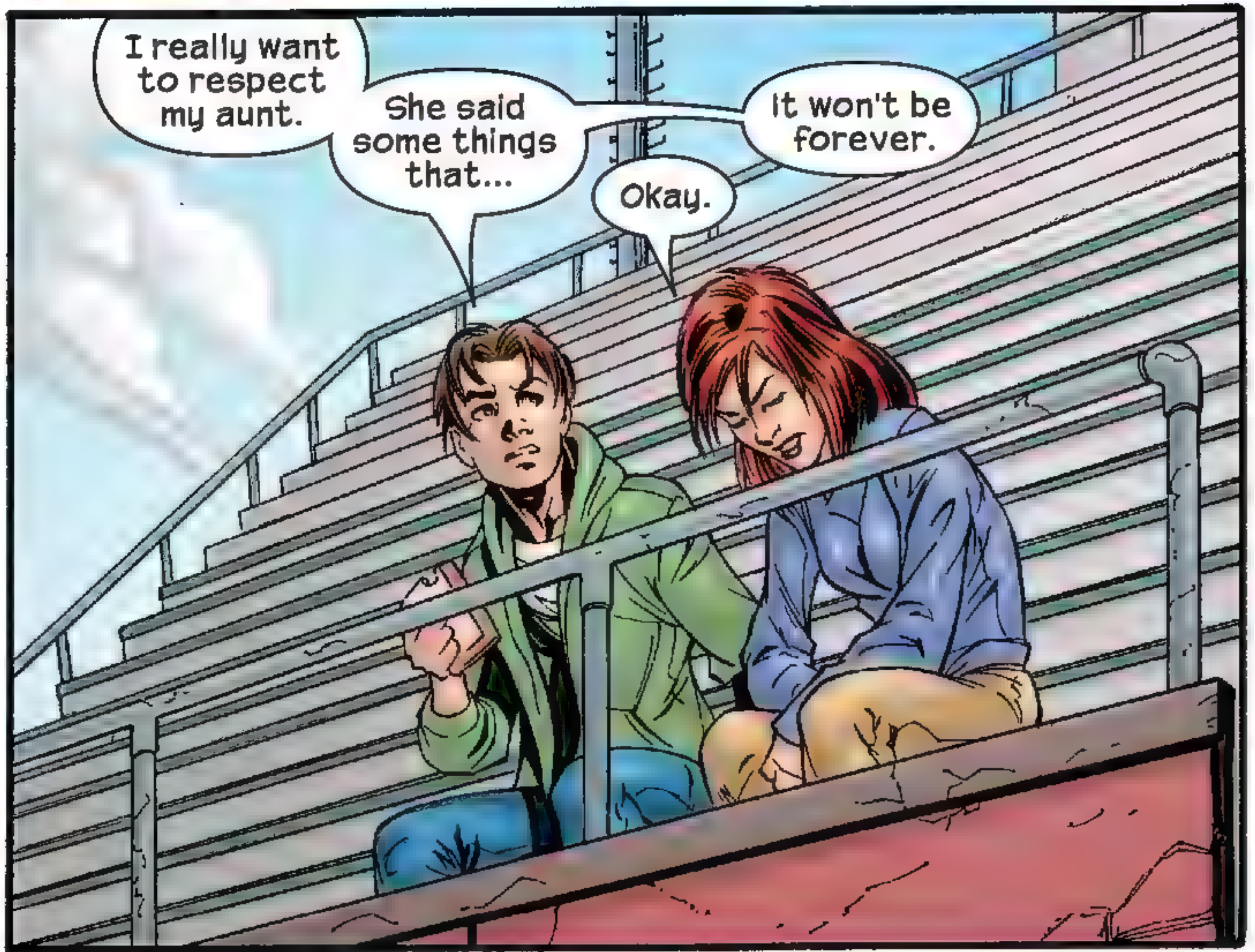
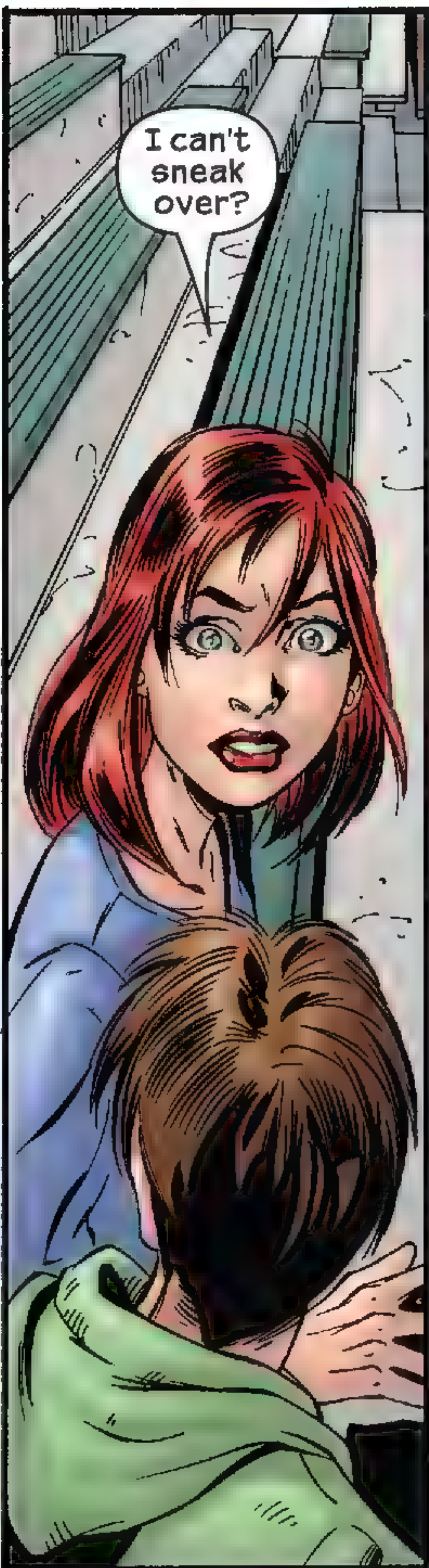
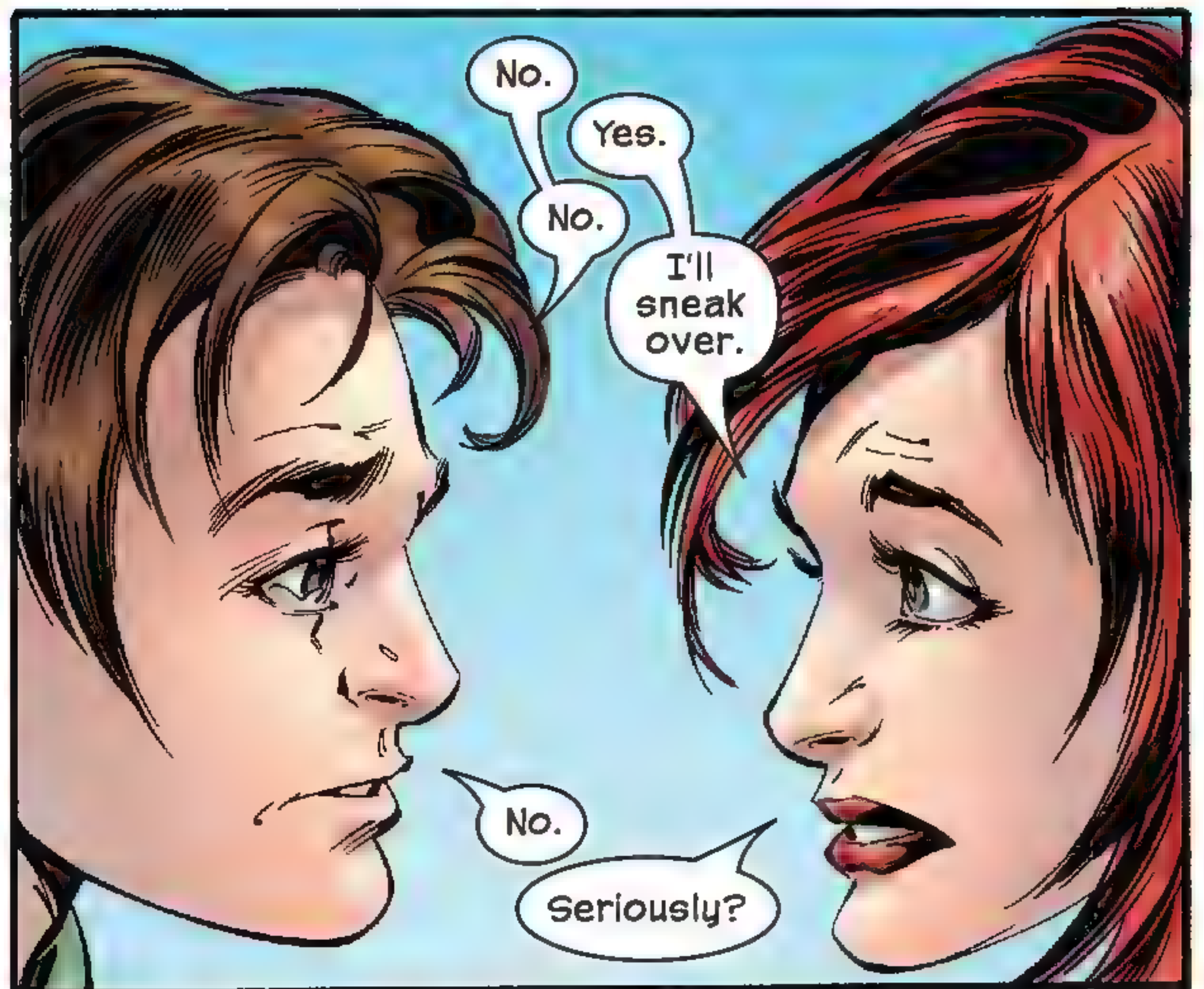
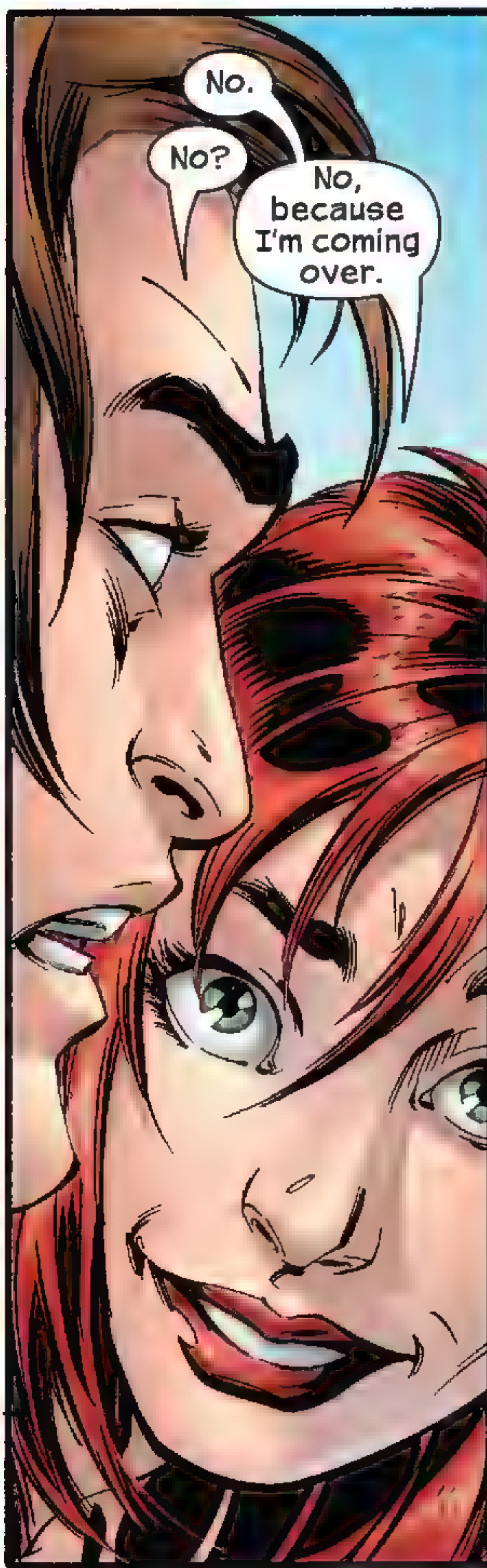
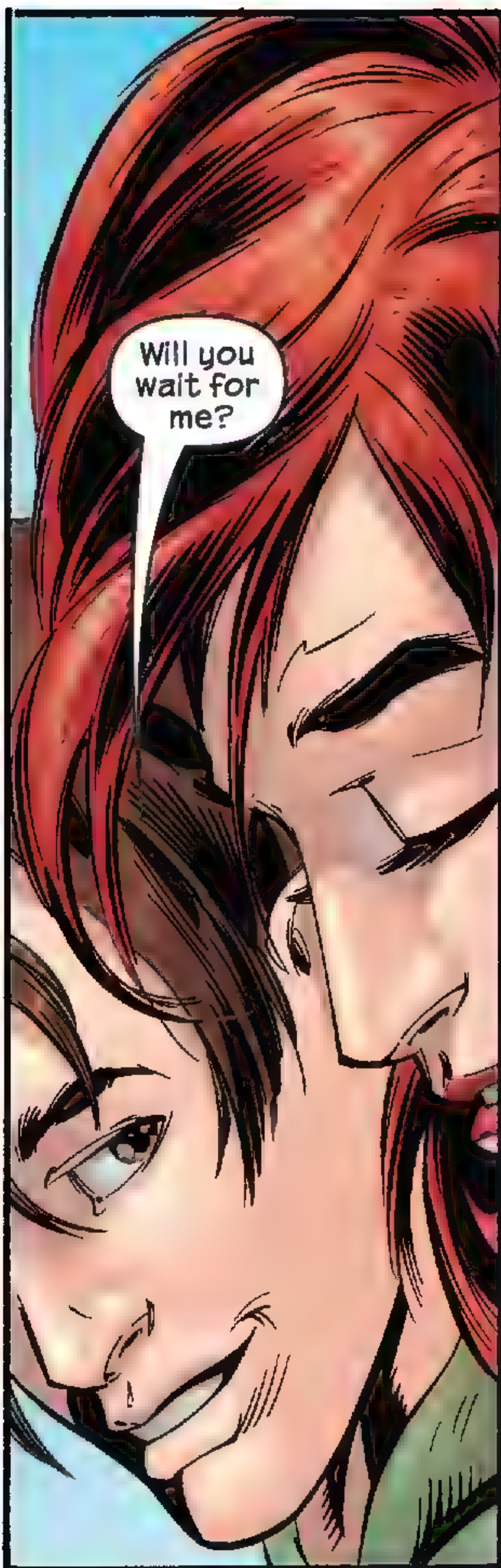
Make something up.

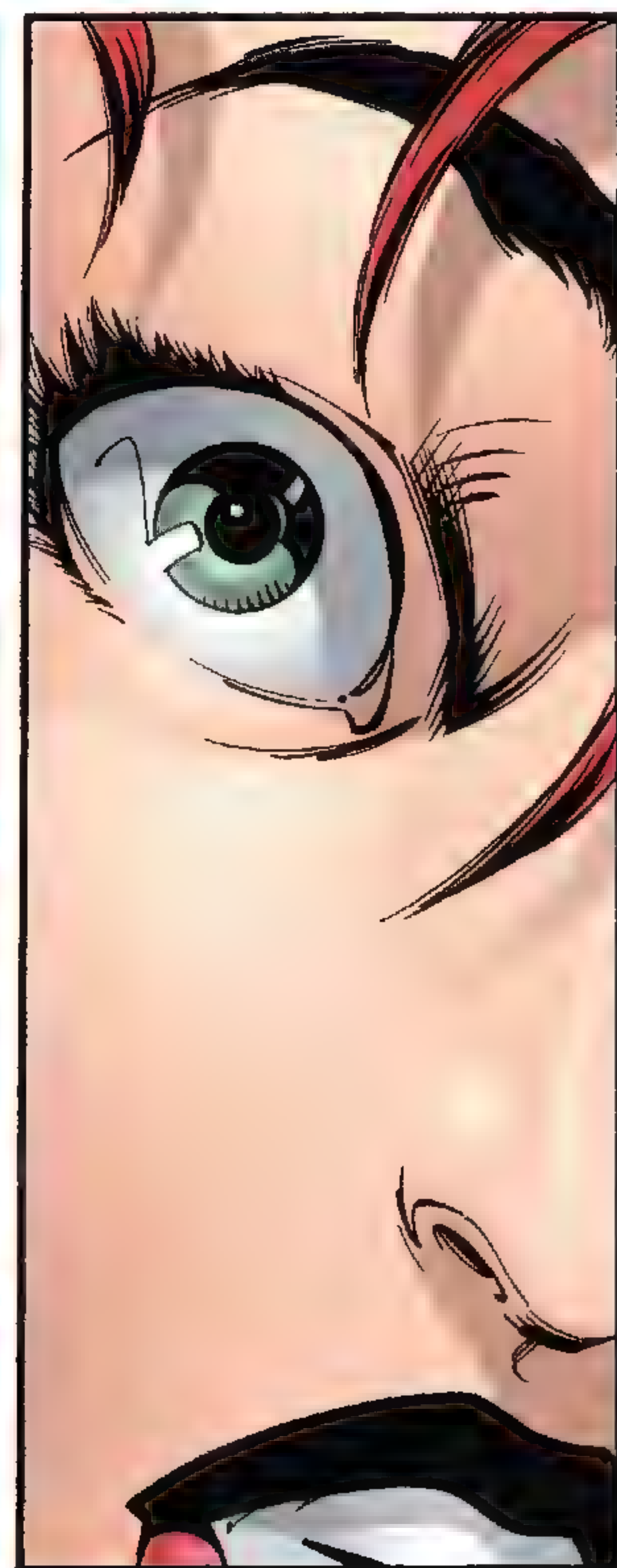
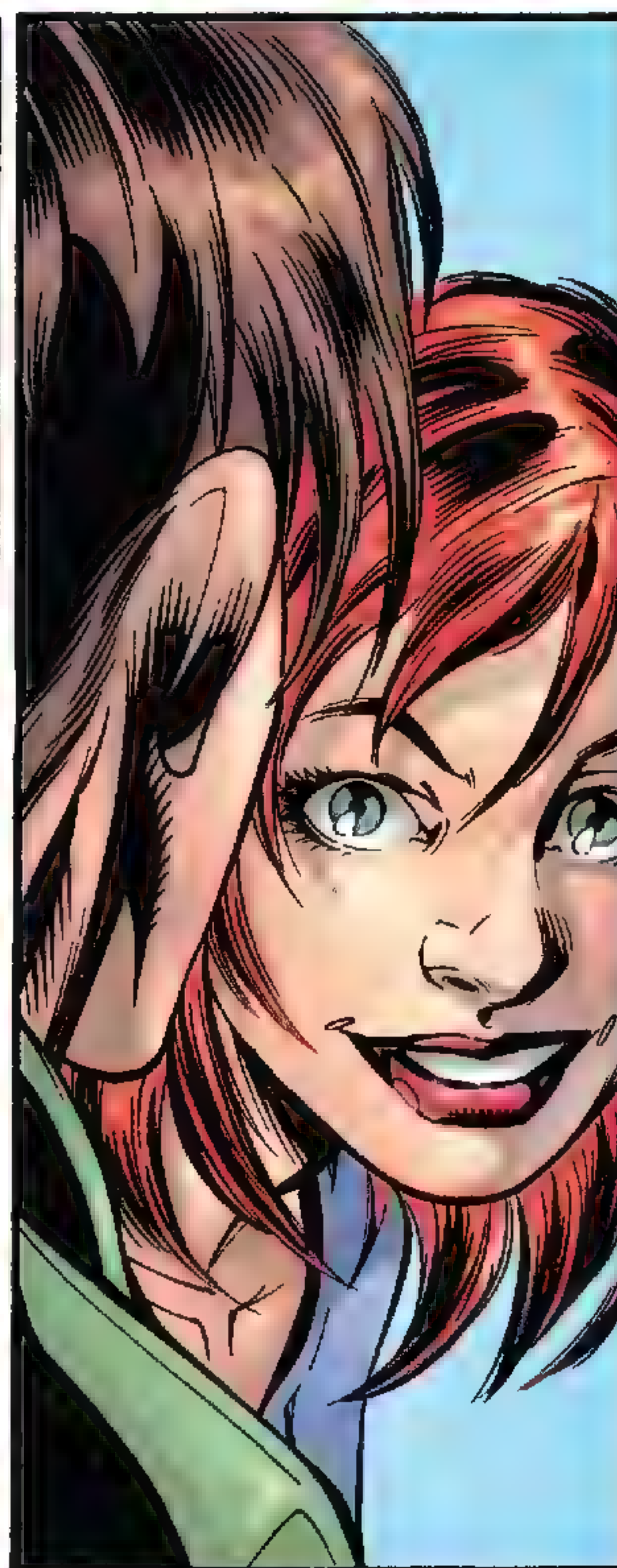
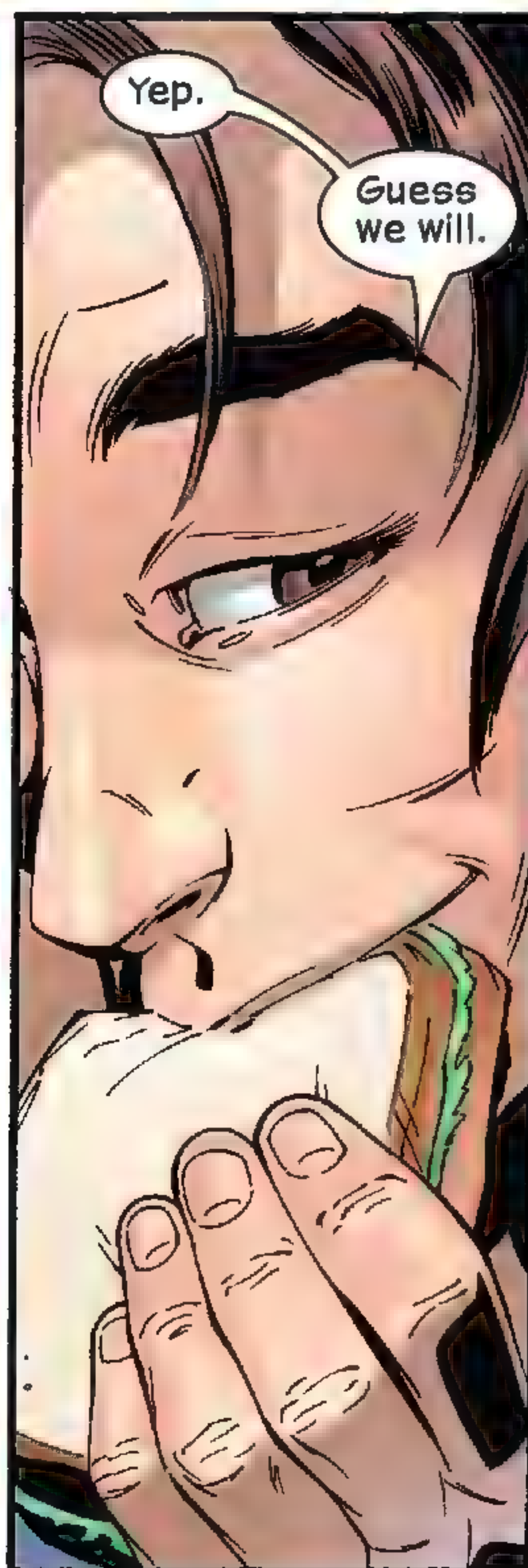
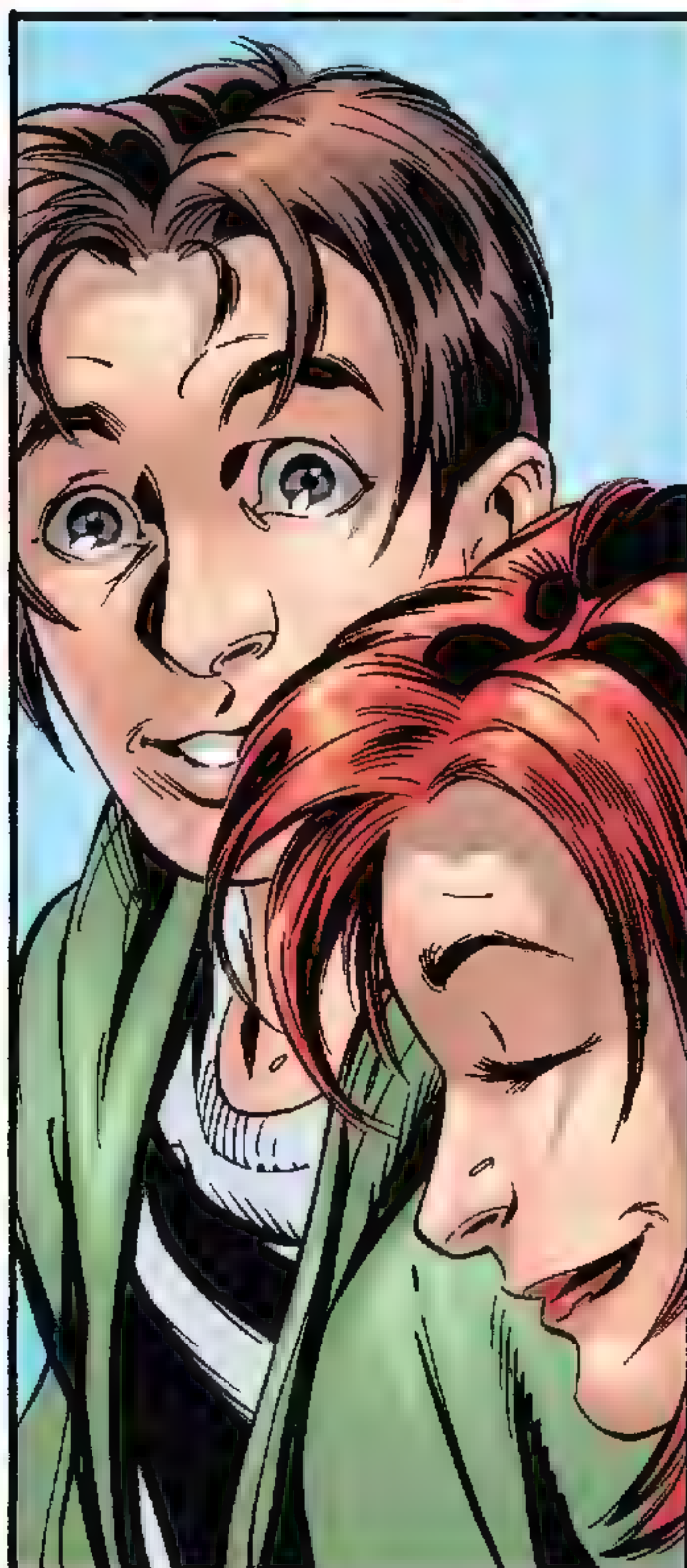
Too late for that.

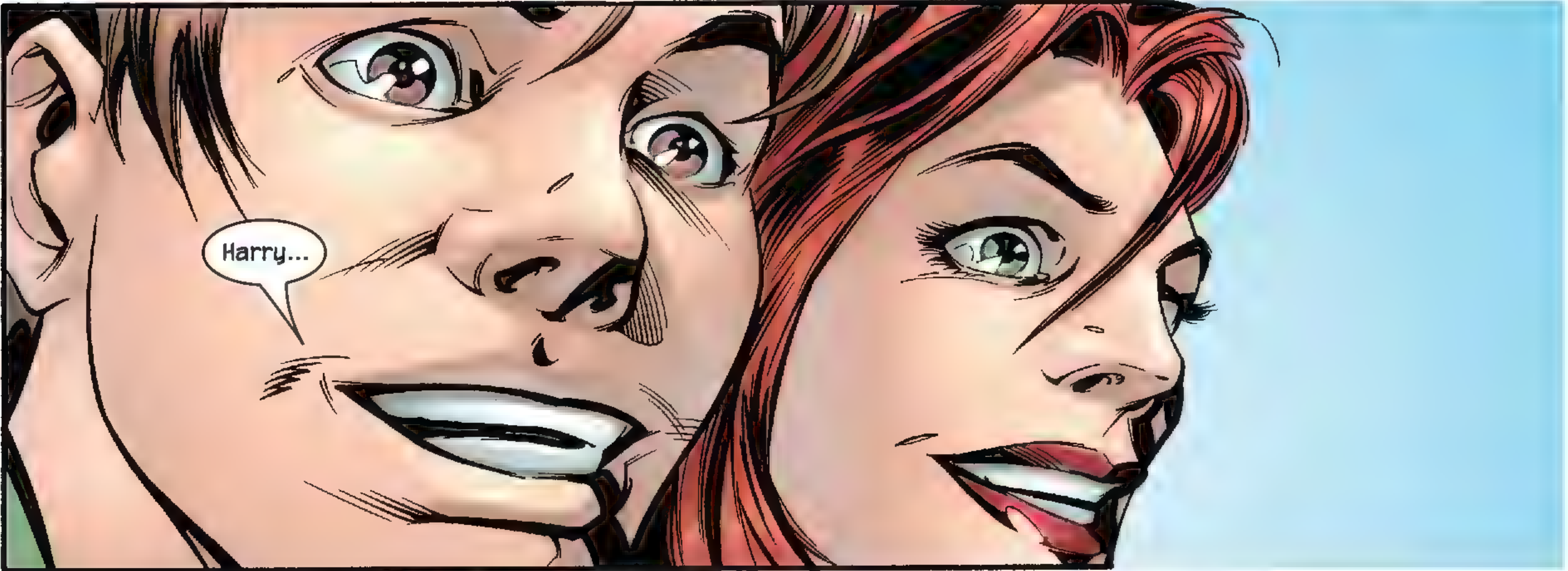
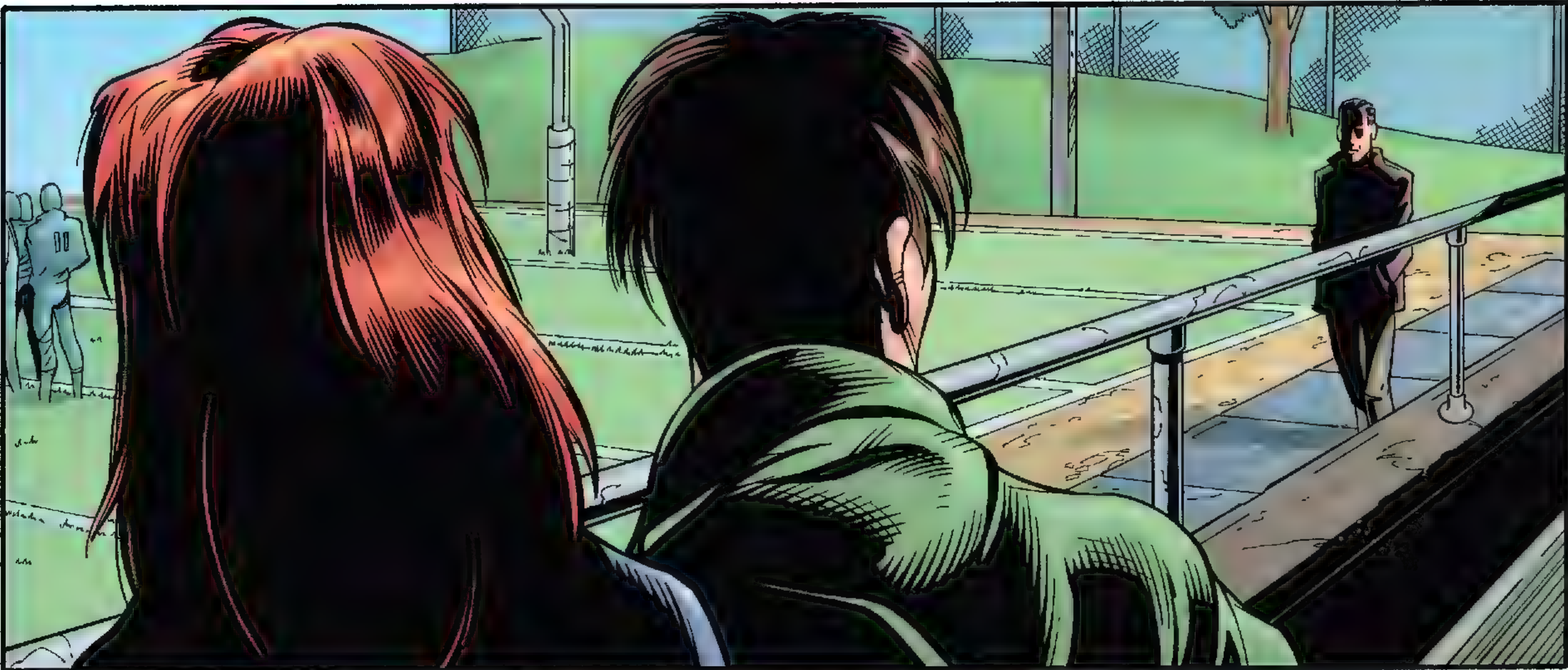
At this point I'd need proof and I don't have it.



It's a freakin' mess.





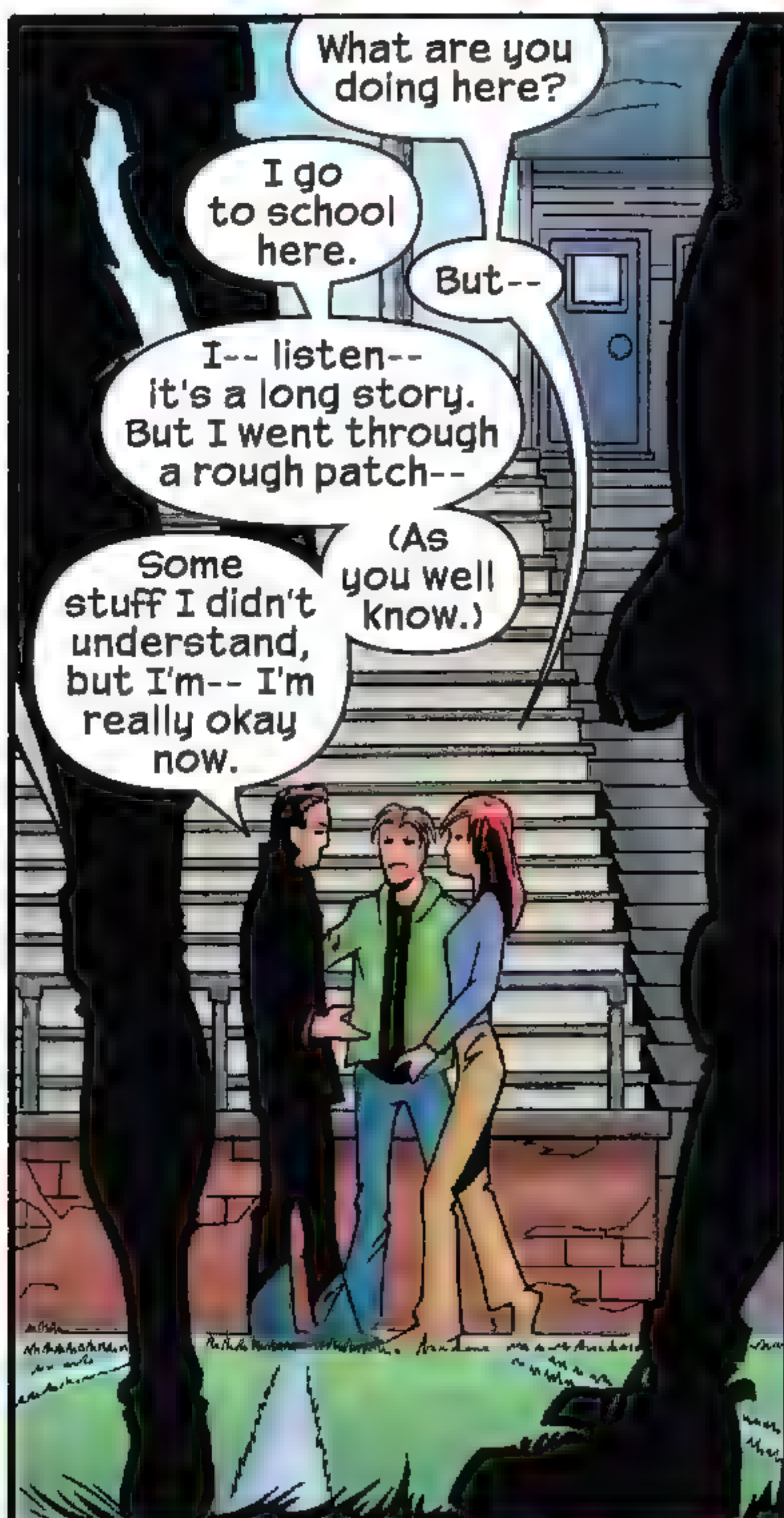




I-I-I-
can't believe
it.

Harry
Osborn?
Oh, my God--
Harry.

Surprise.



What are you
doing here?

I go
to school
here.

But--

I-- listen--
it's a long story.
But I went through
a rough patch--

Some
stuff I didn't
understand,
but I'm-- I'm
really okay
now.

(As
you well
know.)



You're back
at school?

I am
back.

Just like
that?

No.

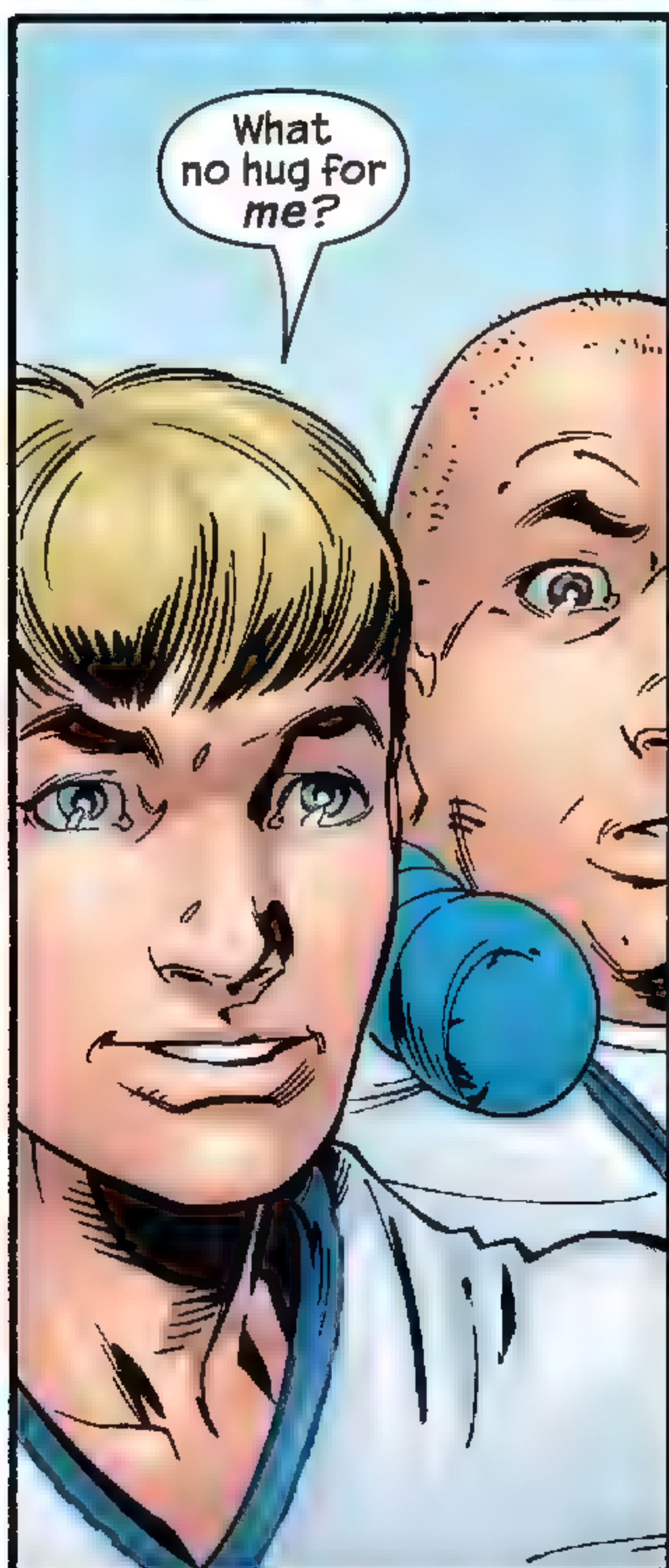
But I'm
here.



Well, lookie lookie.
Harry Osborn back
from the dead.



Flash.



What
no hug for
me?



No.

No
hug for
you.

See
Peter and
Mary here?
See?

Guess
what they did
while I was away
that you
didn't?

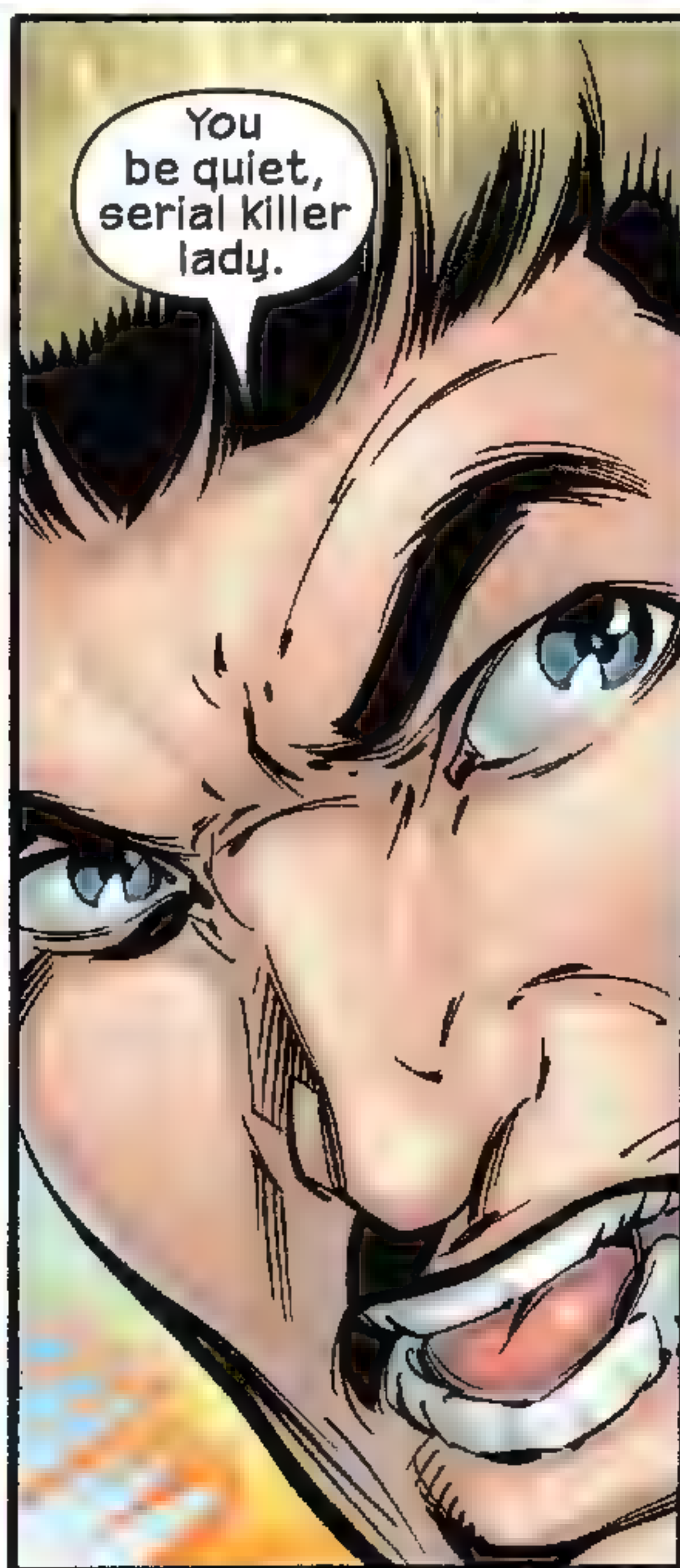
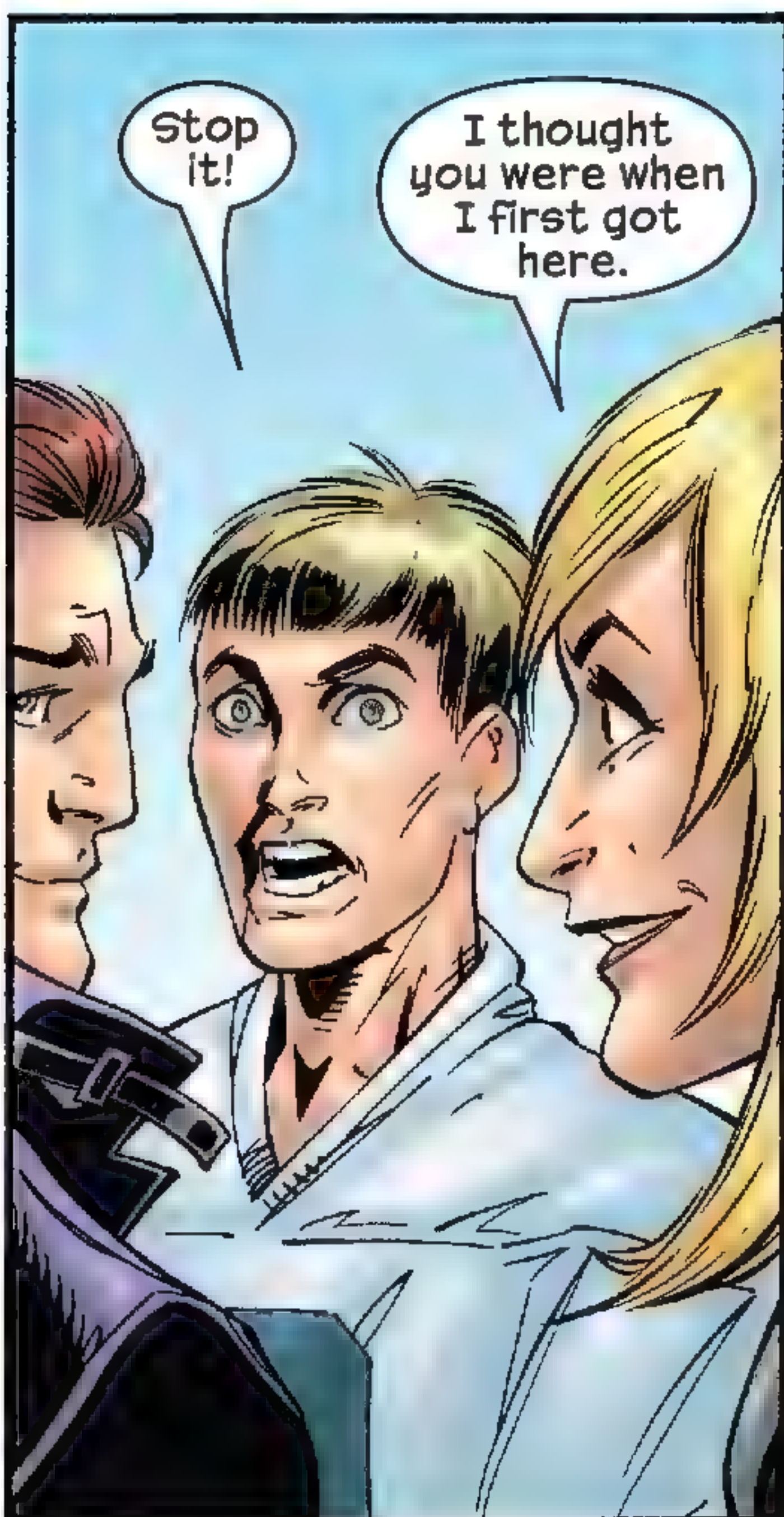
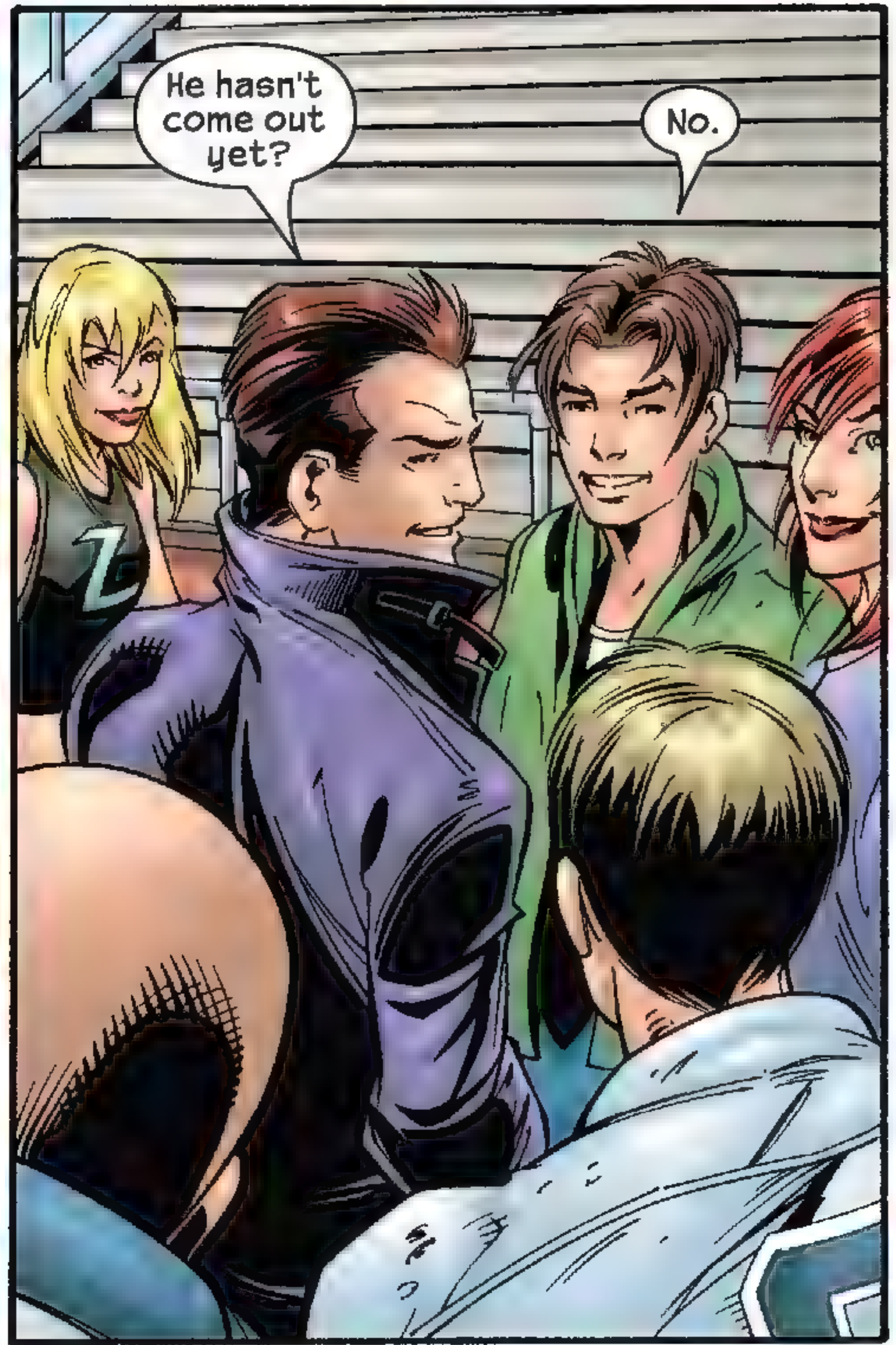
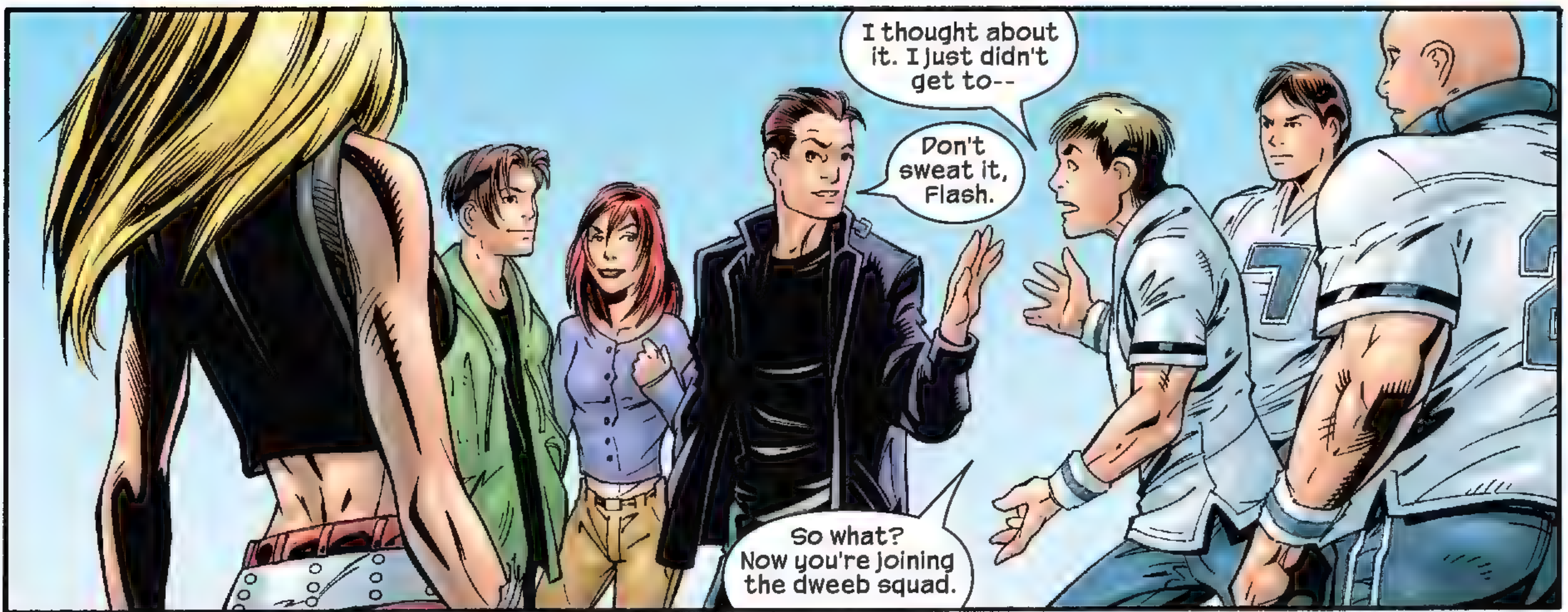


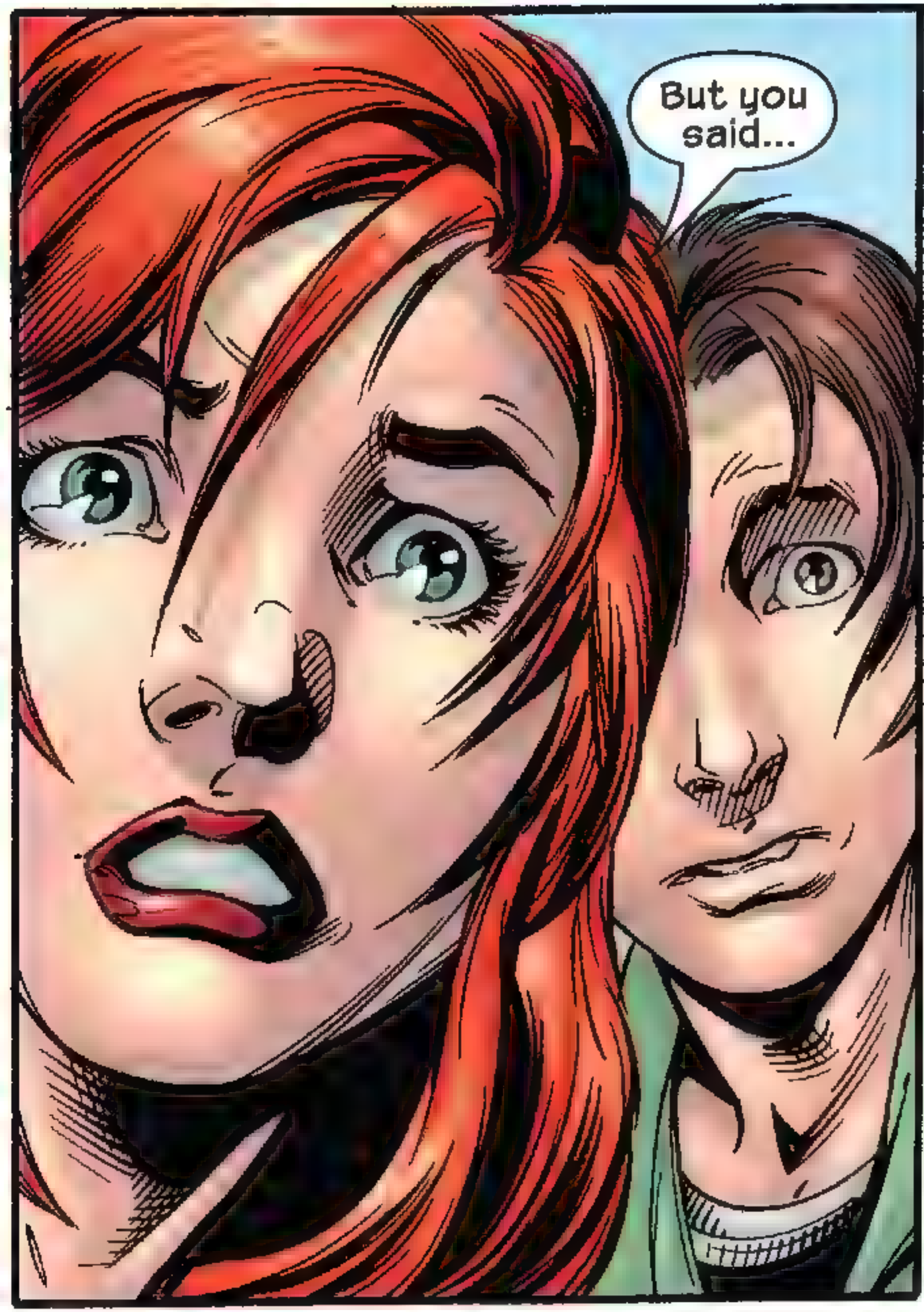
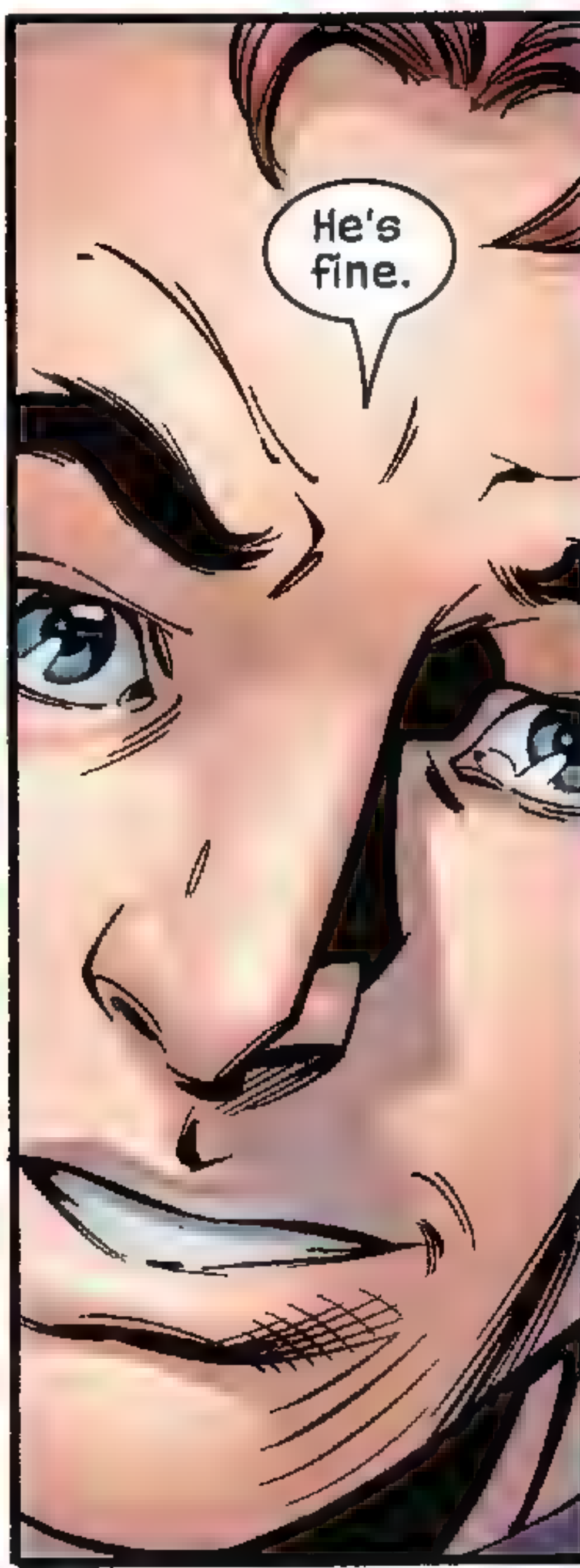
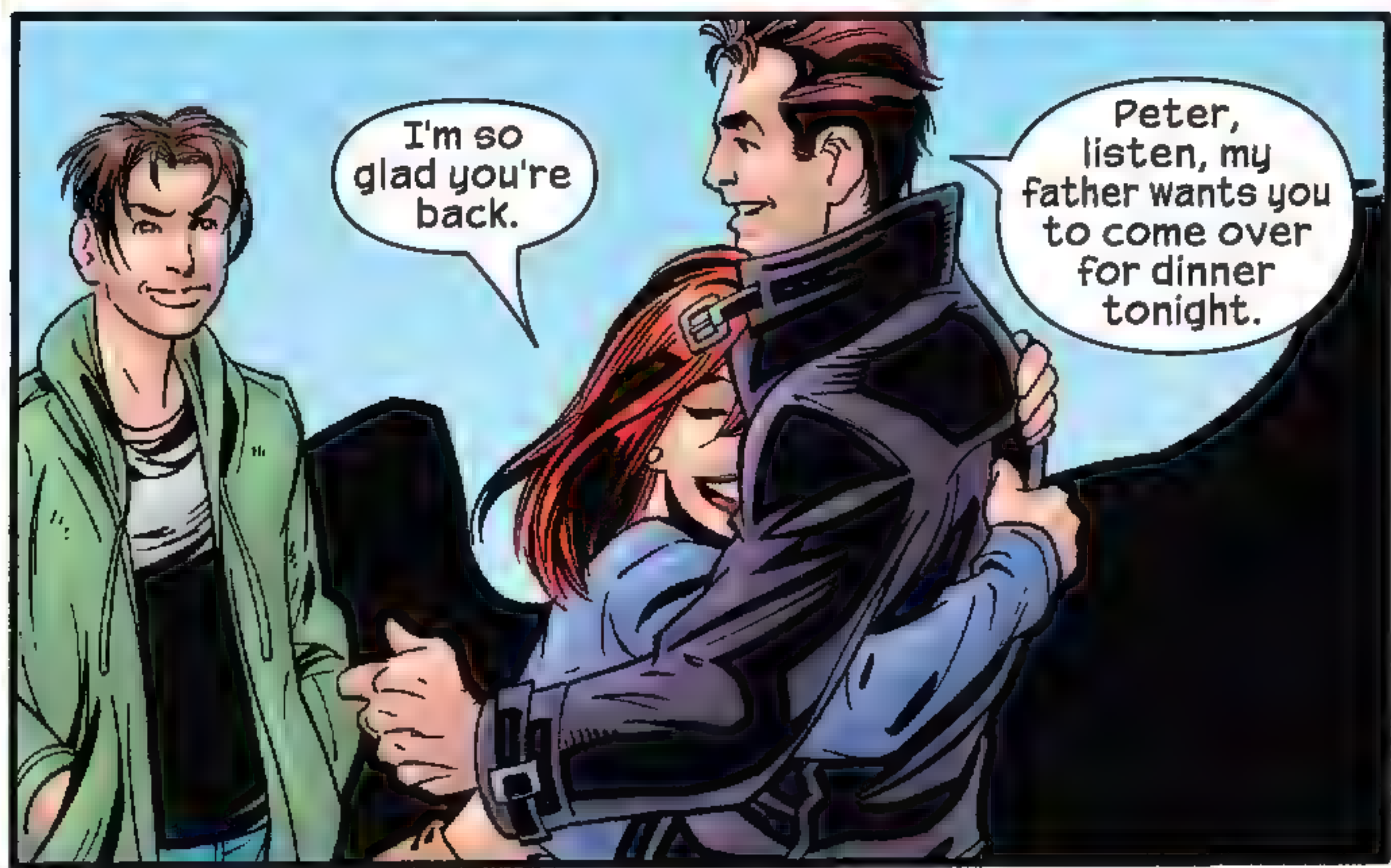
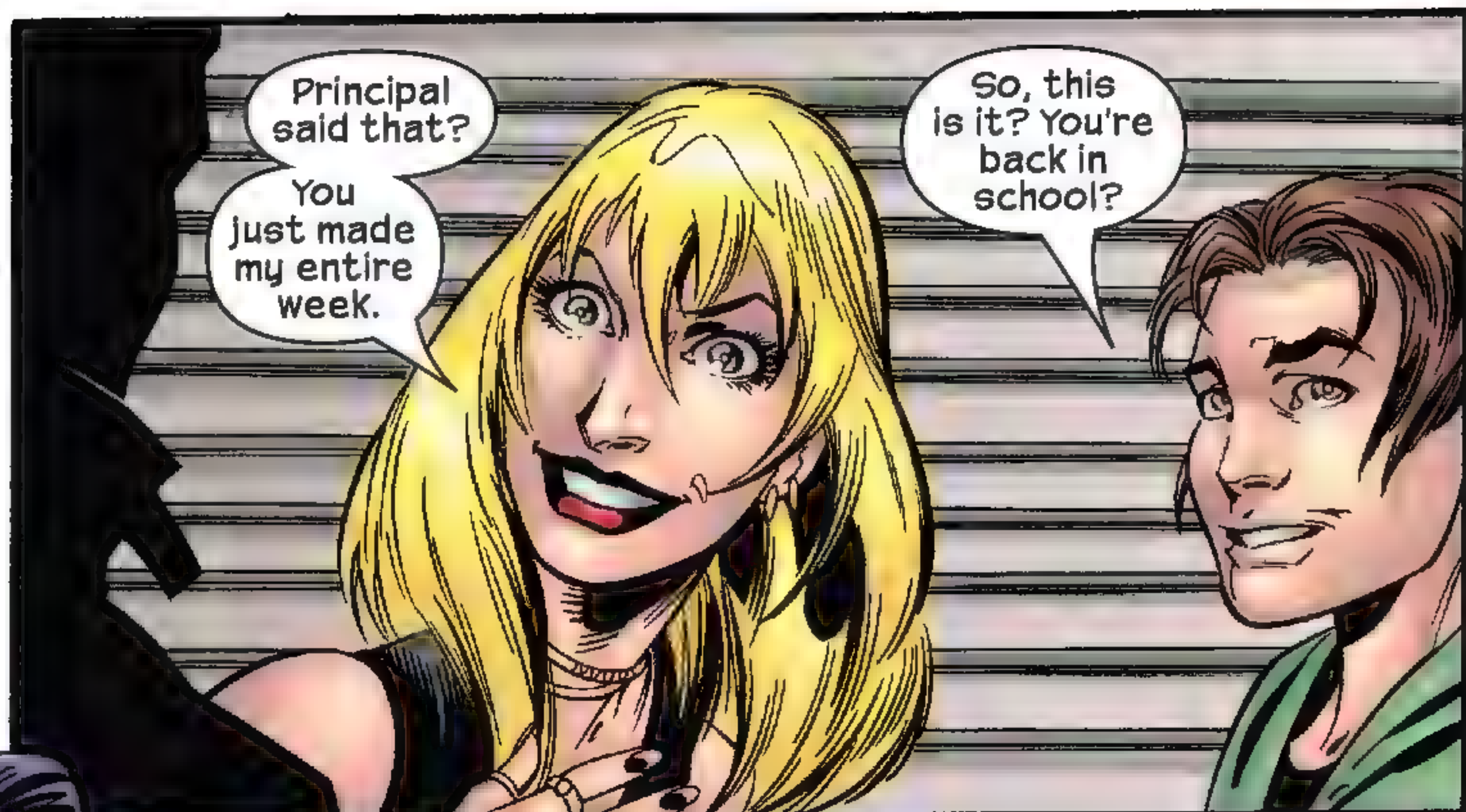
Hit puberty?

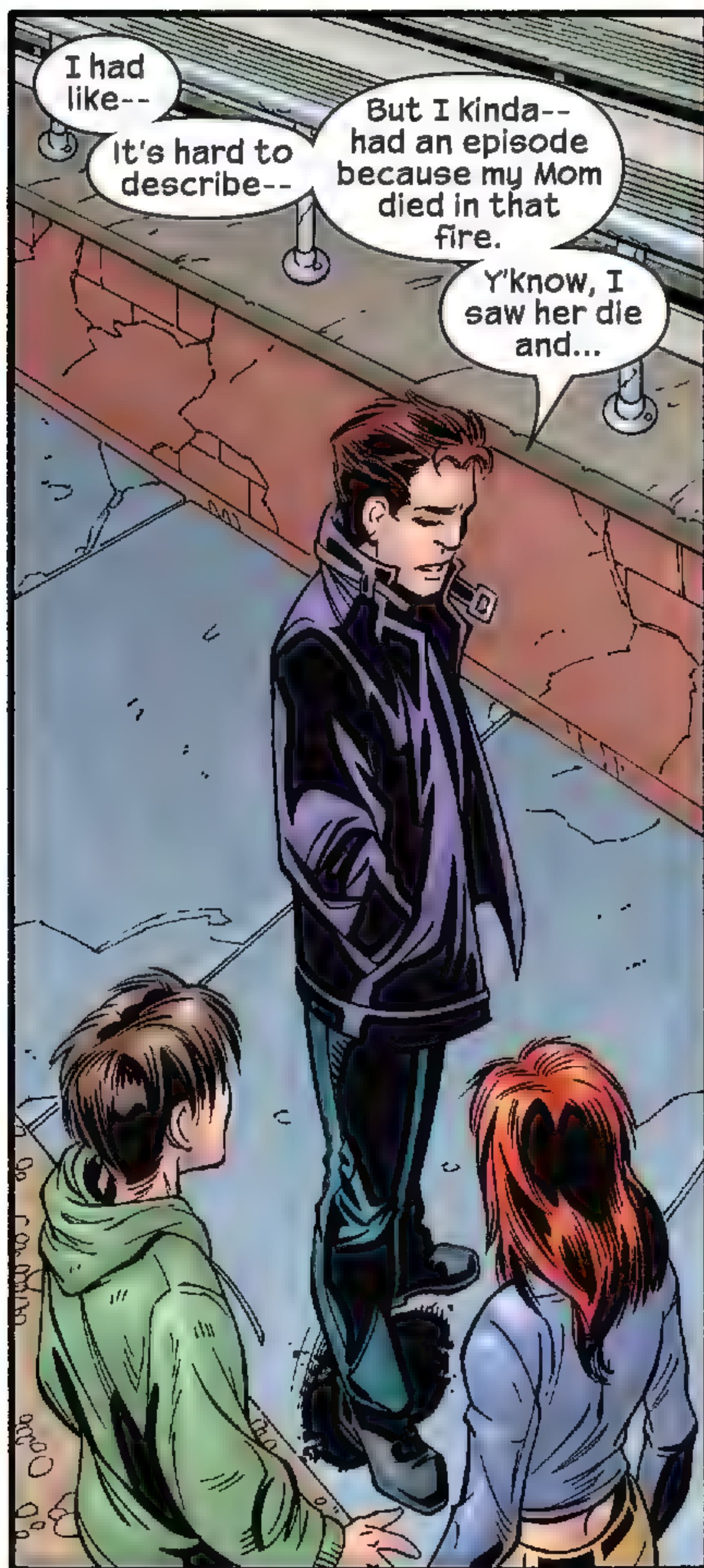
They wrote me.
They wrote and
they called.
Why?

Because they
are actually my
friends who care
about me.

As opposed
to you who's
all like "out
of sight out
of mind."





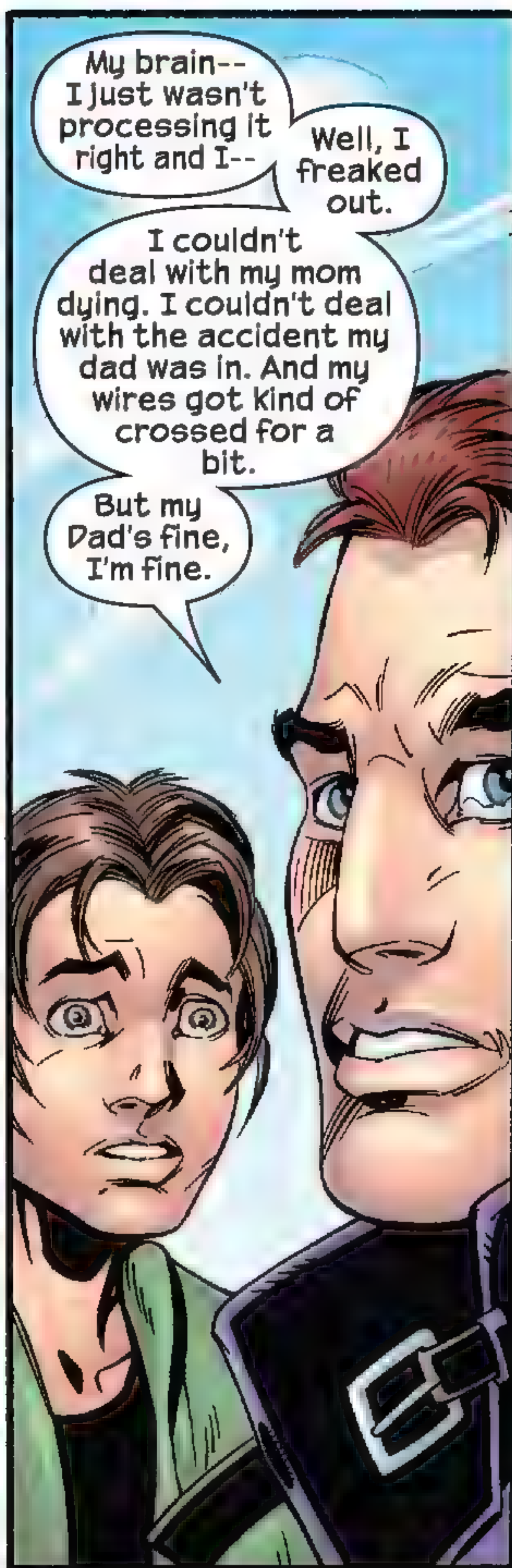


I had like--

It's hard to describe--

But I kinda-- had an episode because my Mom died in that fire.

Y'know, I saw her die and...



My brain-- I just wasn't processing it right and I--

Well, I freaked out.

I couldn't deal with my mom dying. I couldn't deal with the accident my dad was in. And my wires got kind of crossed for a bit.

But my Dad's fine, I'm fine.



But that thing that attacked our school-- you said it--

Yeah. well, I don't know *what* that was.

But it wasn't my Dad.

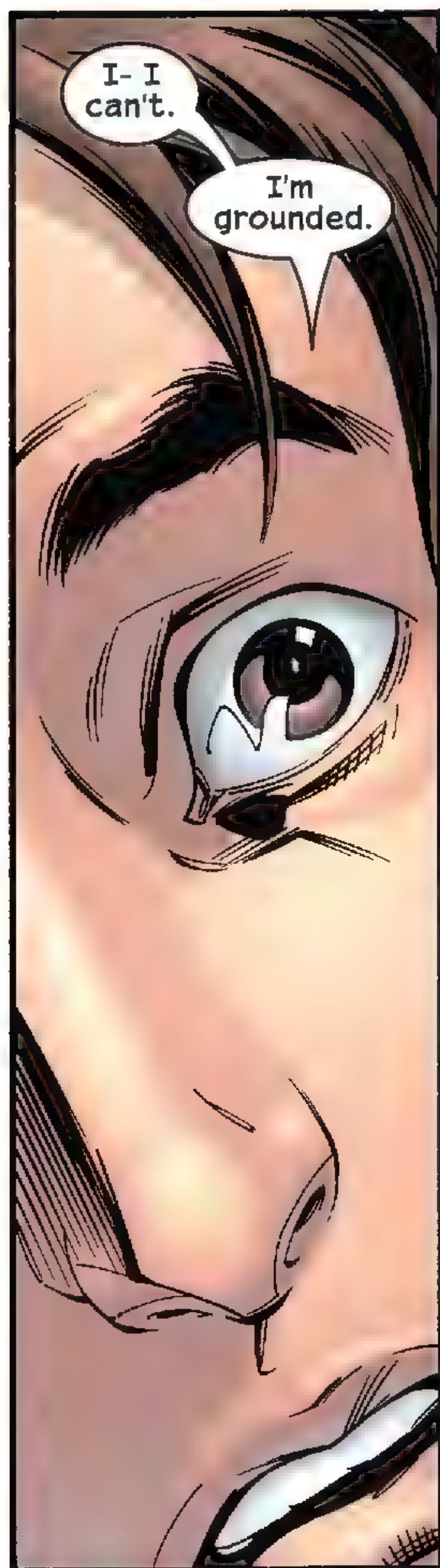
That was-- that was just an unrelated bit of crazy that I mixed in with all the crazy I was going through--

Listen, I have a whole new view of the world. No more drama. No more trying to be anything other than what I am.

And, plus, me and my Dad are super close now. It's really great.

And the first thing he asked me to do is get you over to the house for dinner.

Can you come into the city?



I- I can't.

I'm grounded.



Grounded? Since when do you get grounded?



I'm-- I'm grounded.



Okay. Well, hey.

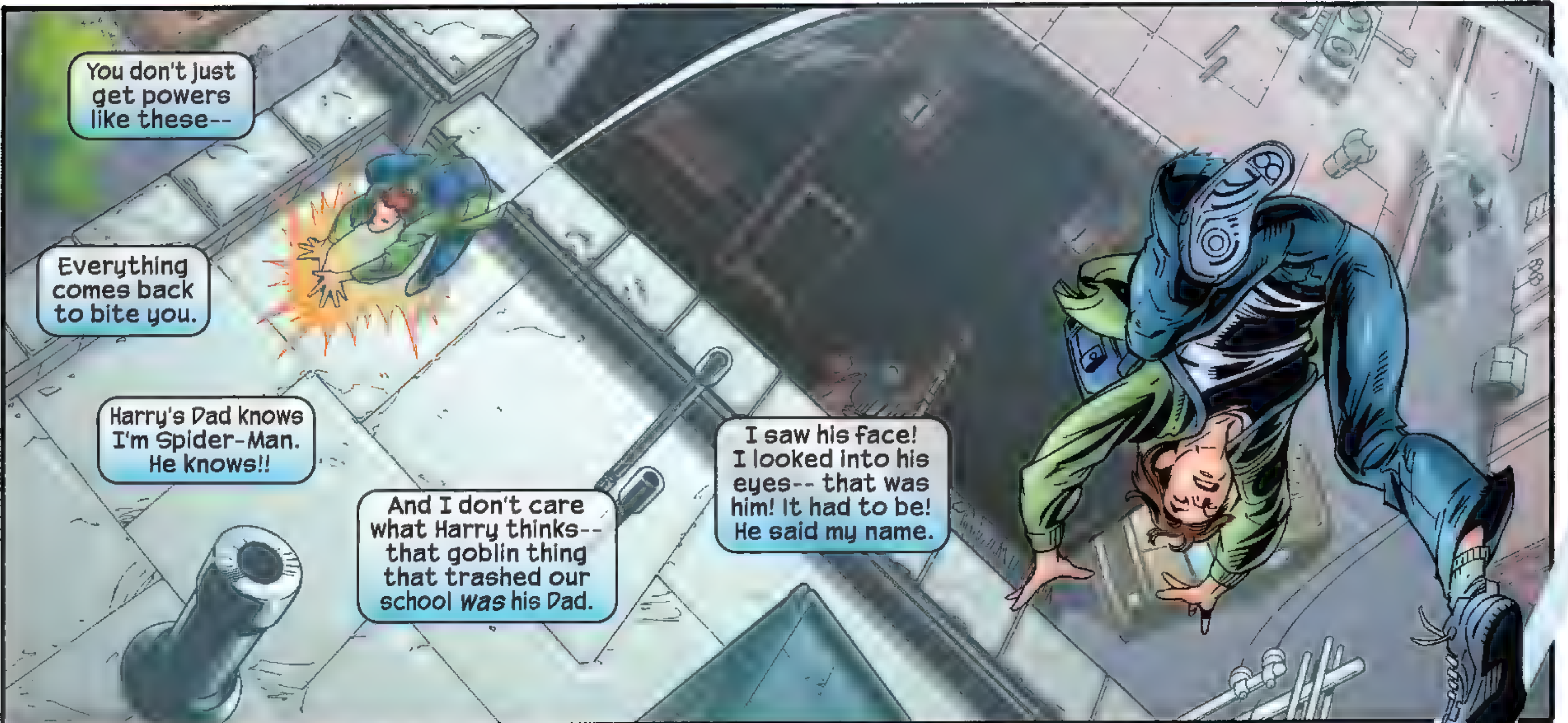
I'll tell him some other time.



Aaagghh!!

I knew this would happen!

I knew it!



You don't just get powers like these--

Everything comes back to bite you.

Harry's Dad knows I'm Spider-Man. He knows!!

And I don't care what Harry thinks-- that goblin thing that trashed our school was his Dad.

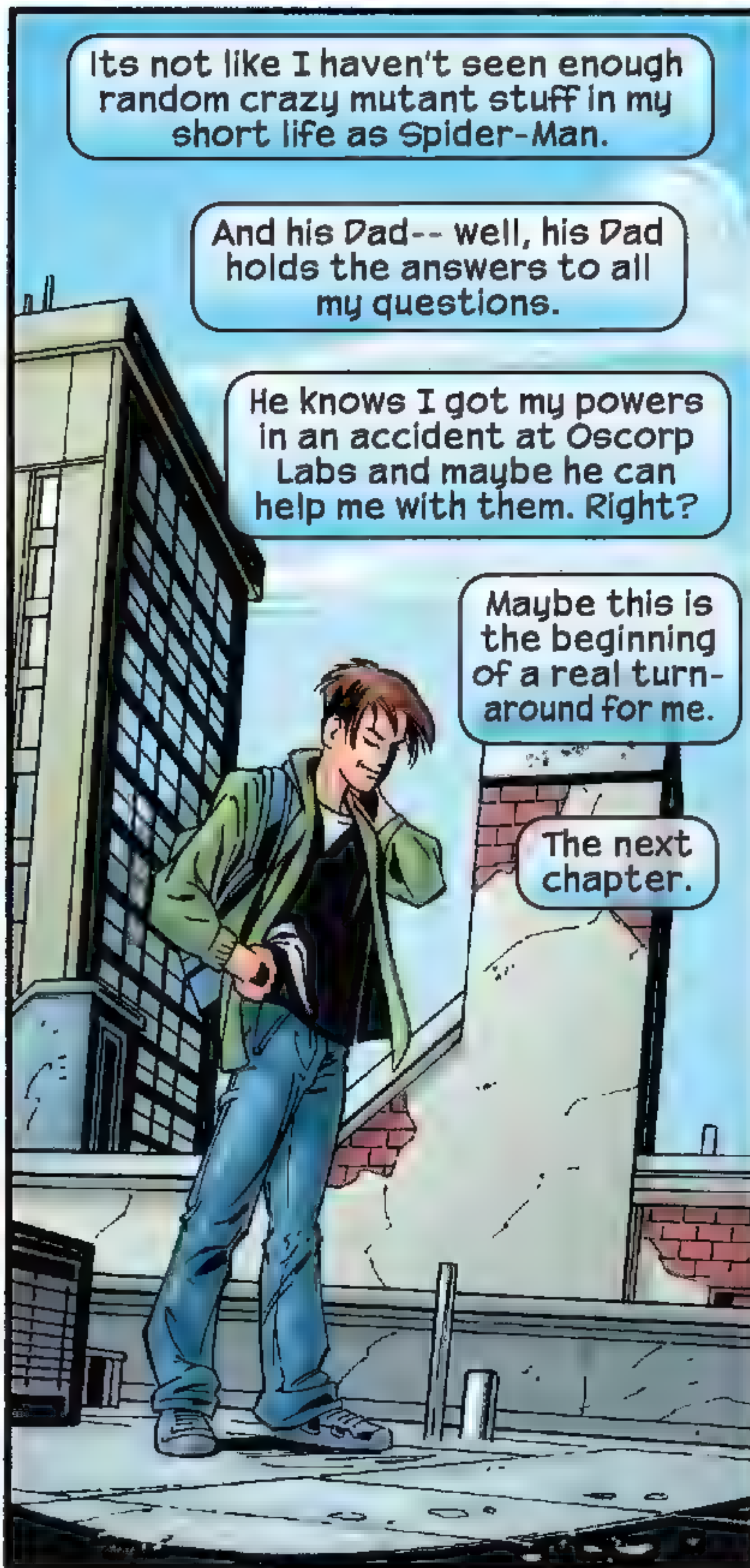
I saw his face! I looked into his eyes-- that was him! It had to be! He said my name.



No, wait. Don't be a paranoid freak for two seconds.

Look at it the other way, say Harry is right.

And that goblin thing had nothing to do with anything other than just some random mutant crazy.



Its not like I haven't seen enough random crazy mutant stuff in my short life as Spider-Man.

And his Dad-- well, his Dad holds the answers to all my questions.

He knows I got my powers in an accident at Oscorp Labs and maybe he can help me with them. Right?

Maybe this is the beginning of a real turn-around for me.

The next chapter.

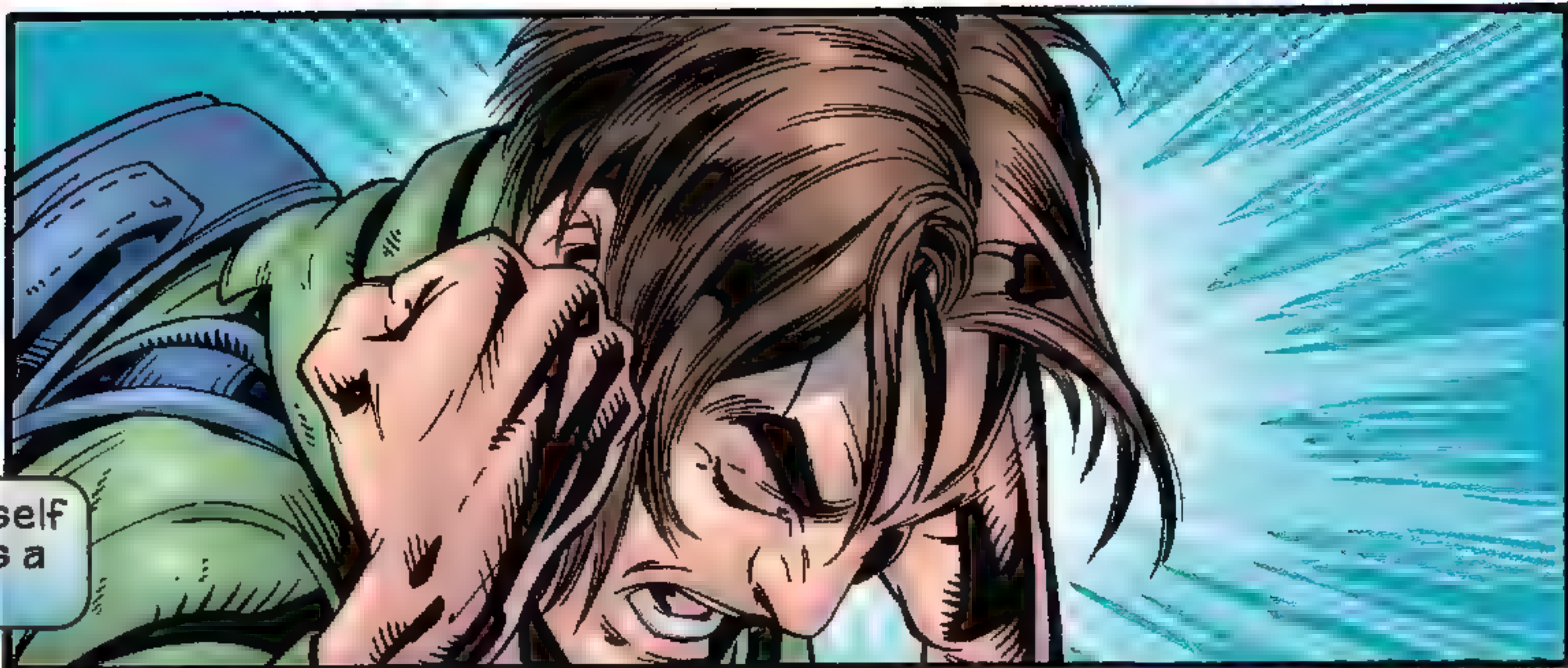


I'm kidding myself.

Aagghh!!
Stop it! Just
stop it!!

The guy is a worm. You read
everything about him and his
business-- his discoveries.
He's a skeev.

Even if he *didn't* turn himself
into a mutant goblin, he's a
piece of garbage.



And all of a sudden Harry and
him showing up right after I
help put Octavius away.

I mean the Monday after
Doc Ock makes his final
appearance-- oh! All of a
sudden-- there's Harry
and Norman Osborn.



A big, happy
family!!

Naah-- this is
crap. Big crap.

Thing is-- even if he turned
into the Pope-- Norman Osborn
has me by the good and plenties.

Which is, like, the
total *opposite* of
what they were last
time I saw them.

I am so
entirely
screwed.

I don't know *what*
Harry's Dad wants
from me, but I know
I don't want anything
from *him*.



I don't want to *hear* from
him-- I don't want to *talk*
to him. I don't want to
know from him.

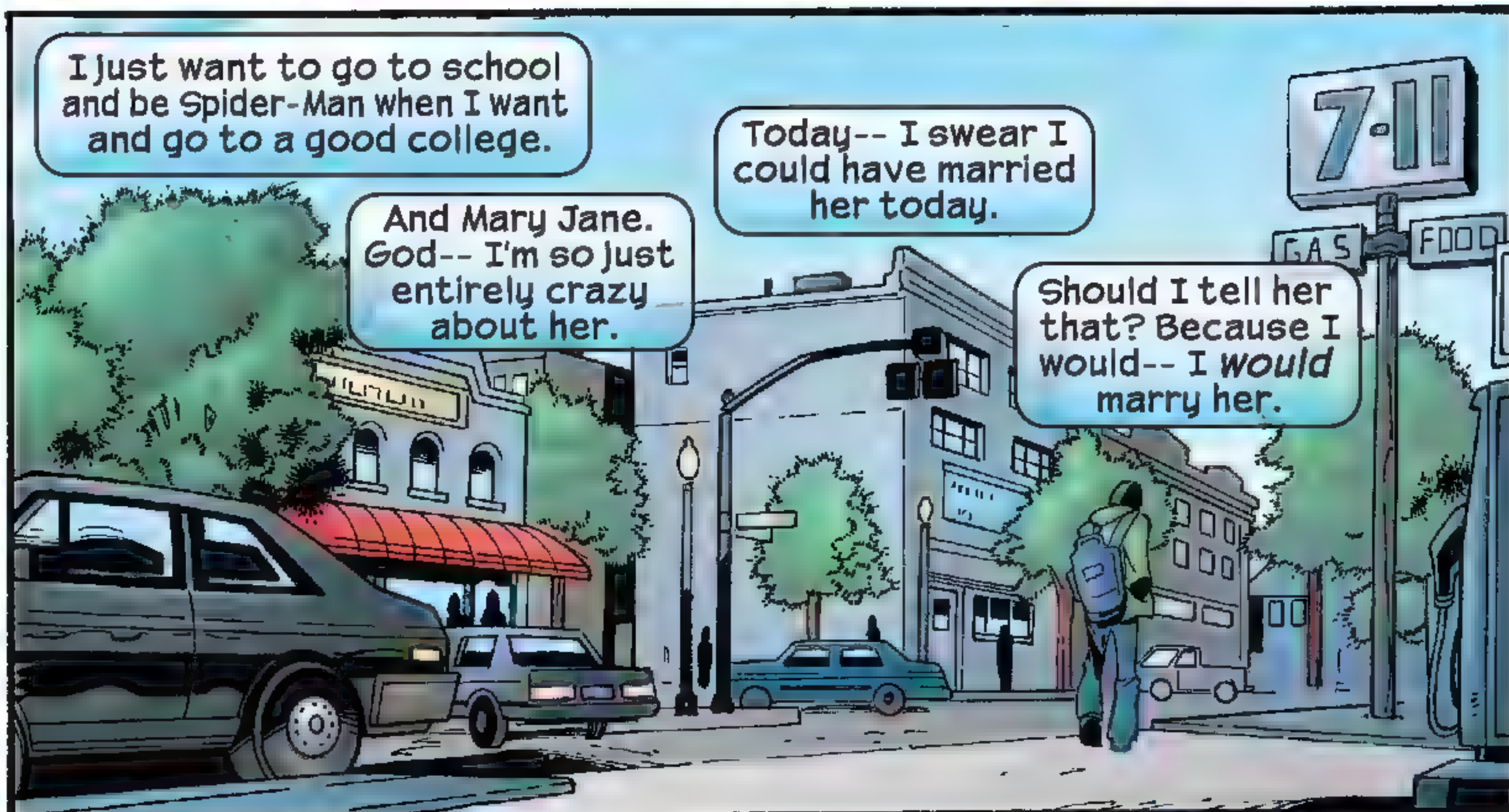


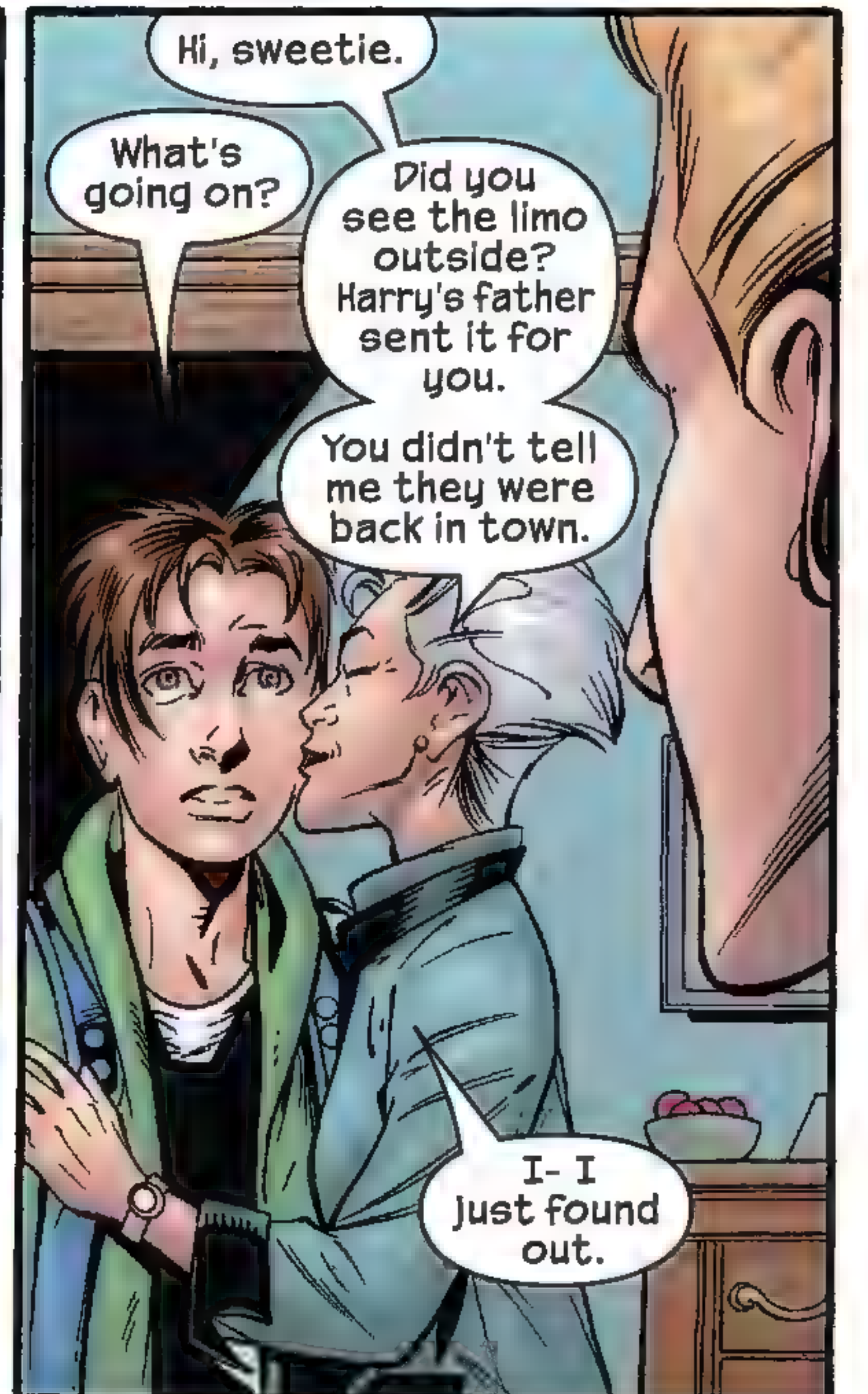
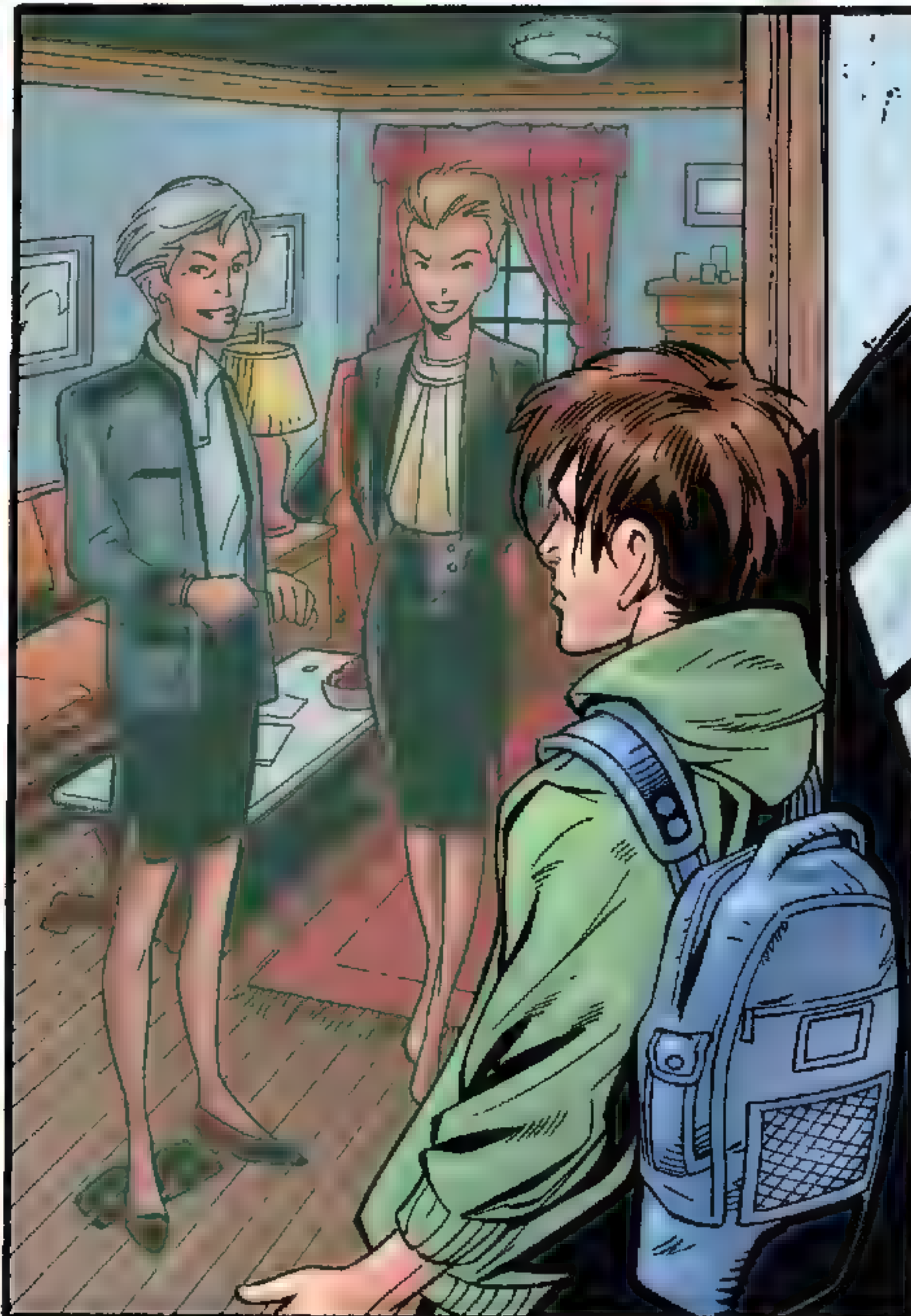
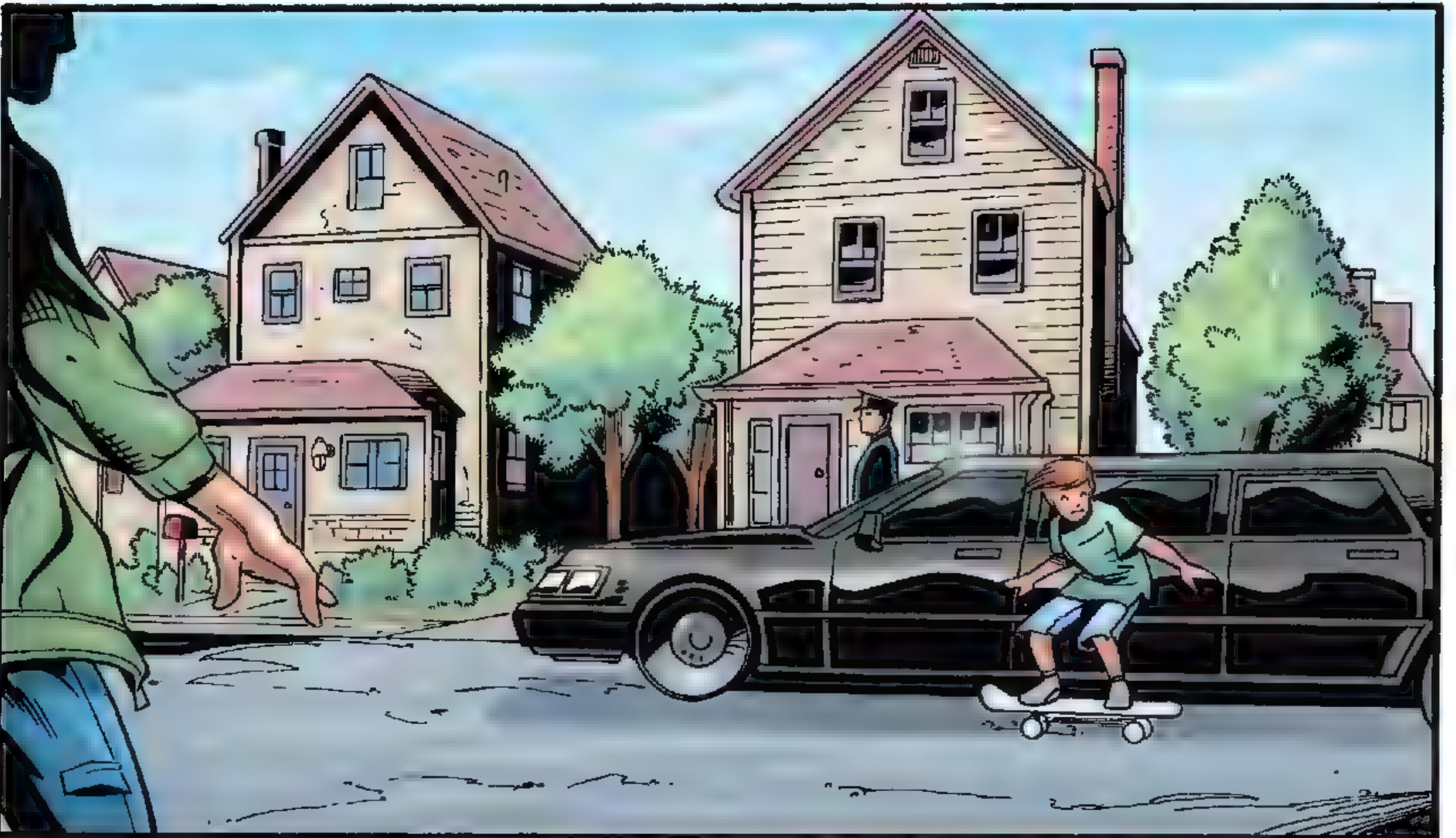
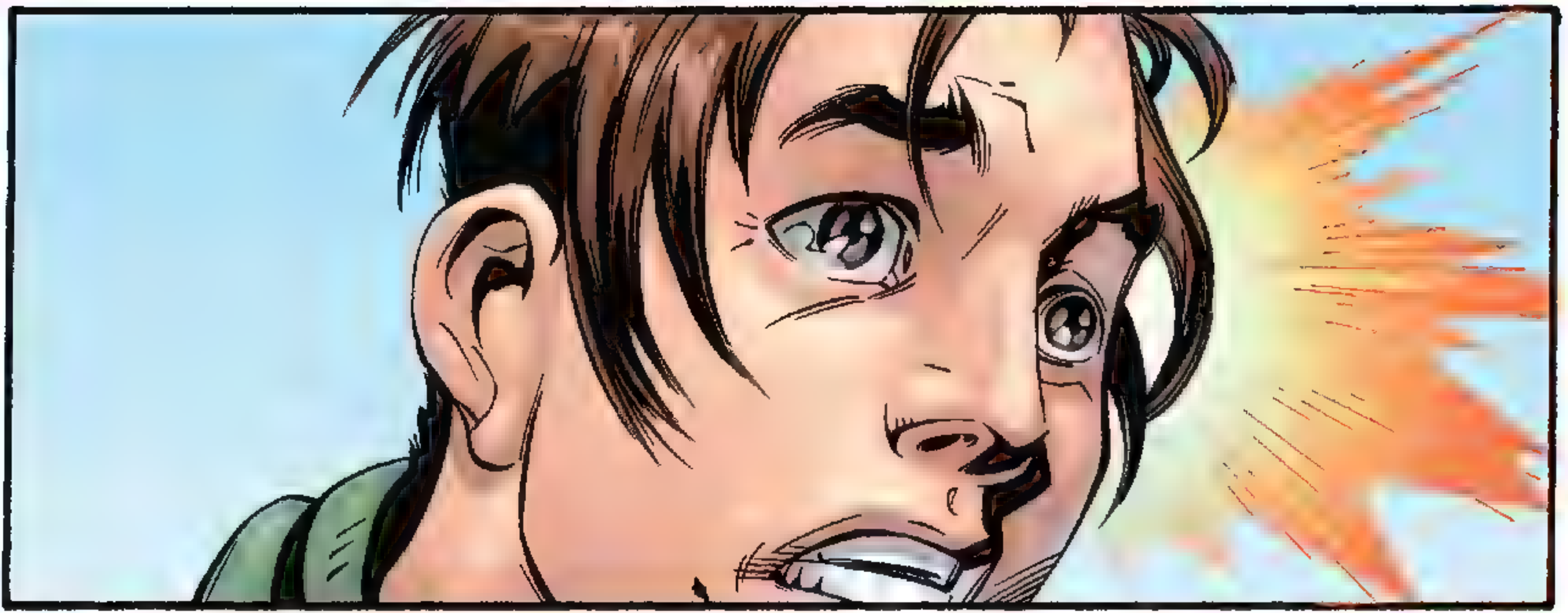
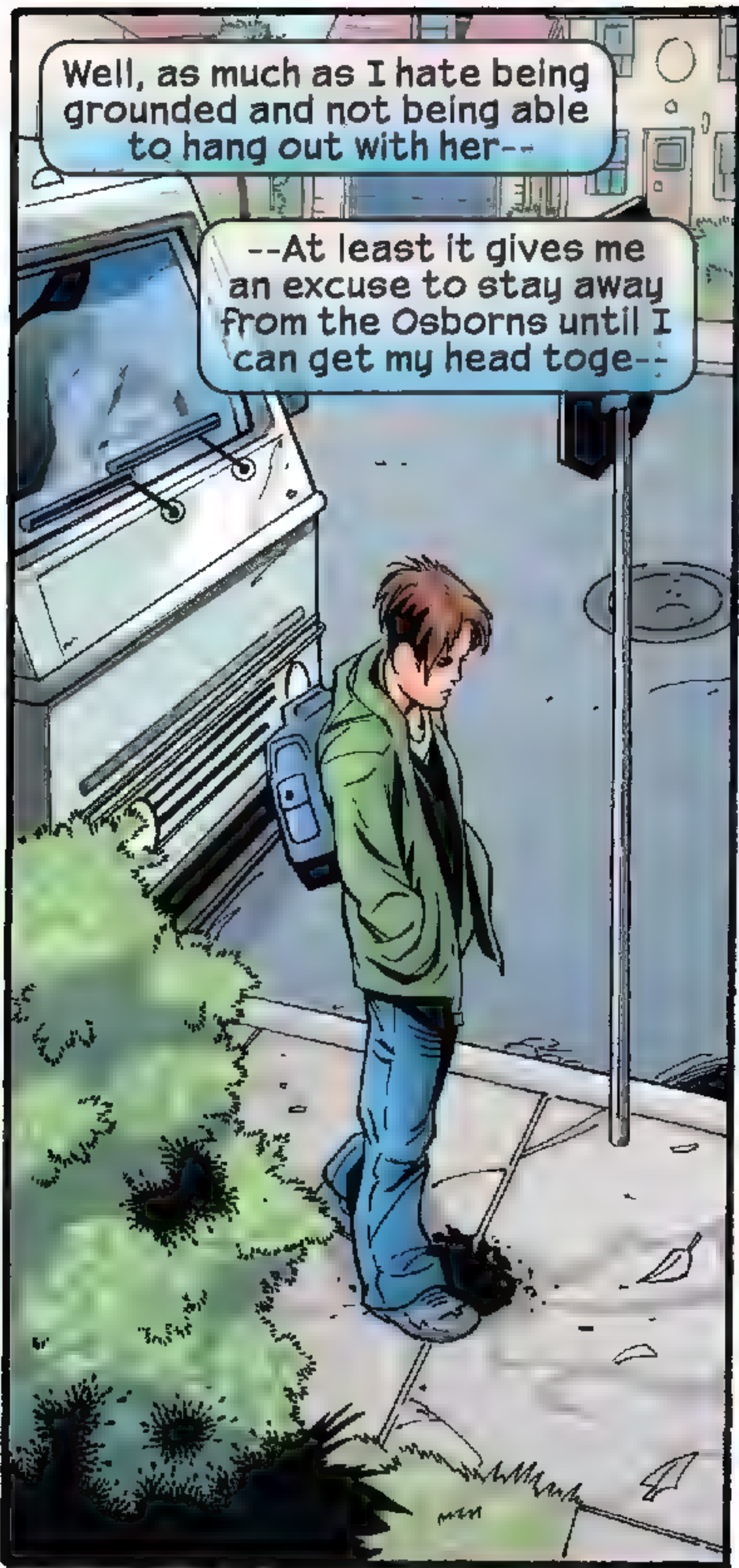
I just want to go to school
and be Spider-Man when I want
and go to a good college.

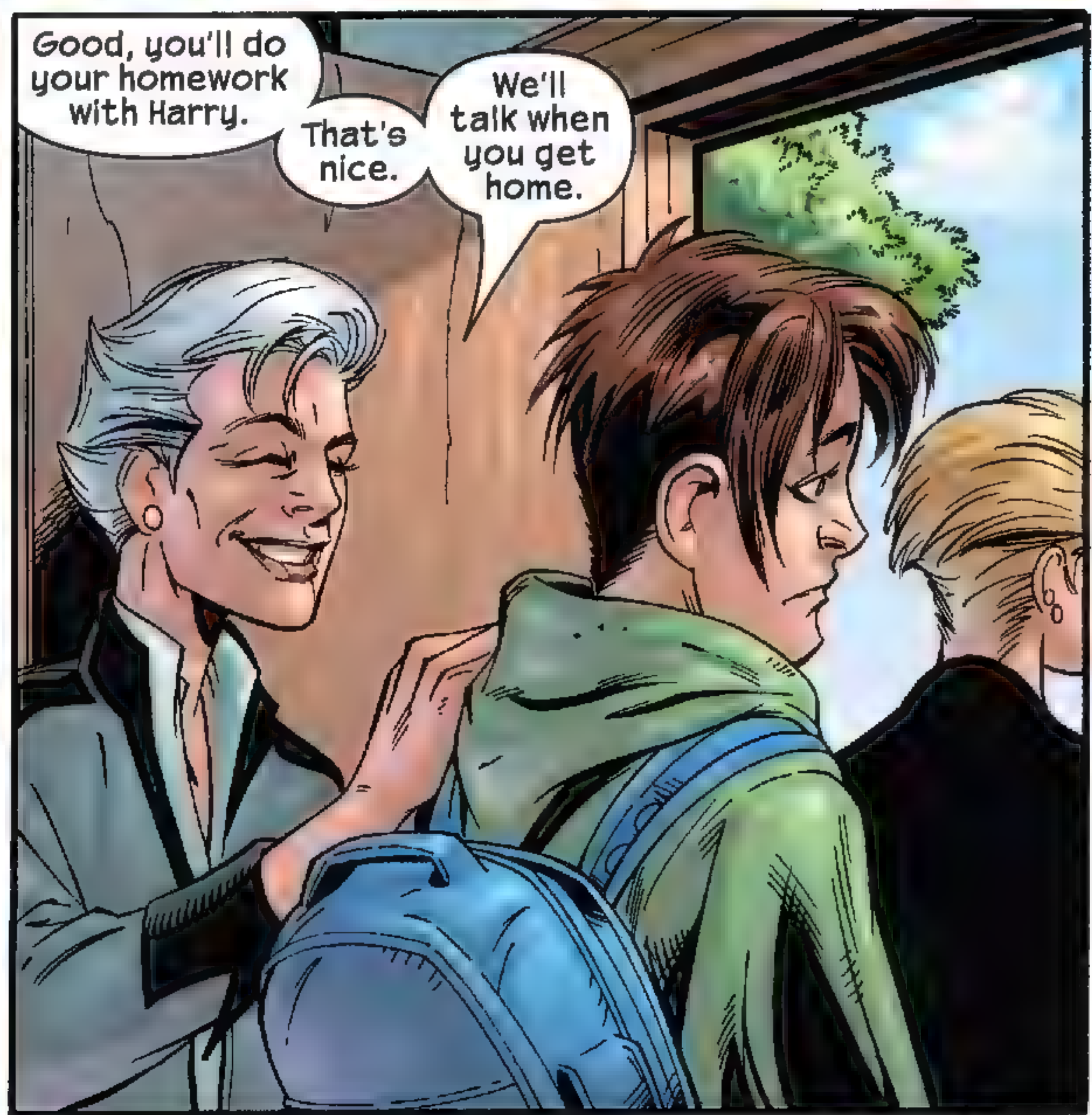
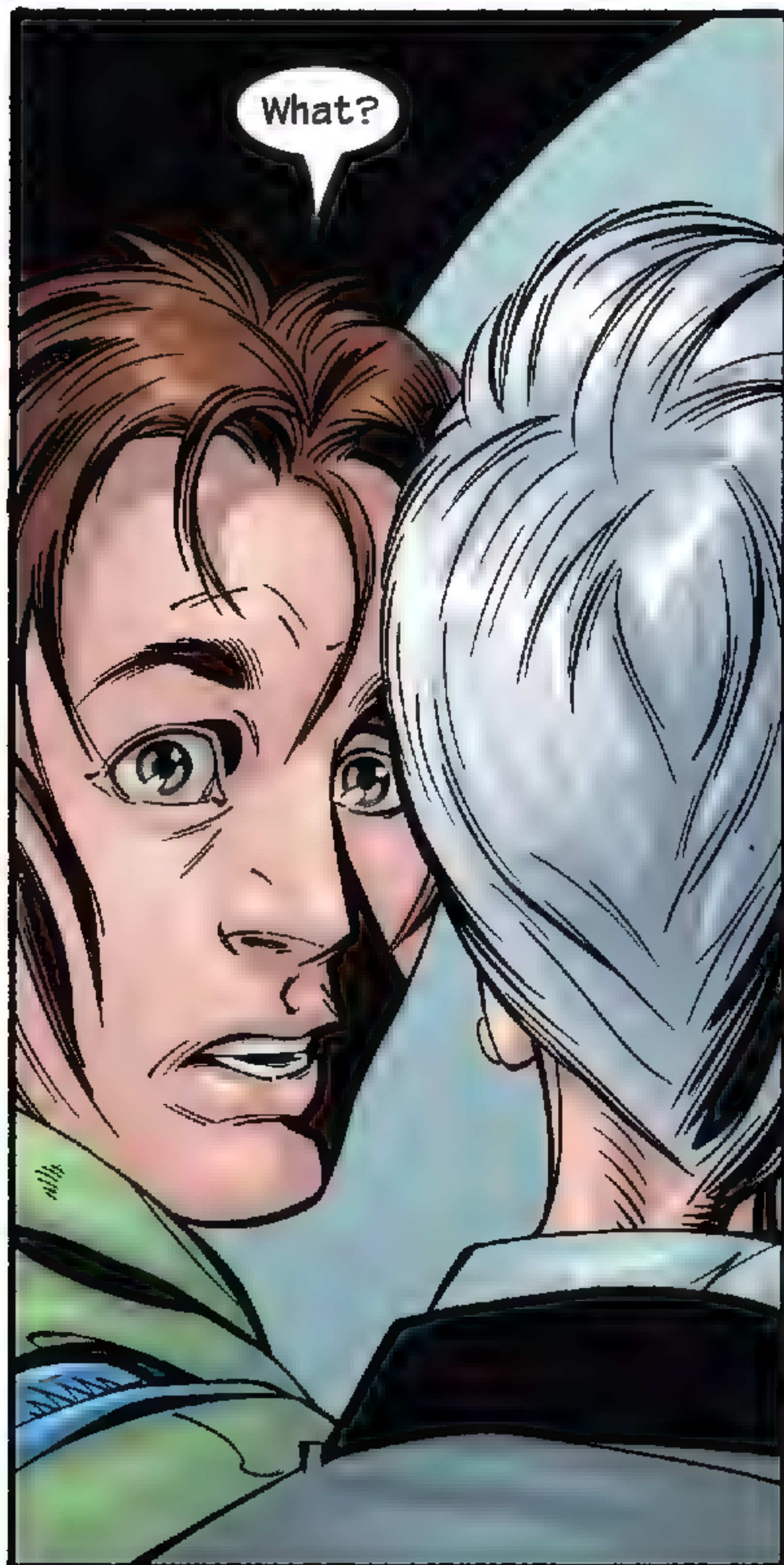
Today-- I swear I
could have married
her today.

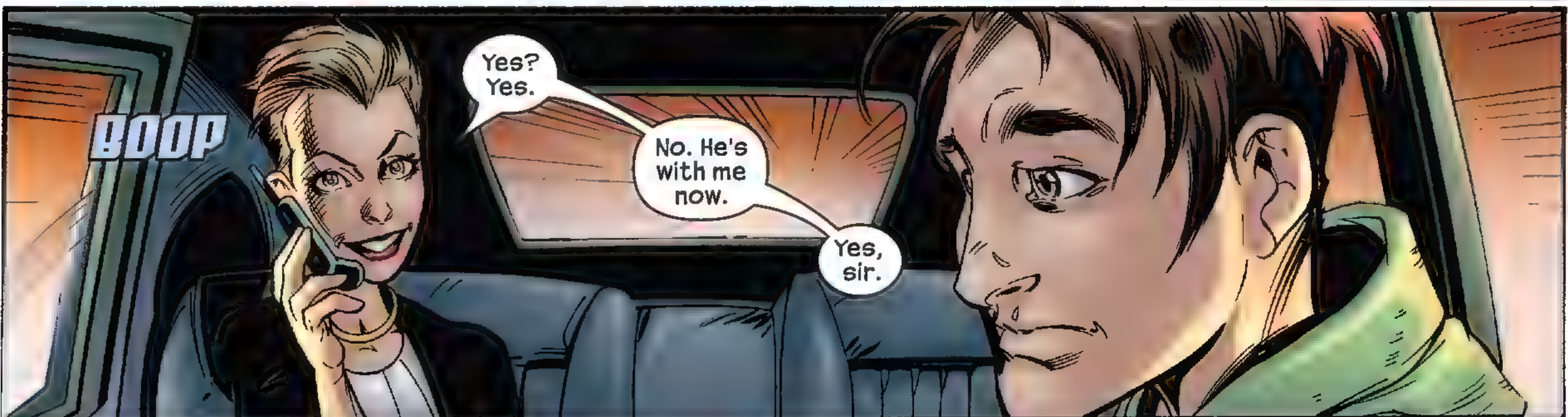
And Mary Jane.
God-- I'm so just
entirely crazy
about her.

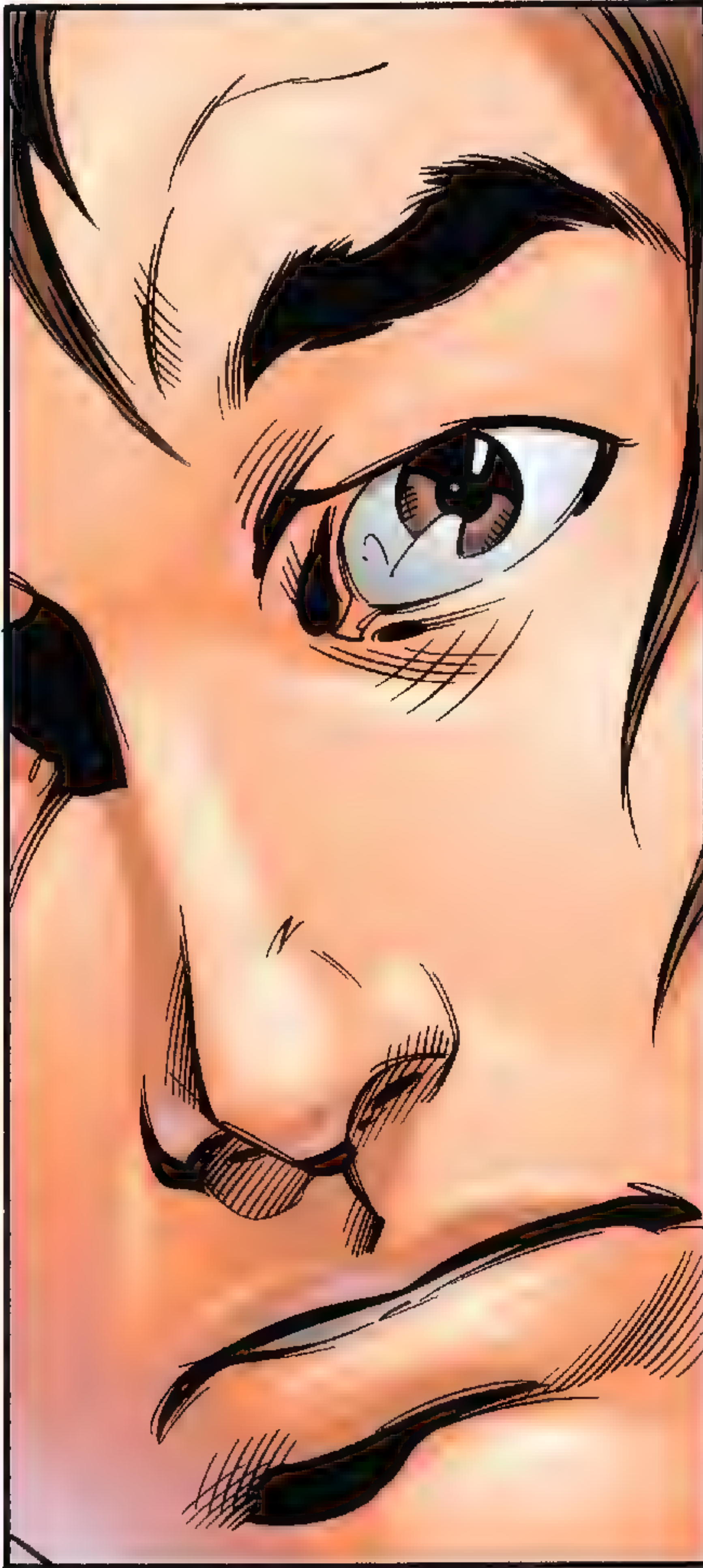
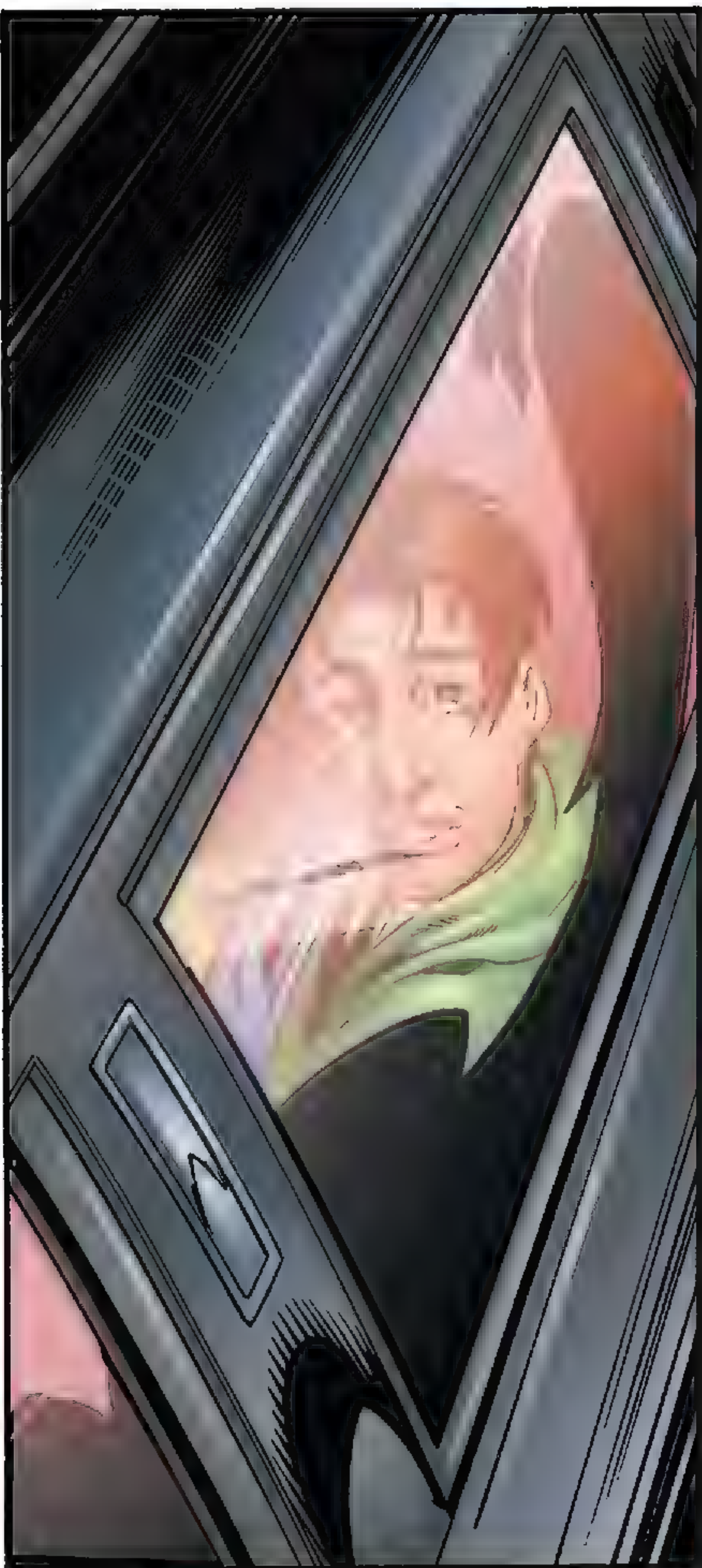
Should I tell her
that? Because I
would-- I *would*
marry her.













So who's grounded now, huh?



You're nuts.

I think for the next week we'll just park a limo outside your house till your Aunt forgets you're grounded.

I can't believe you.



You don't say no to an Osborn.

But this wasn't me-- this was my Dad.

Told you he wanted to see you.

You know why?

Nope. Probably wants to buy you to be my friend. What's your quote?

Cut it out.



I can't believe you and Mary Jane are an item.

Who told you that?

Mary-- I just talked to her for, like, an hour.

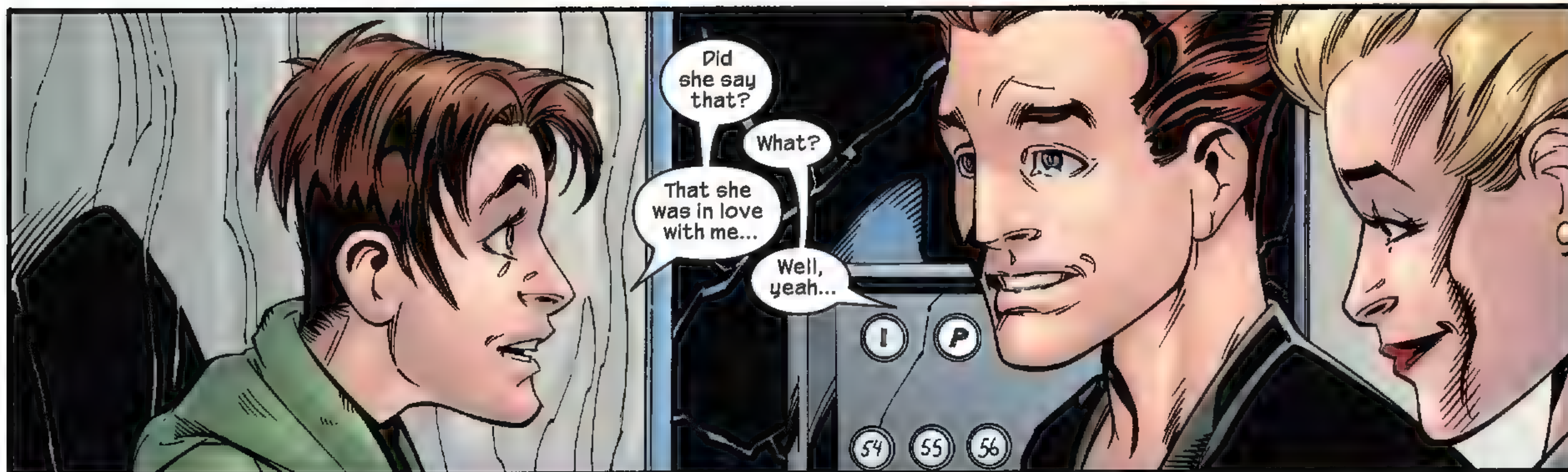
She's here?

No. Phone. Good lord, is she in love with you.



BING

P

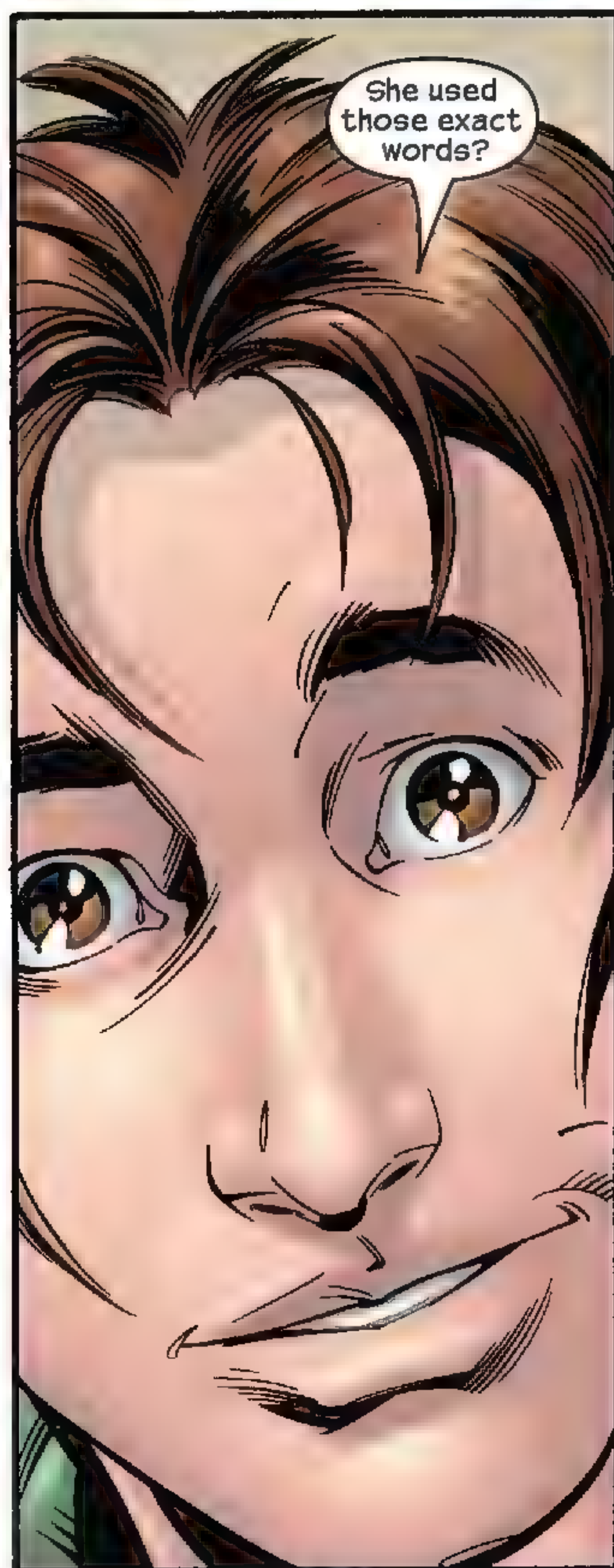


Did she say that?

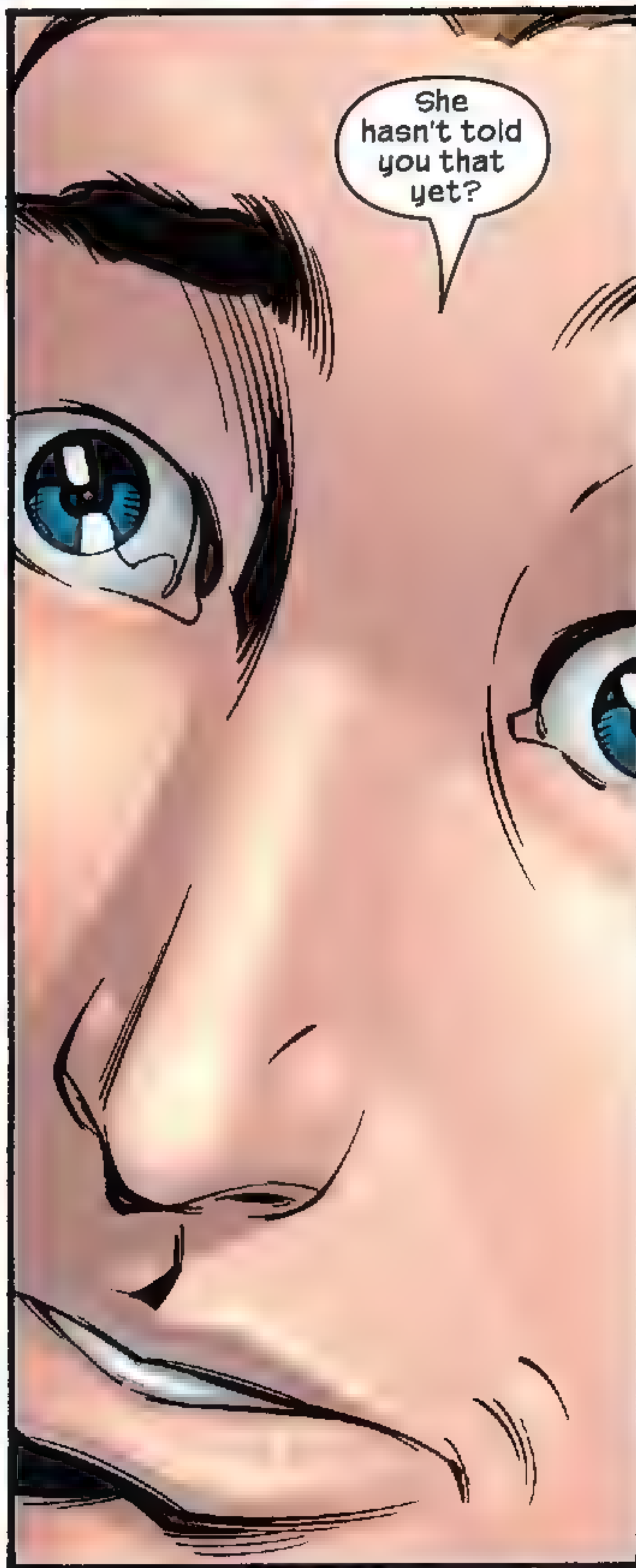
What?

That she was in love with me...

Well, yeah...



She used those exact words?



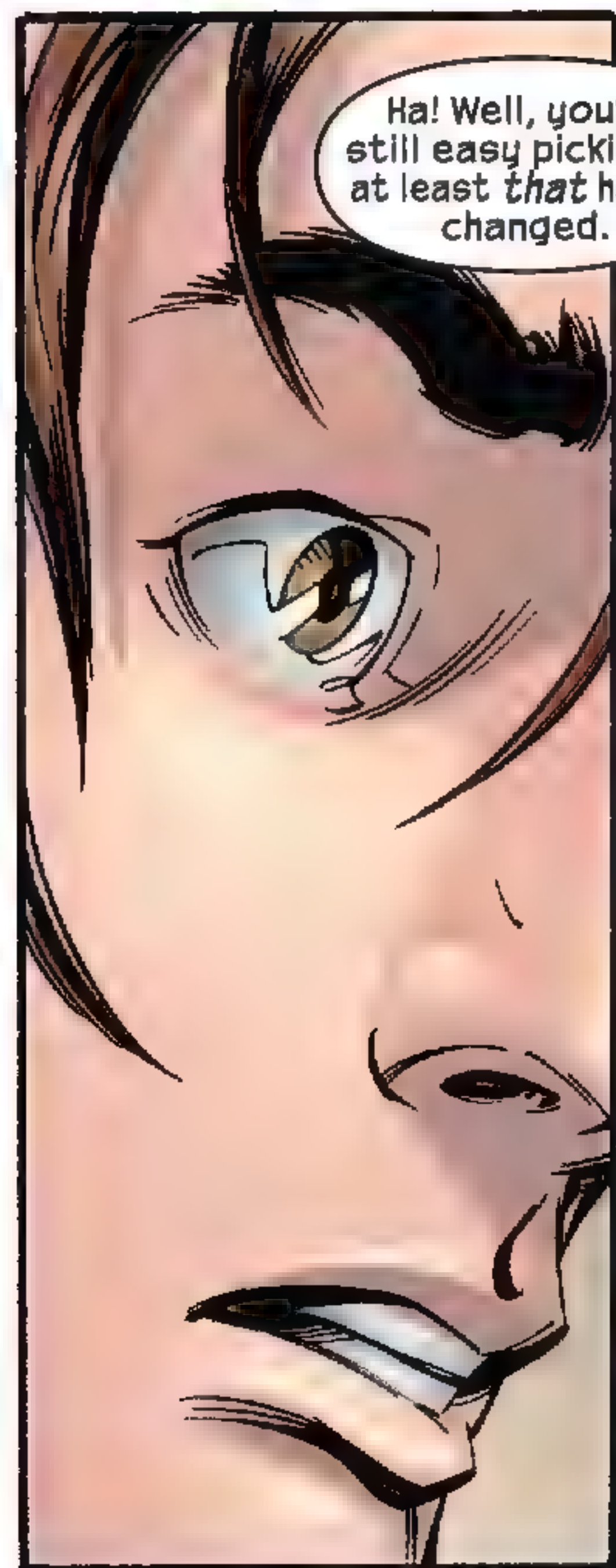
She hasn't told you that yet?



Guess I kinda let the cat out of that bag.

What else did she say?

She's pregnant.



Ha! Well, you're still easy pickin's-- at least *that* hasn't changed.



So how about we double-date?

With?



That Gwen Stacy-- holy galoleoy!

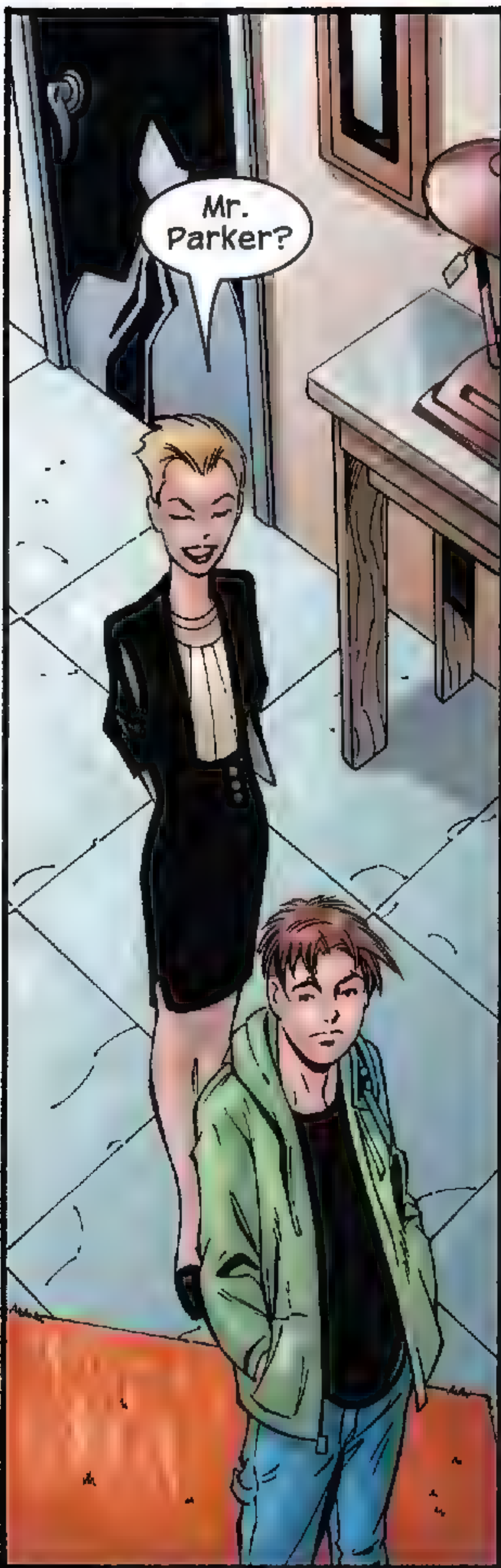
That is a fine addition to the universe.

What's she like?

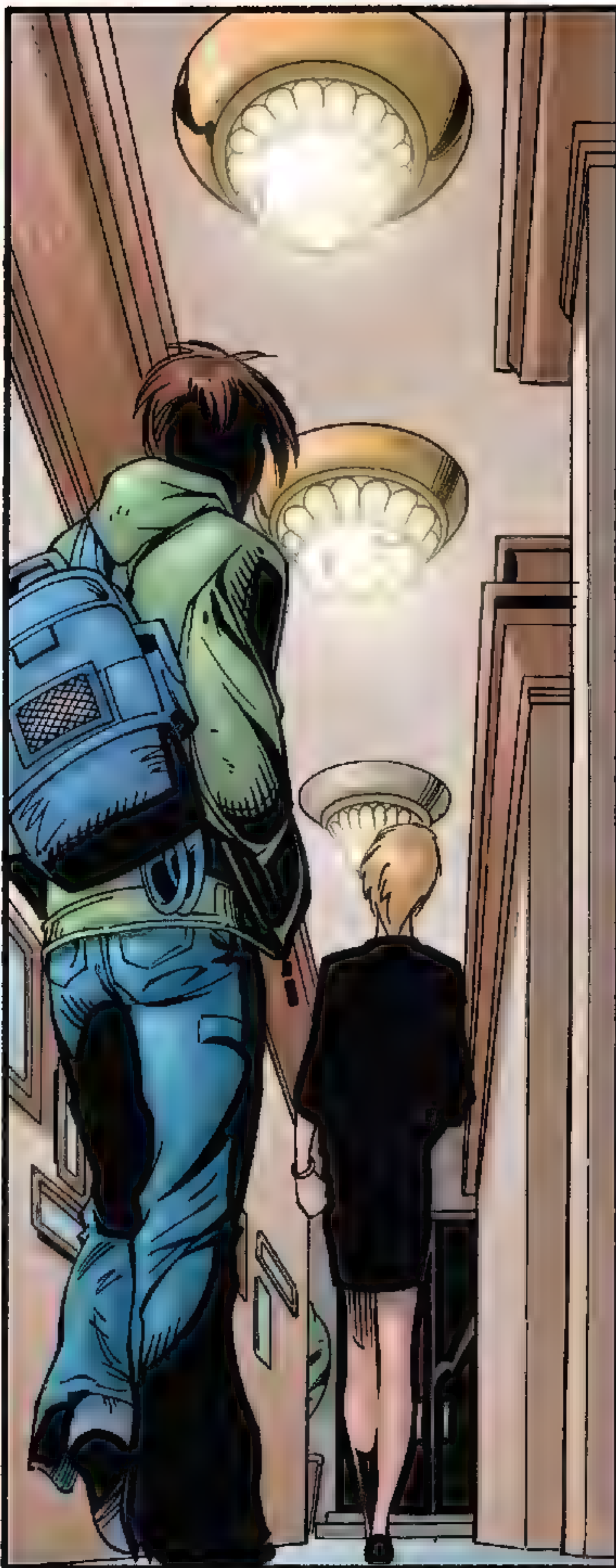
She's--

Lip-- here we are-- top floor.





Mr. Parker?



I feel like I'm going to faint.

Whatever this is-- I'm not ready for it. I'm not prepared.

But think--

--come on--

--there's too many people here for anything bad to happen.

Harry's here.

Whatever this is-- it is.

Mary loves me? Holy crap.

I should hop right out the window.

I should run away so no one can find me. I should tell Aunt May the truth and find Mary and run away.

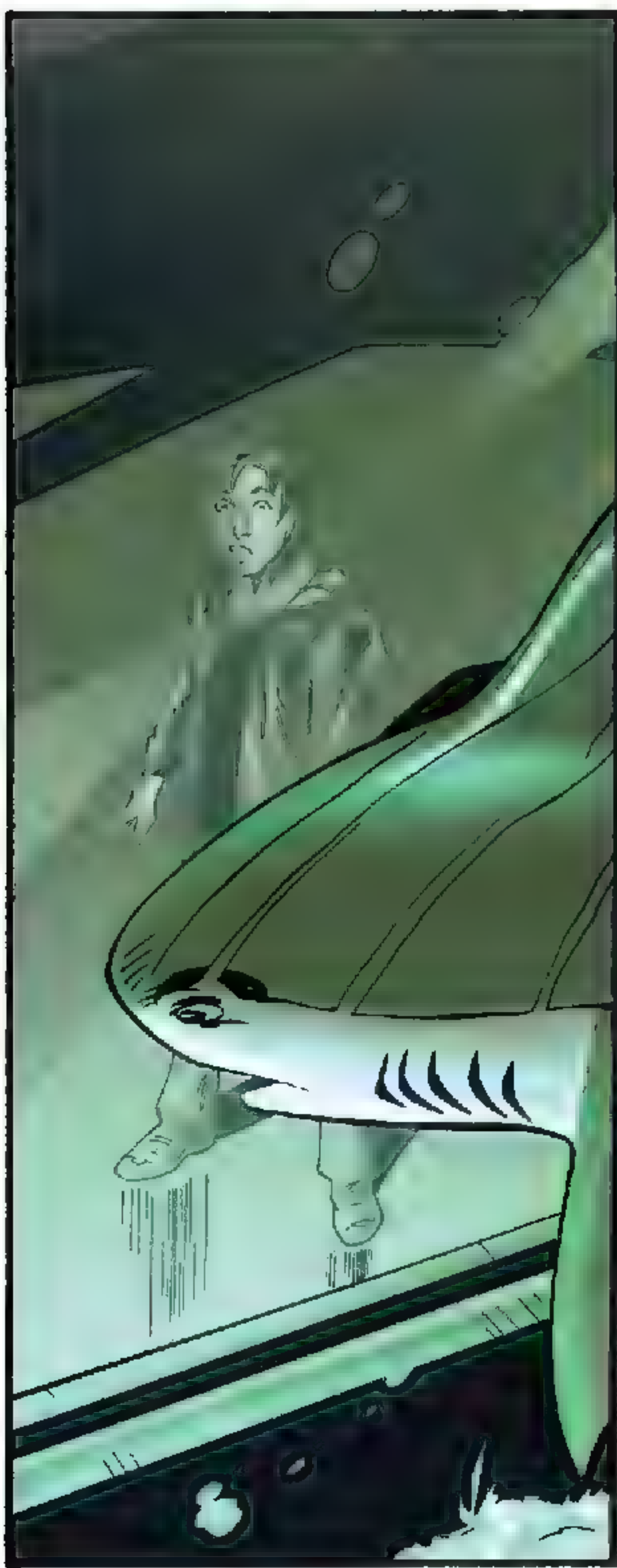
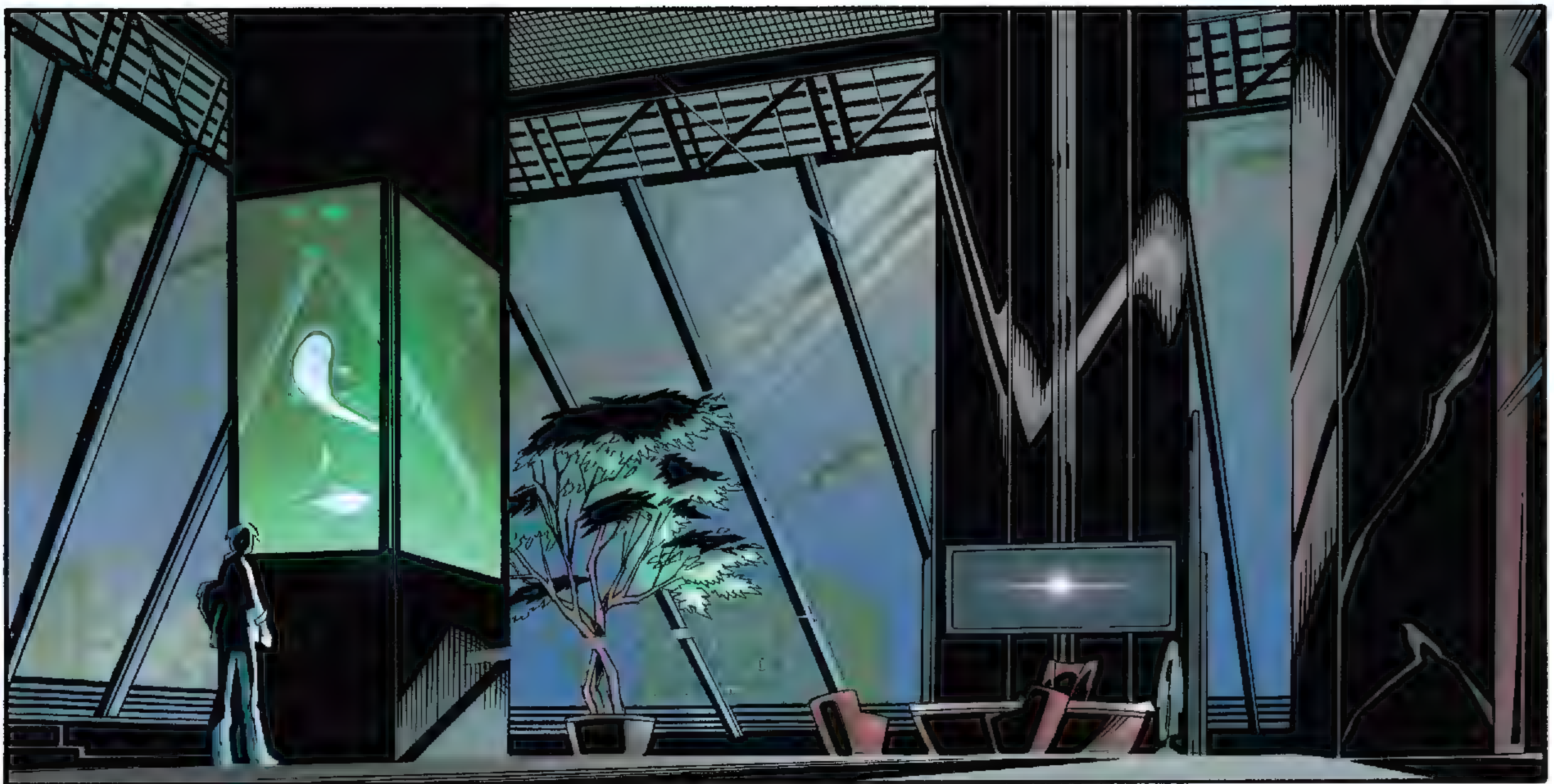
No.

This--

Whatever this is-- it is.

Face it.







So?
Huh?

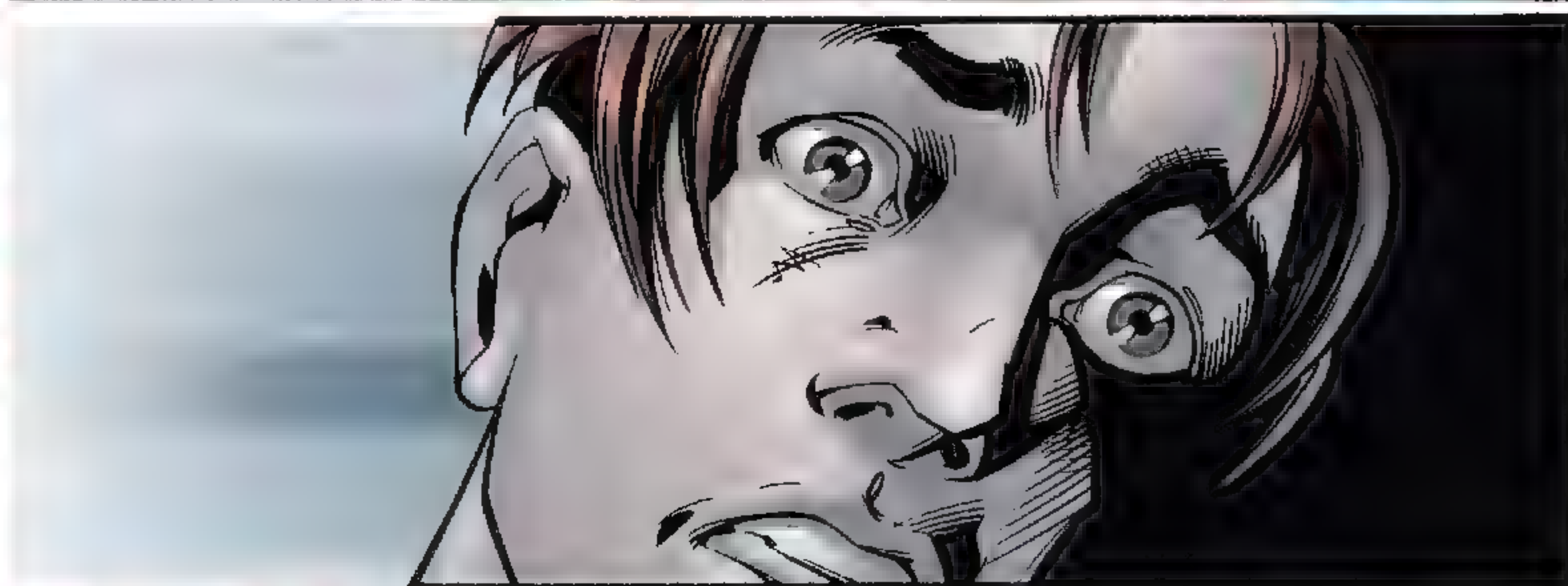
How do I
look?

Better
or worse than
the last time
you saw
me?



So, you got it out
of your system
I hope?

Got--
got what
out of my
system?



This Spider-
Man crap.

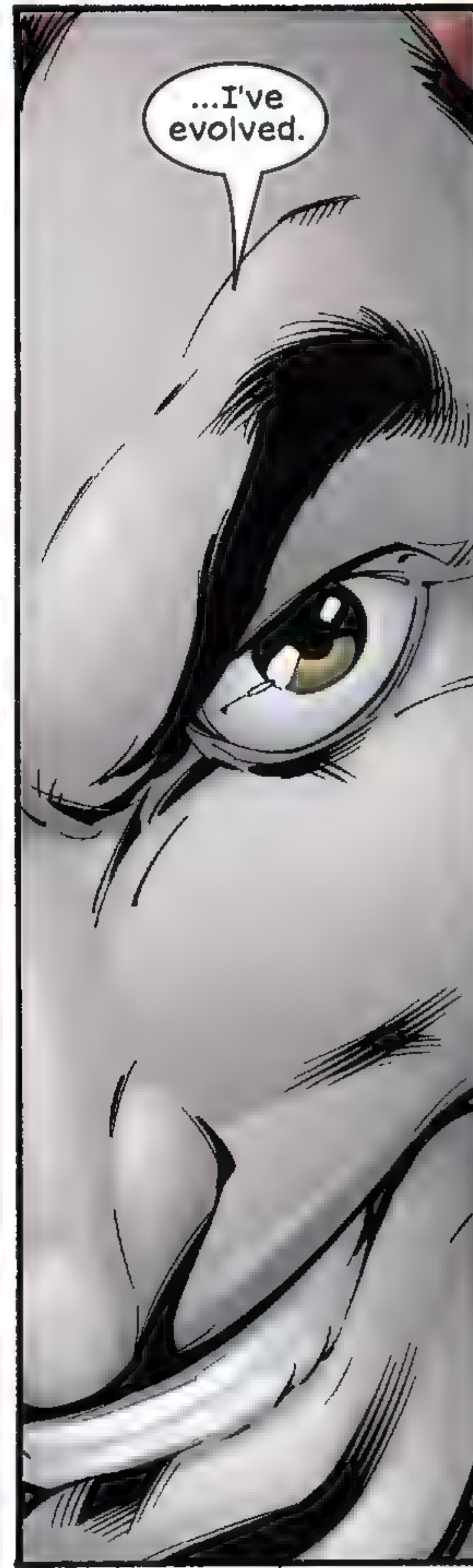
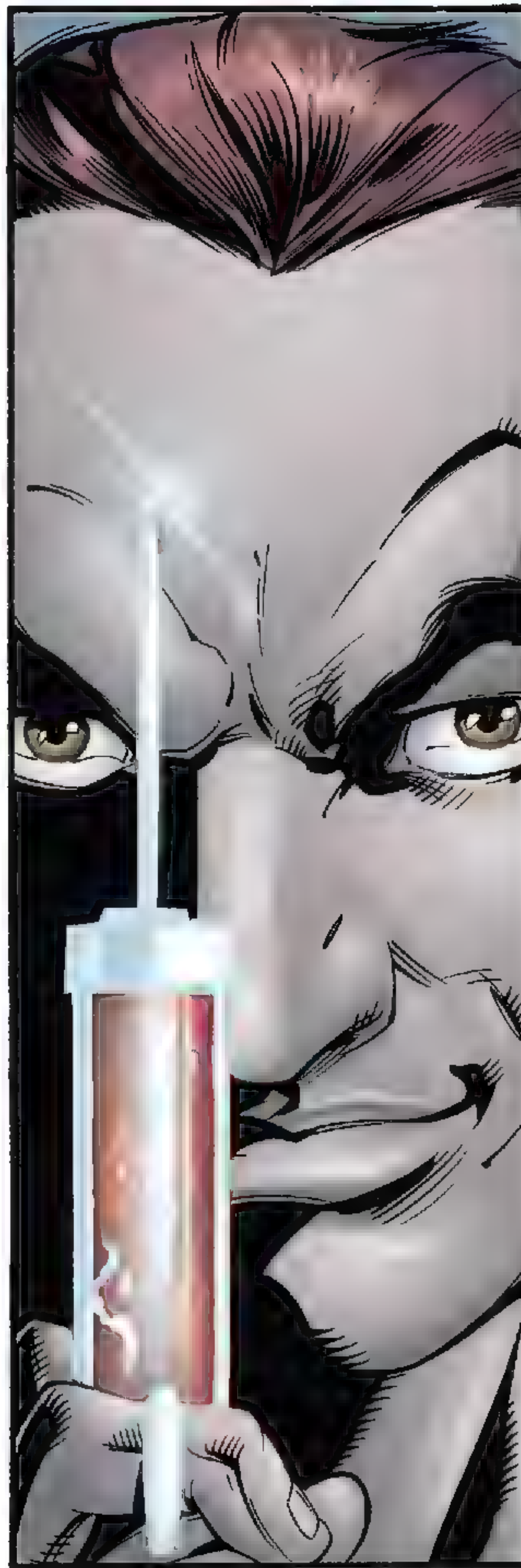
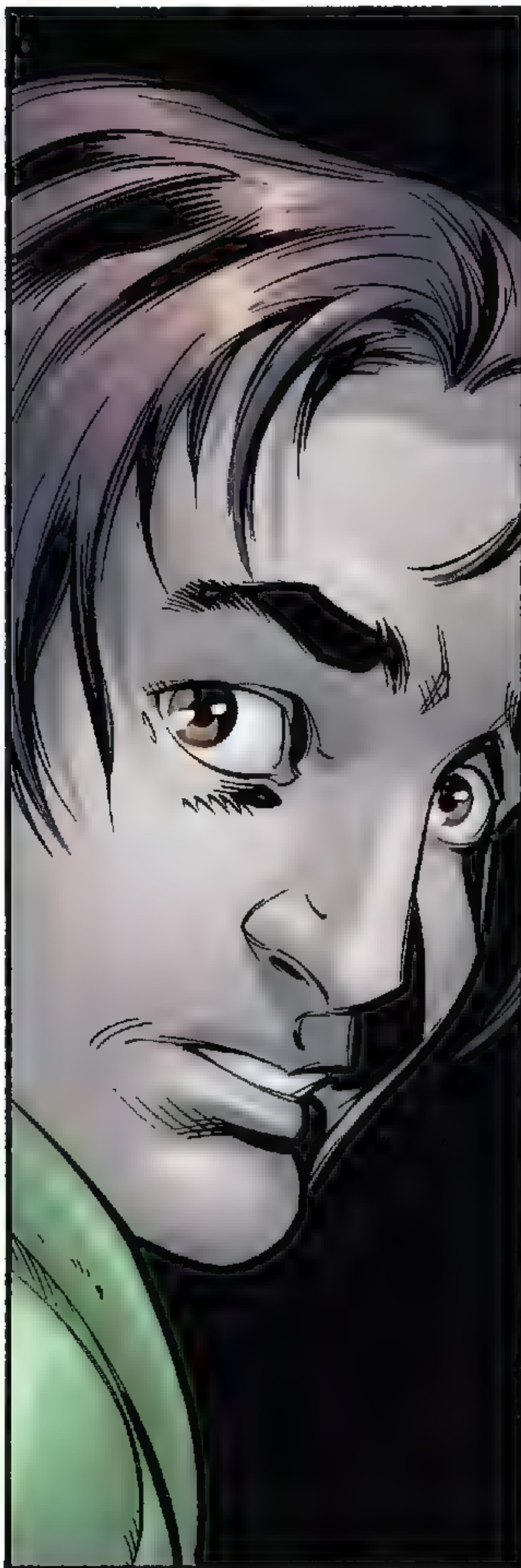
You're
done.

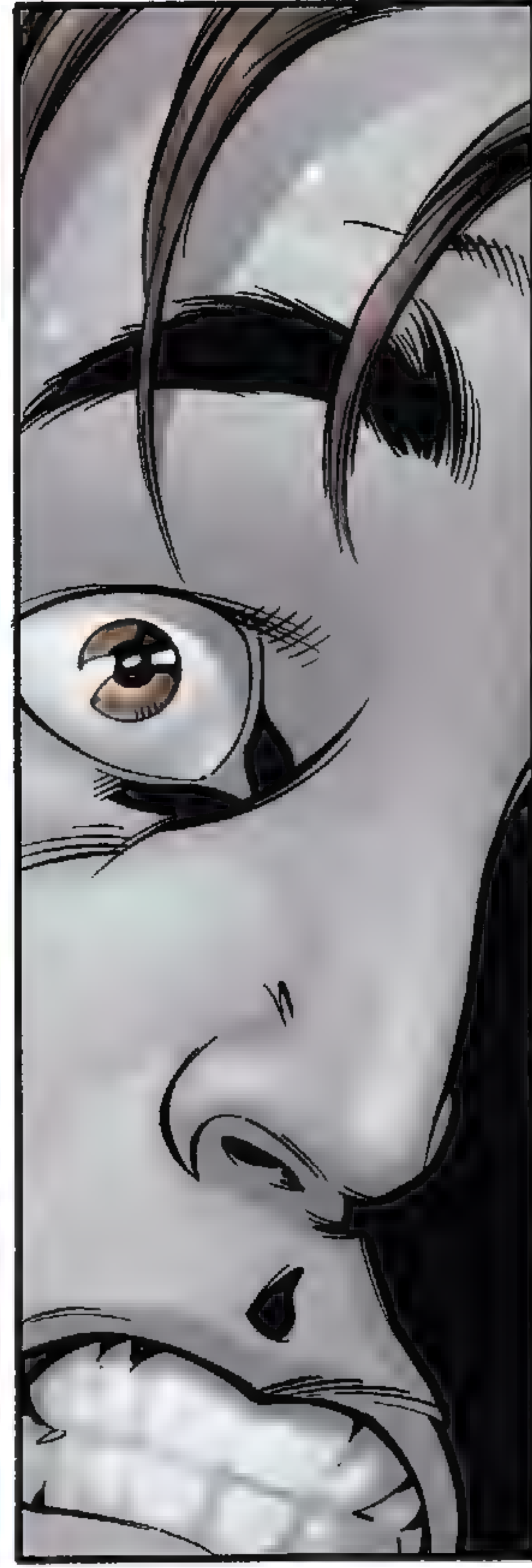
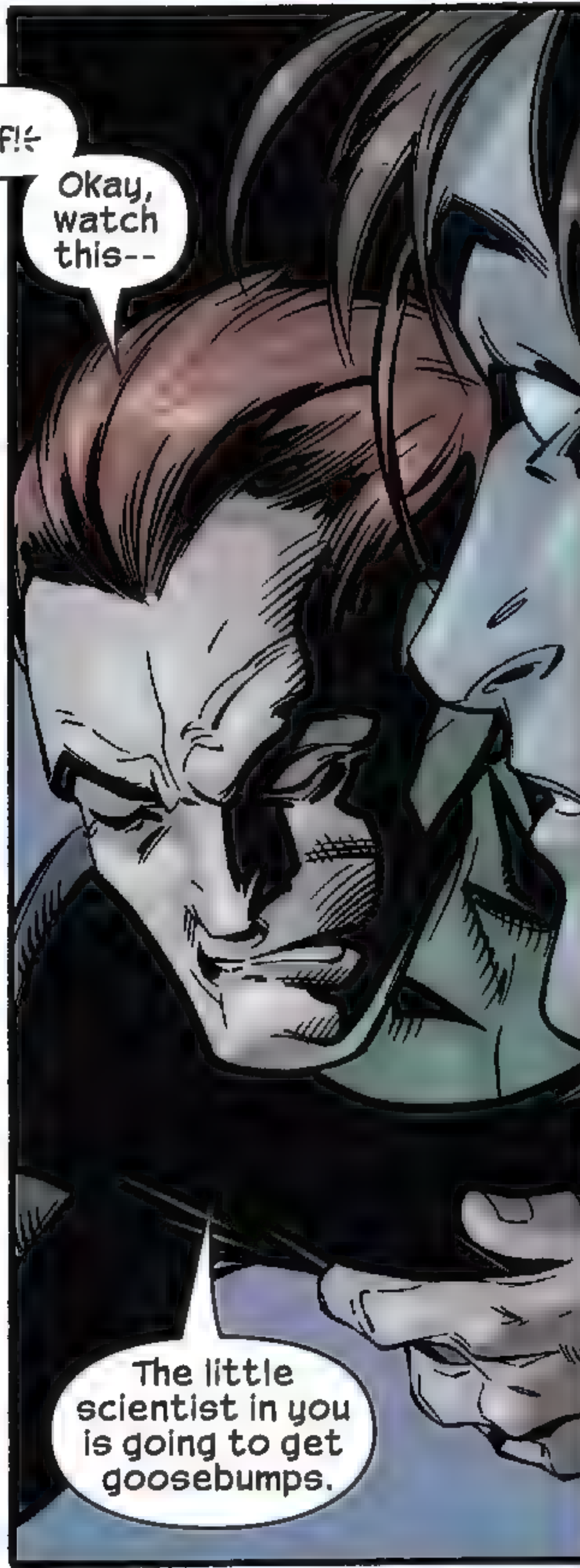
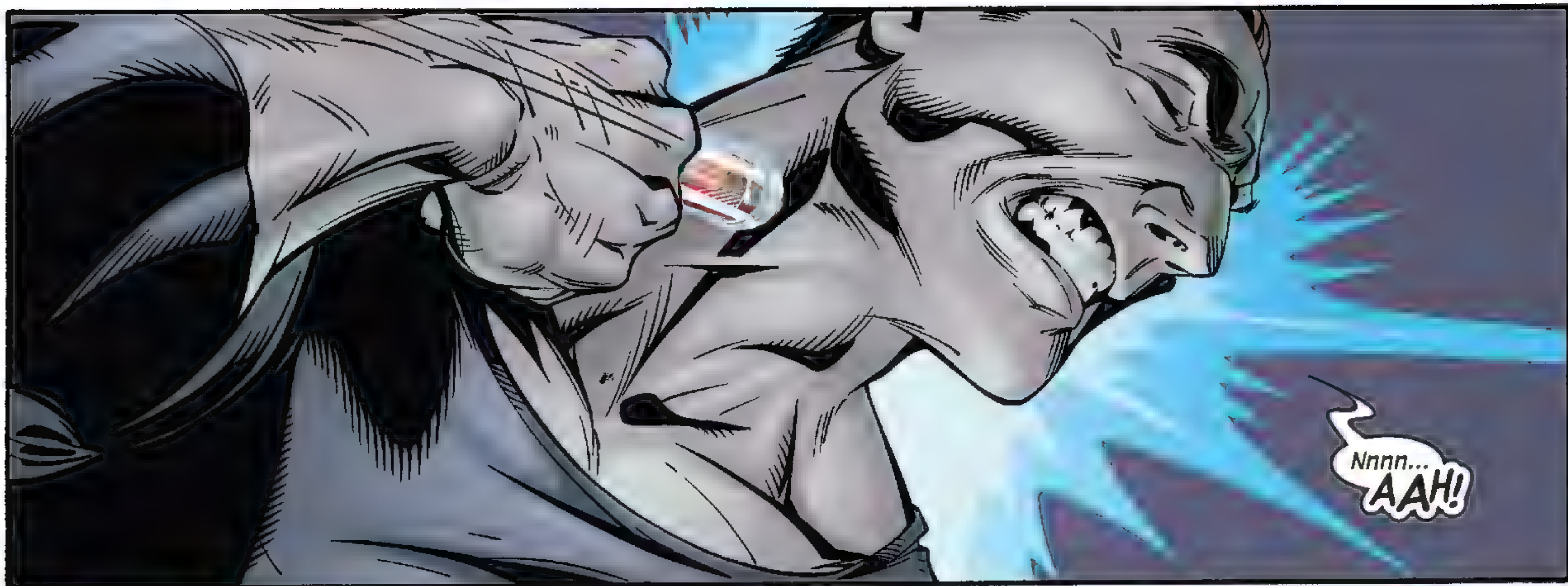


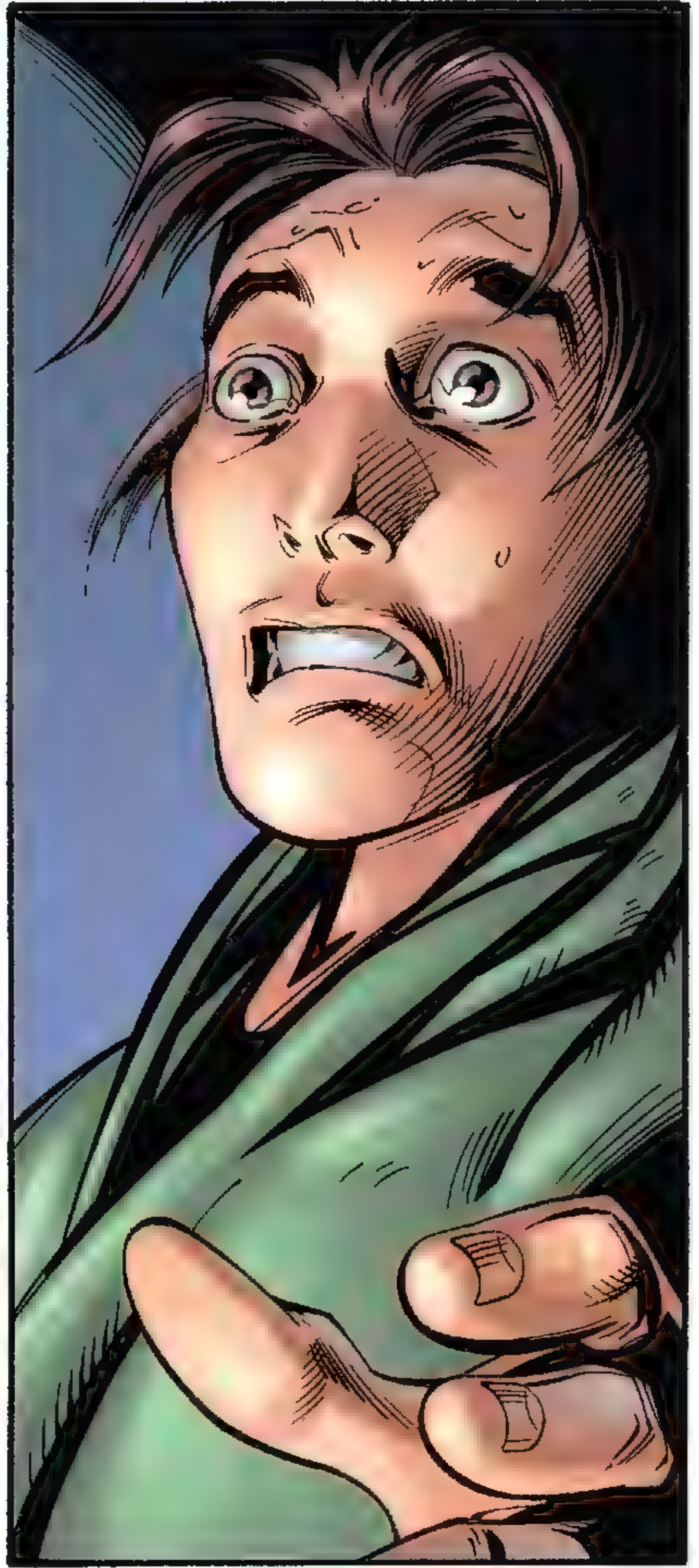
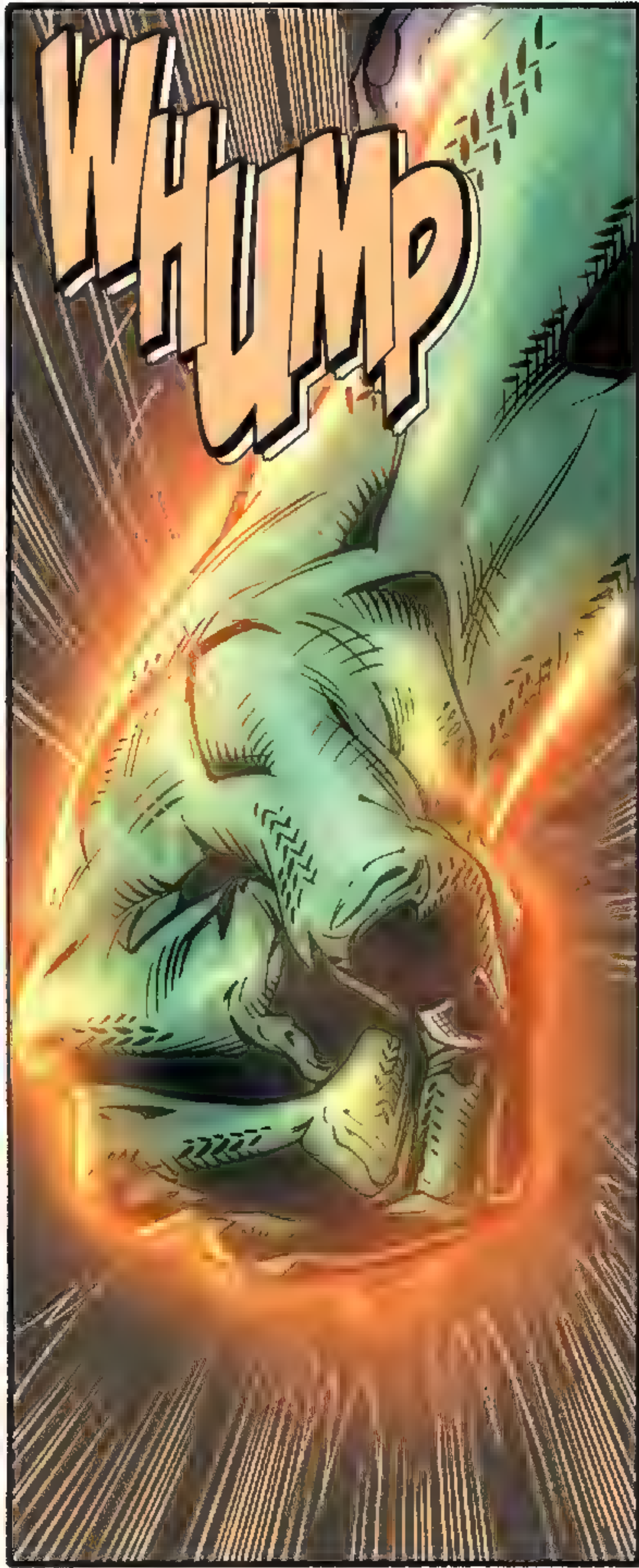
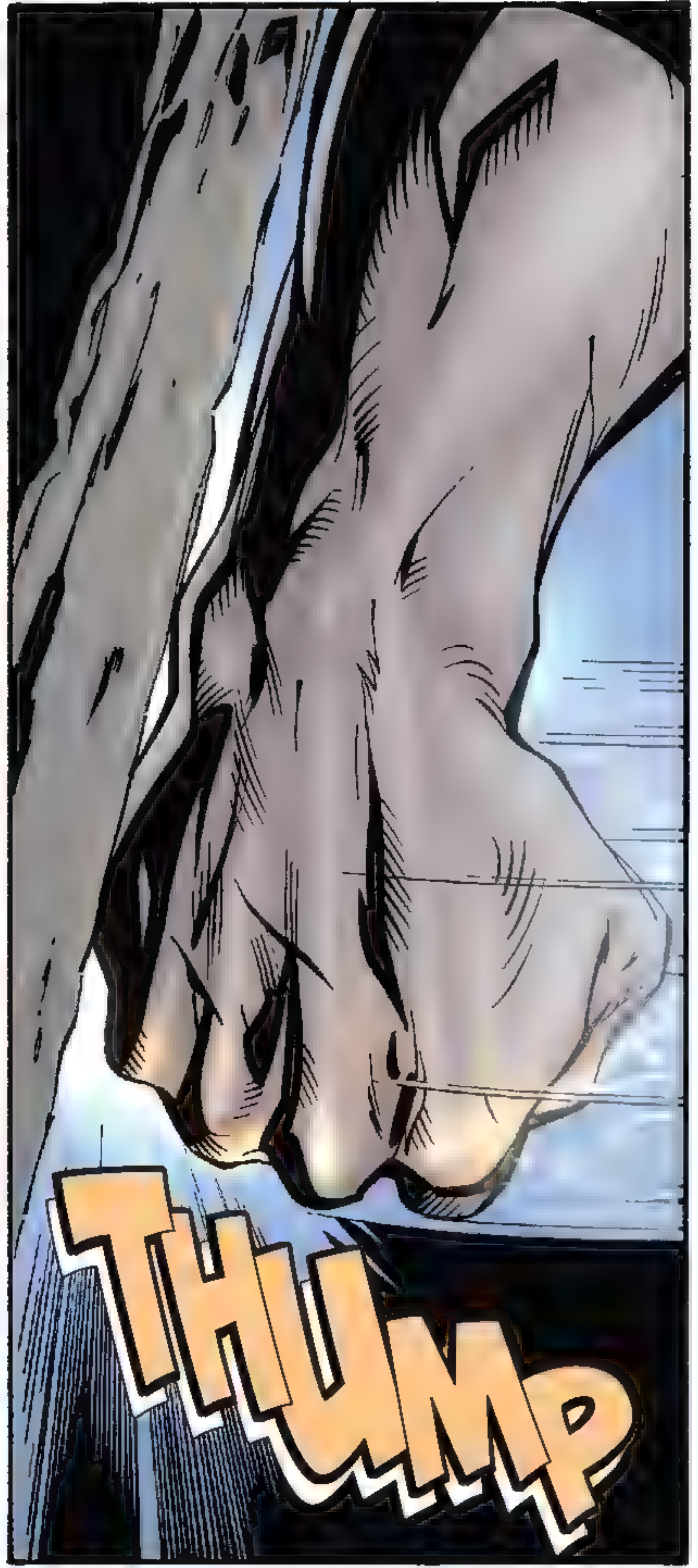
Wh-- what's
going on
here?

How
are you
alive?

What's--
what's going
on?







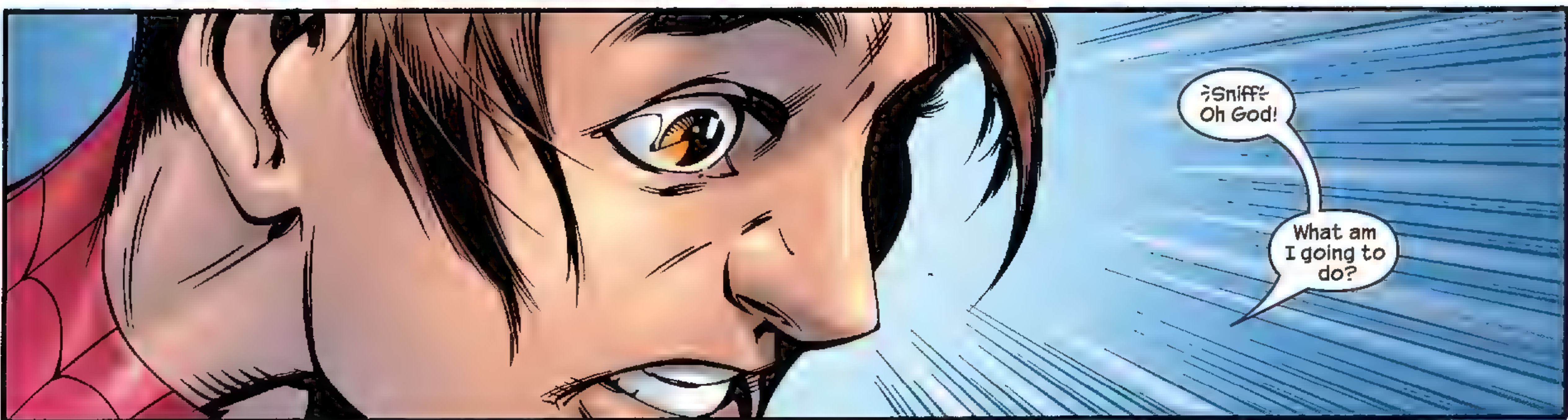
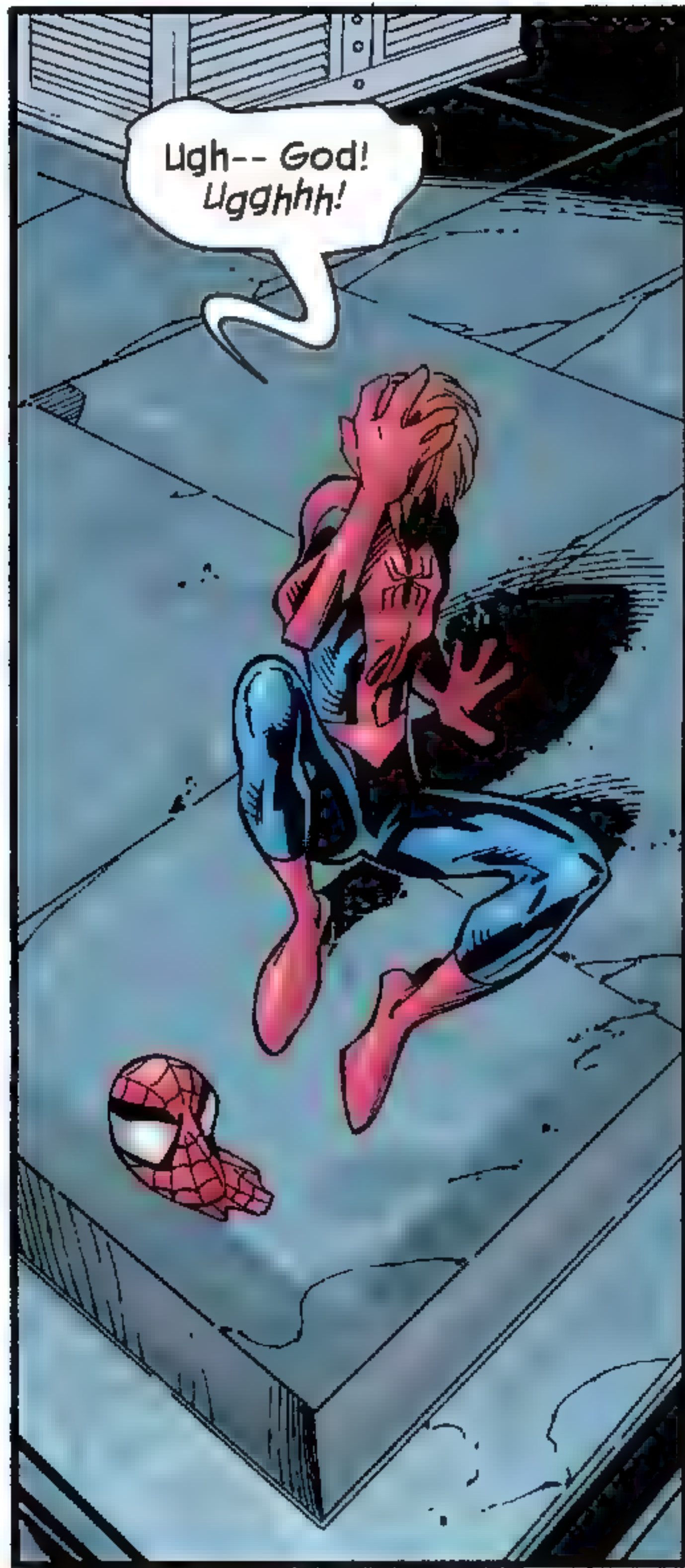
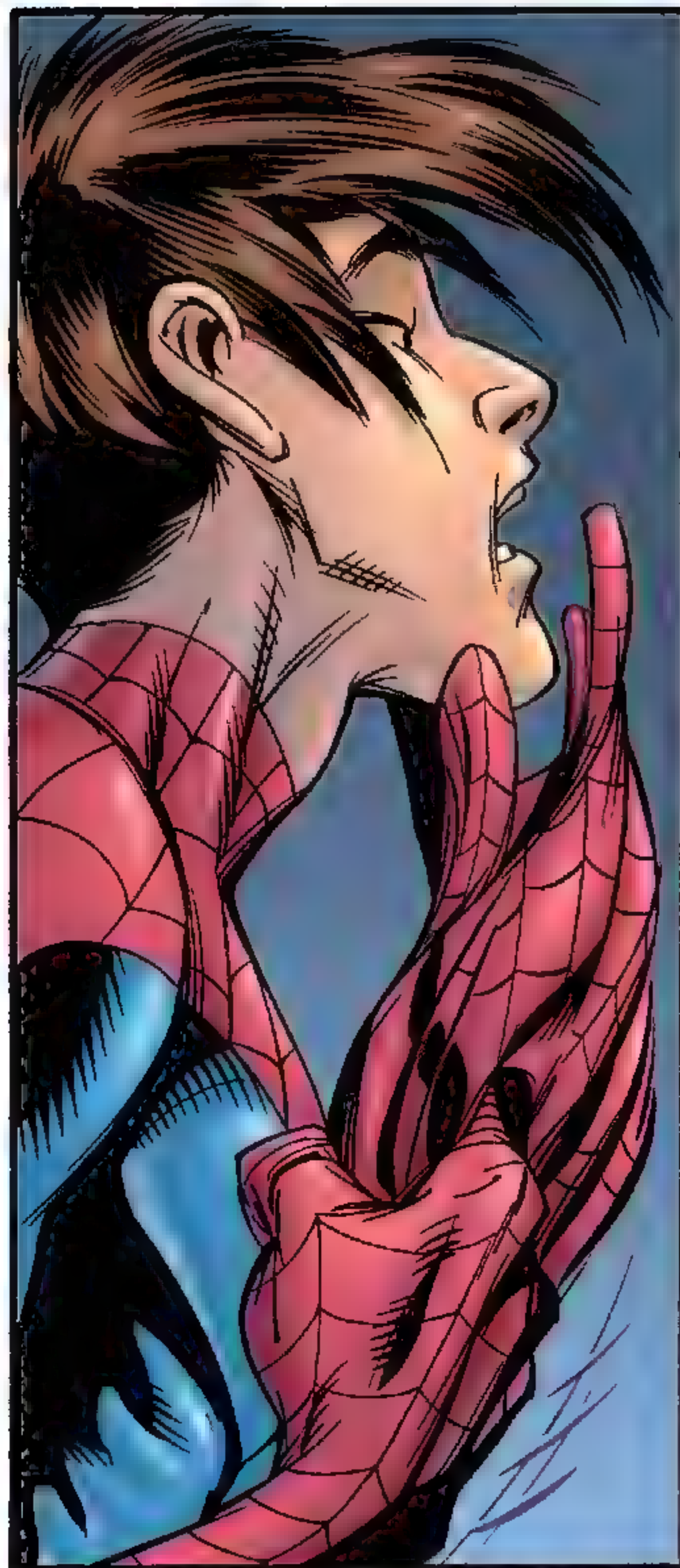
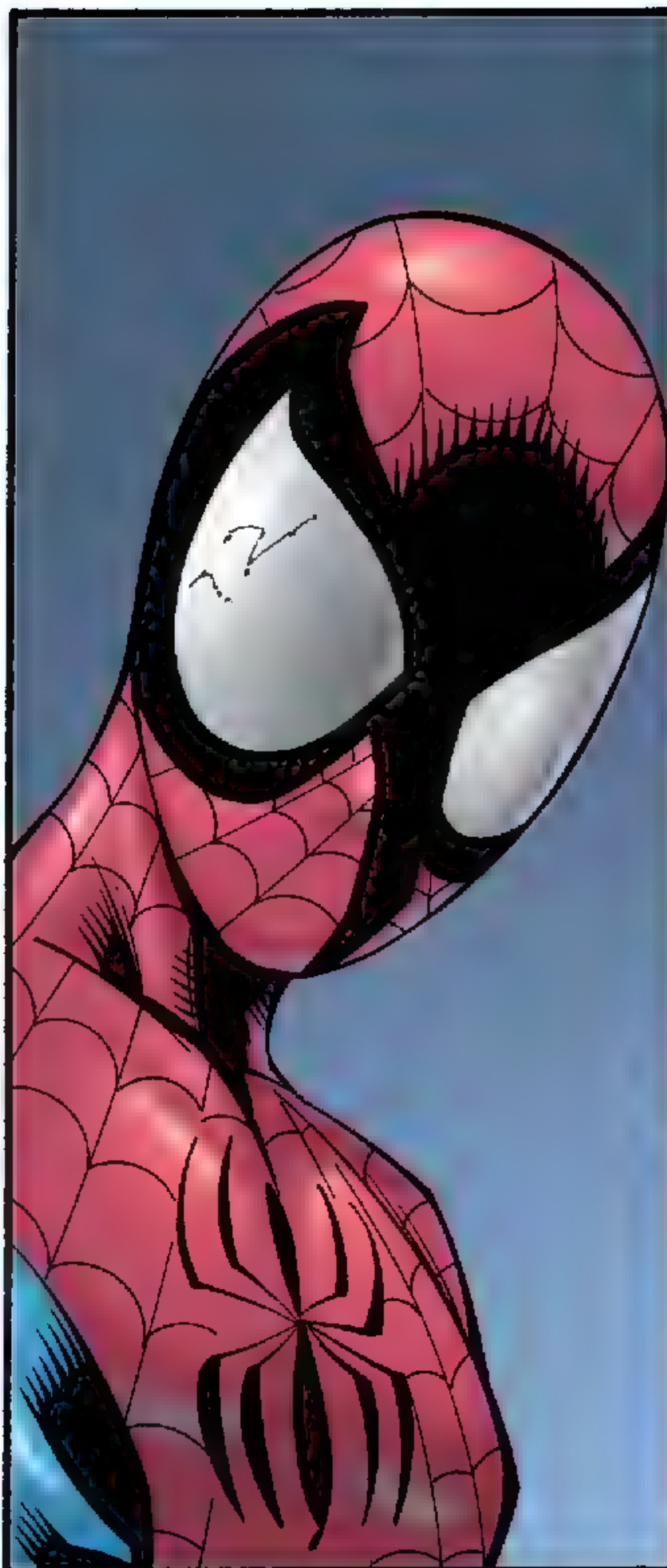
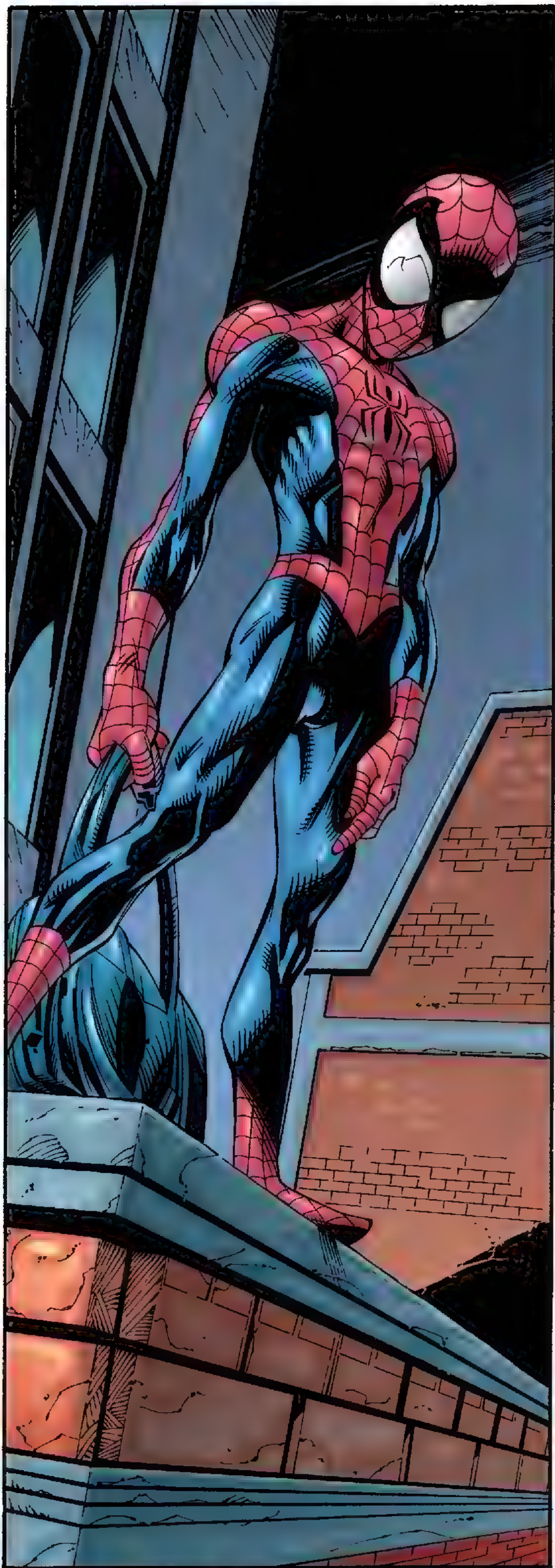


Now,
what was your
question?



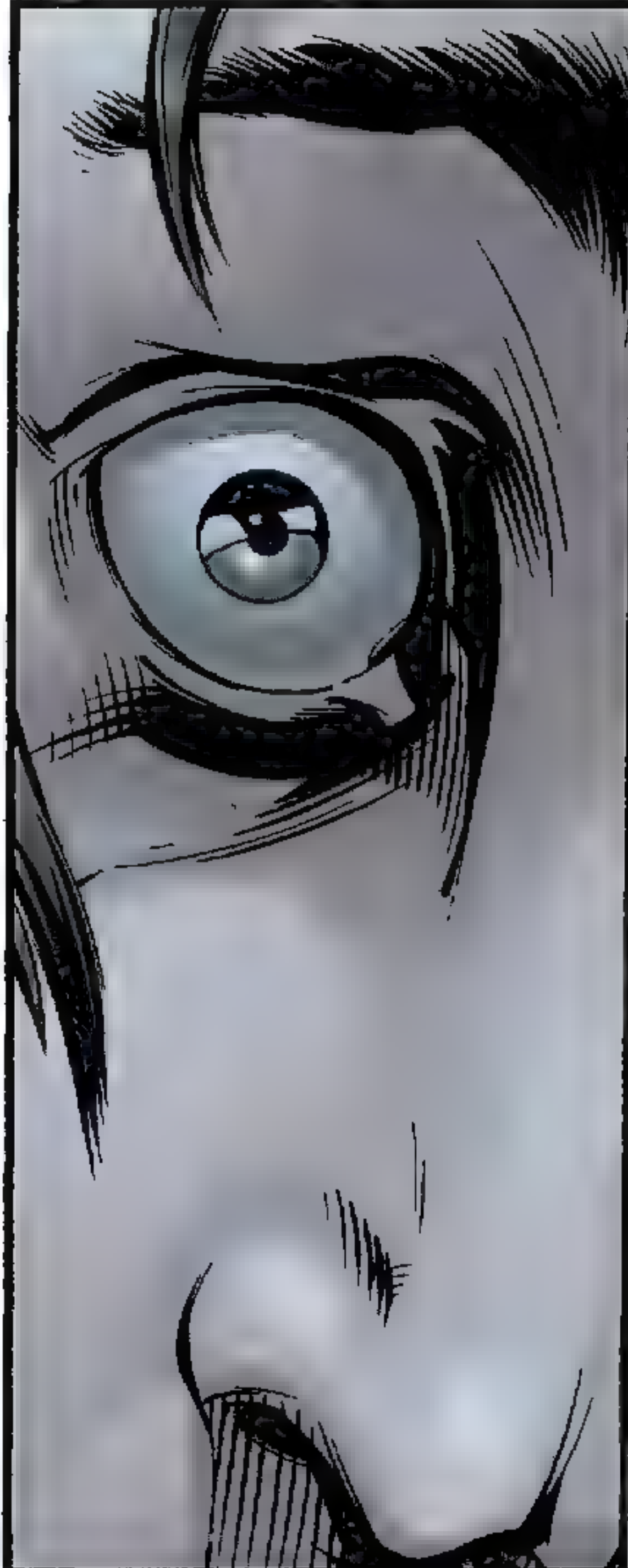
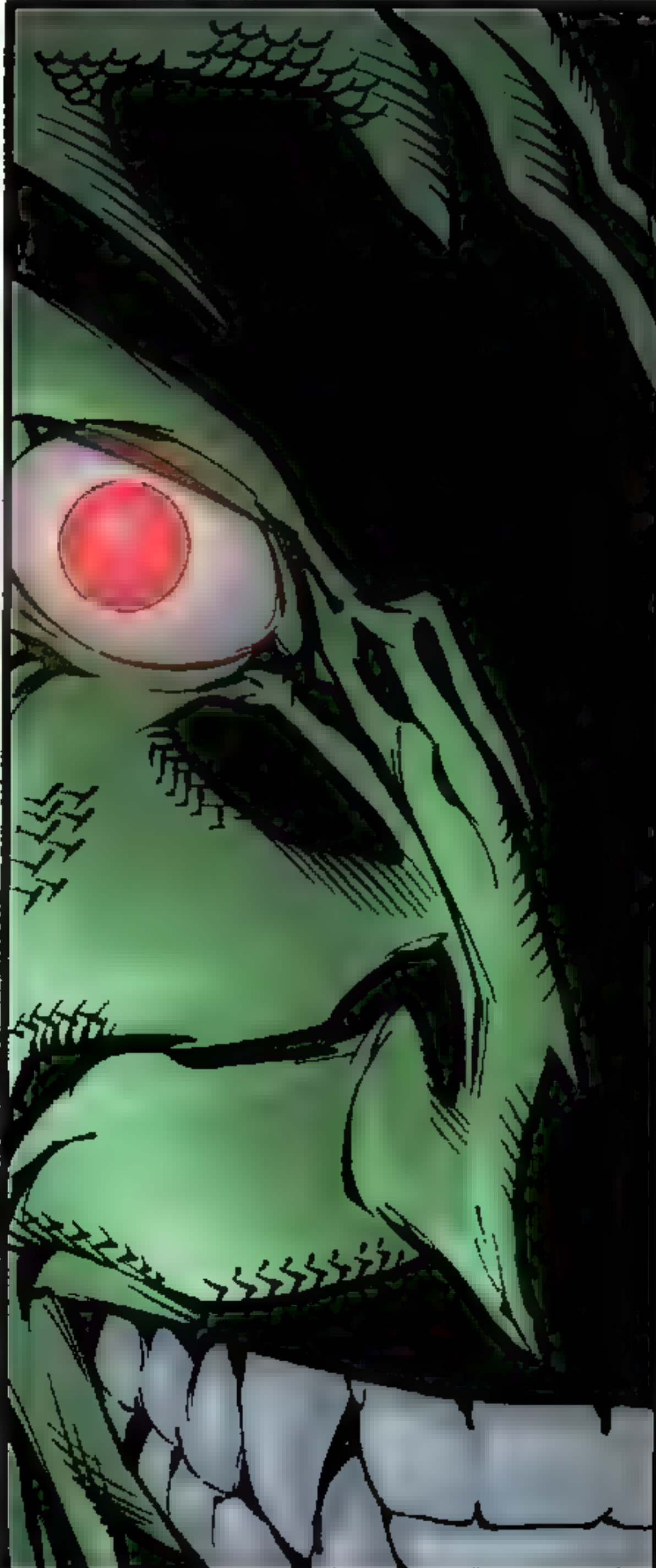








Twelve minutes ago...





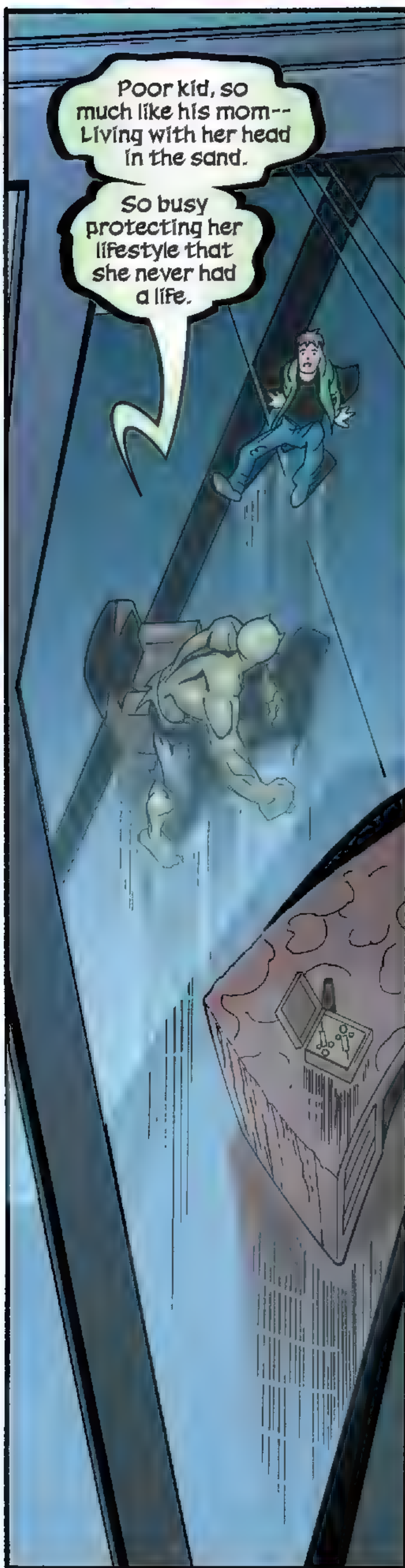
Dad, it's here!!

Be right there, Harry!



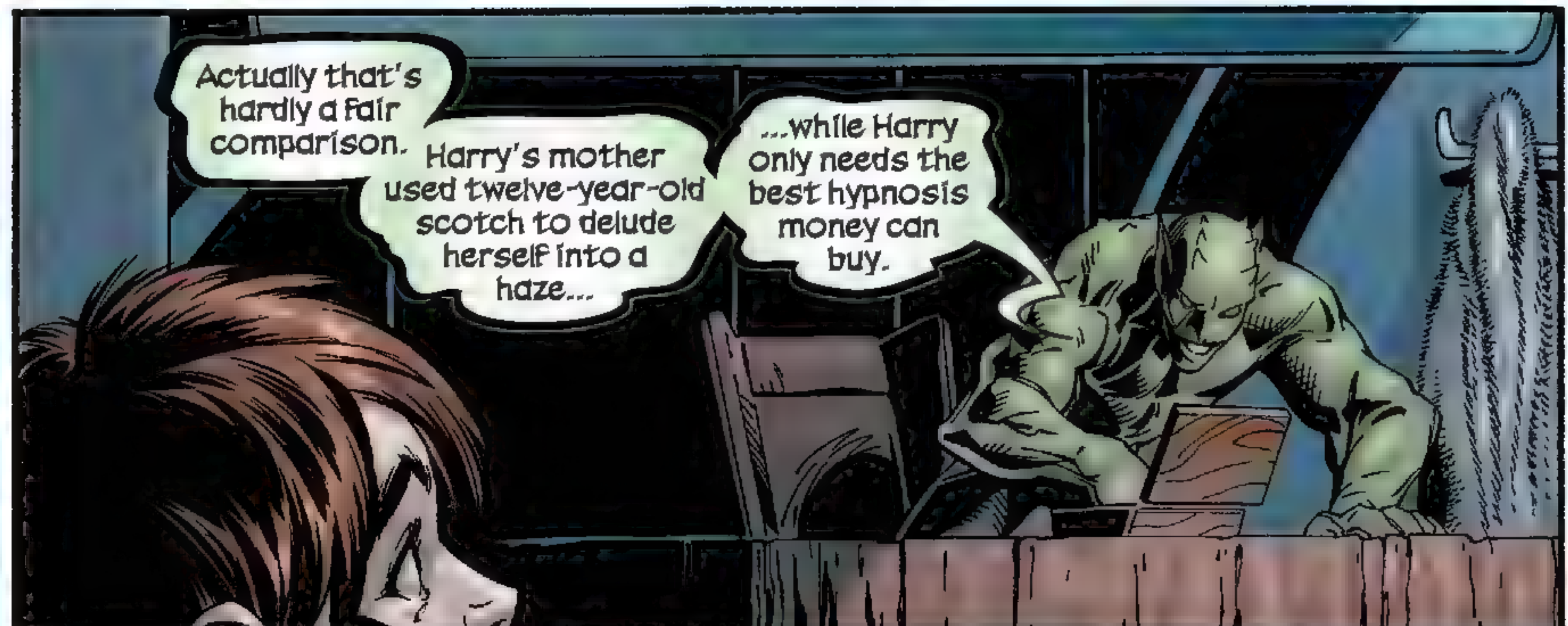
Aw, poor Harry. Everyone around him has a little secret identity and he has no clue about any of it.

He doesn't know about the circles...



Poor kid, so much like his mom-- Living with her head in the sand.

So busy protecting her lifestyle that she never had a life.



Actually that's hardly a fair comparison.

Harry's mother used twelve-year-old scotch to delude herself into a haze...

...while Harry only needs the best hypnosis money can buy.



A little time out in the Colorado mountains with our good Doctor Warren and Harry gets to put all the confusing elements of his life away in a little box--

--put high on a shelf... to be all good and forgotten.

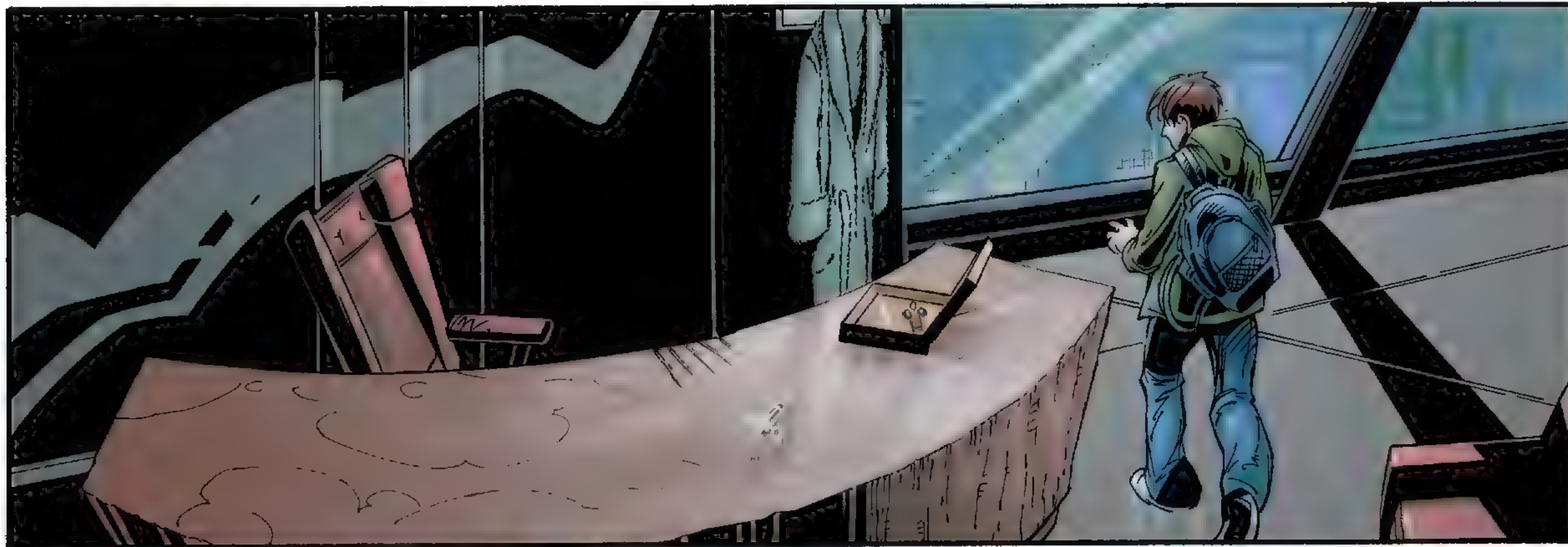
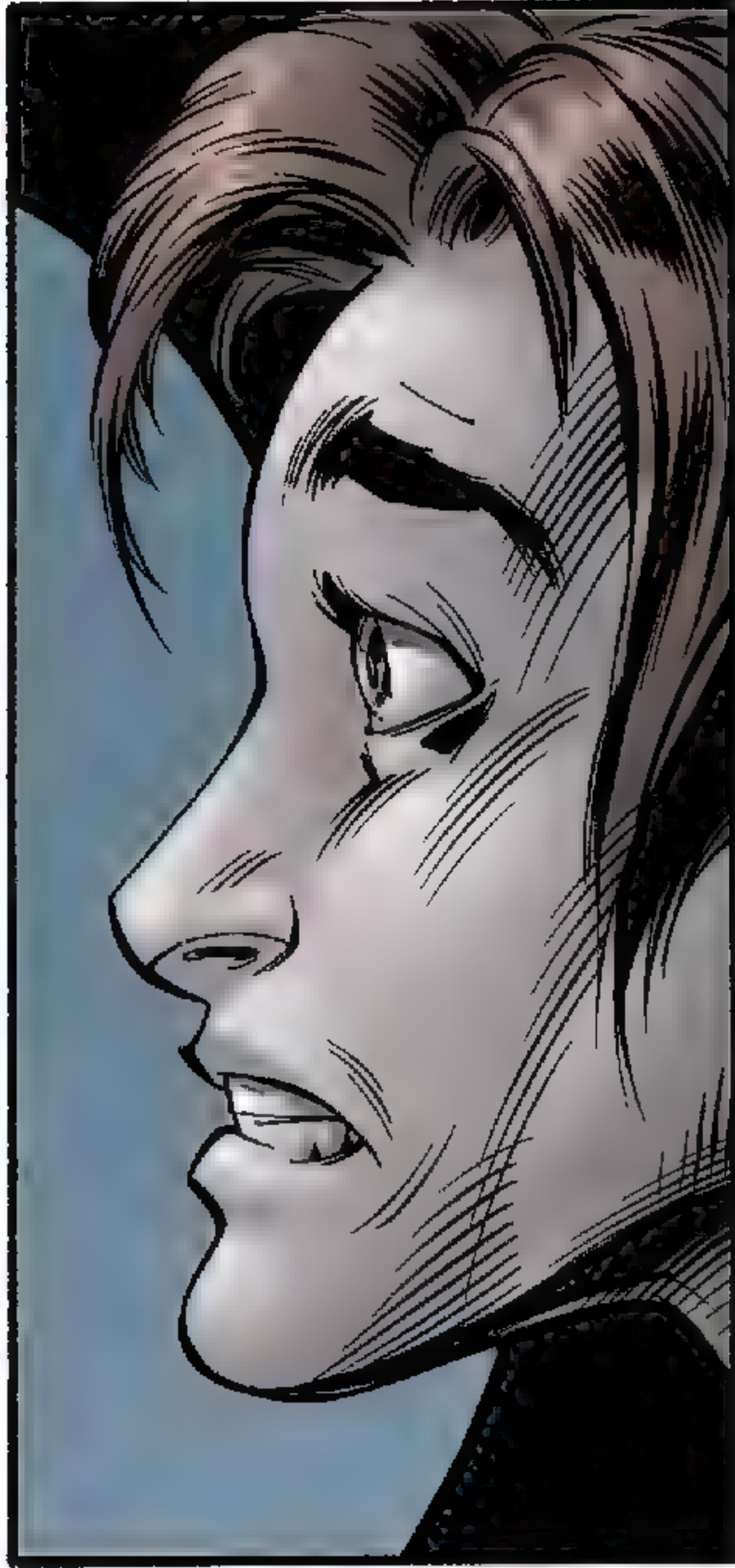


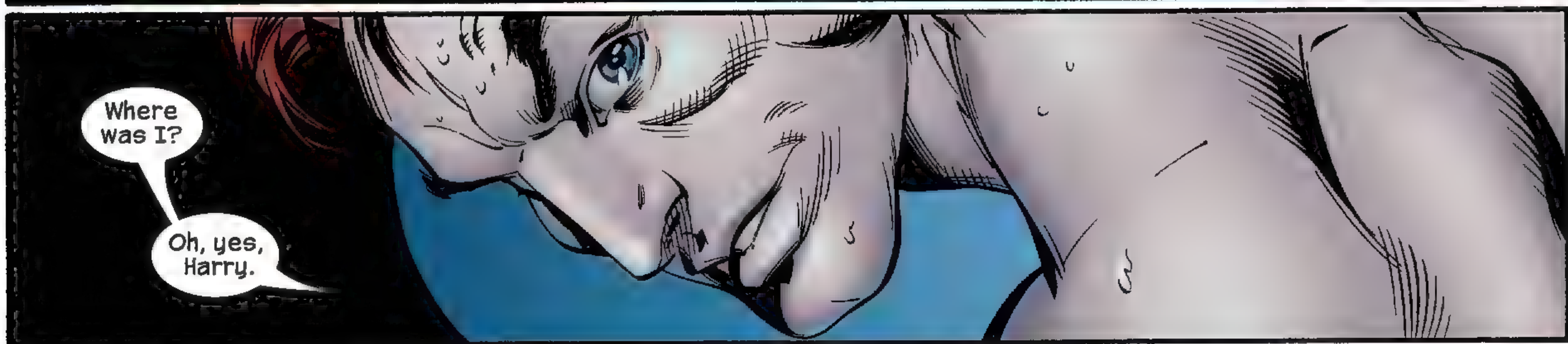
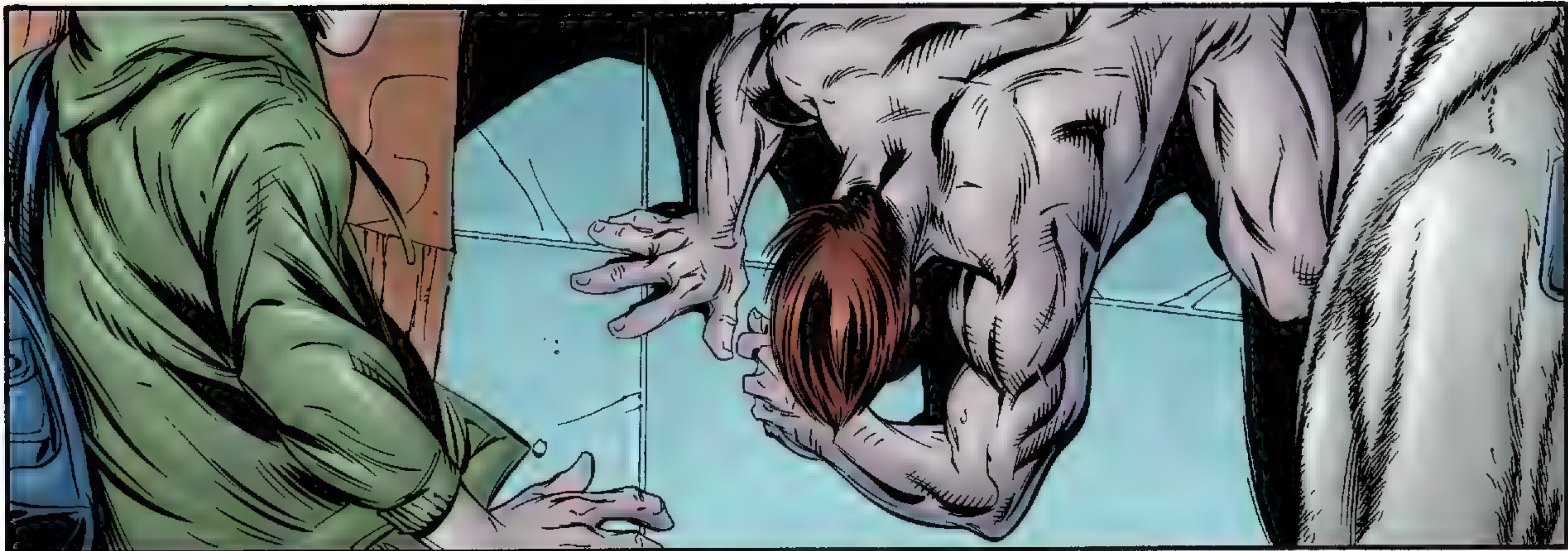
And I tell you, the boy's really turning around.

Best money I ever spent.

A couple of hypnotic suggestions to go along with the memory repression... and I'm finally getting a son I wouldn't mind taking out in public.

Excuse me...





Where was I?

Oh, yes, Harry.

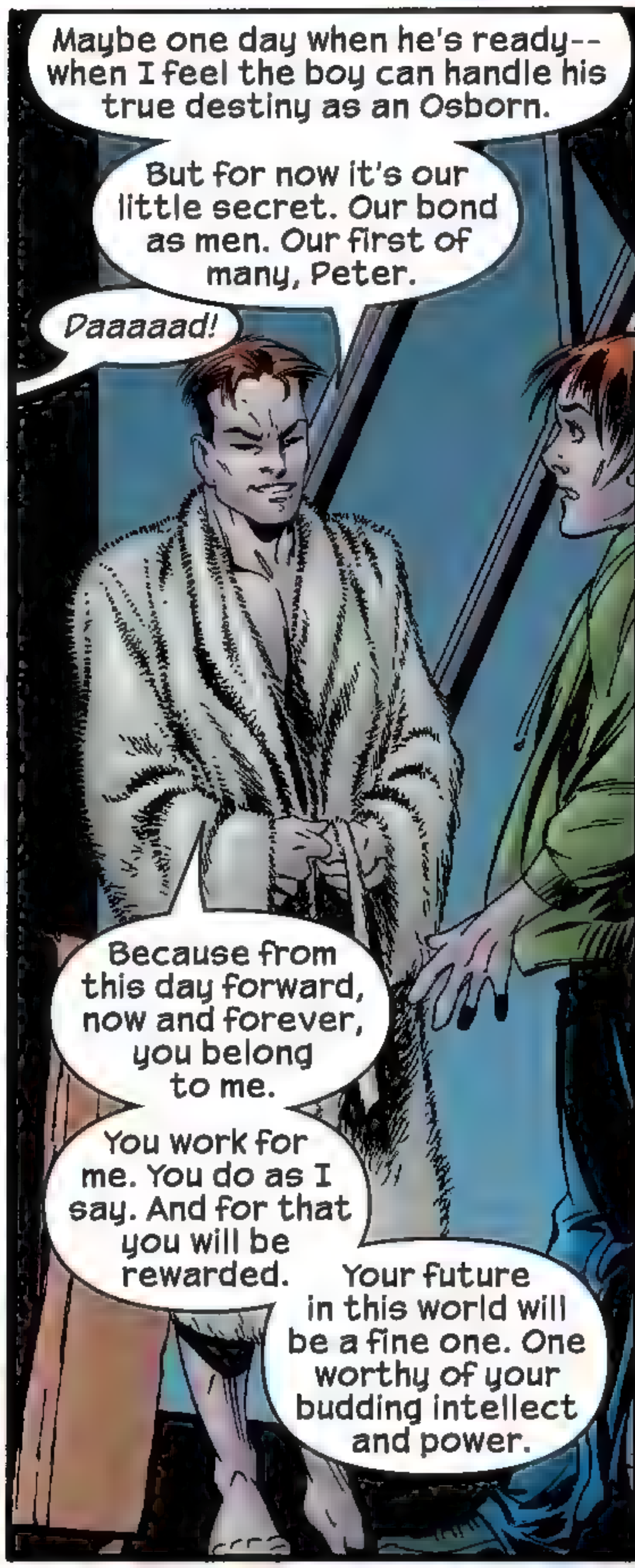


No, Harry doesn't know that his dad is the next step in human evolution--

--or that his best friend is, I mean was, Spider-Man.

No.

Not yet.



Maybe one day when he's ready-- when I feel the boy can handle his true destiny as an Osborn.

But for now it's our little secret. Our bond as men. Our first of many, Peter.

Daaaaaad!

Because from this day forward, now and forever, you belong to me.

You work for me. You do as I say. And for that you will be rewarded.

Your future in this world will be a fine one. One worthy of your budding intellect and power.



But there may be some things you have to do that you might not agree with--

--some decisions I make that you don't understand.

And even though you may not appreciate my grand vision just yet, you will obey me.

Because if you do not... Well...

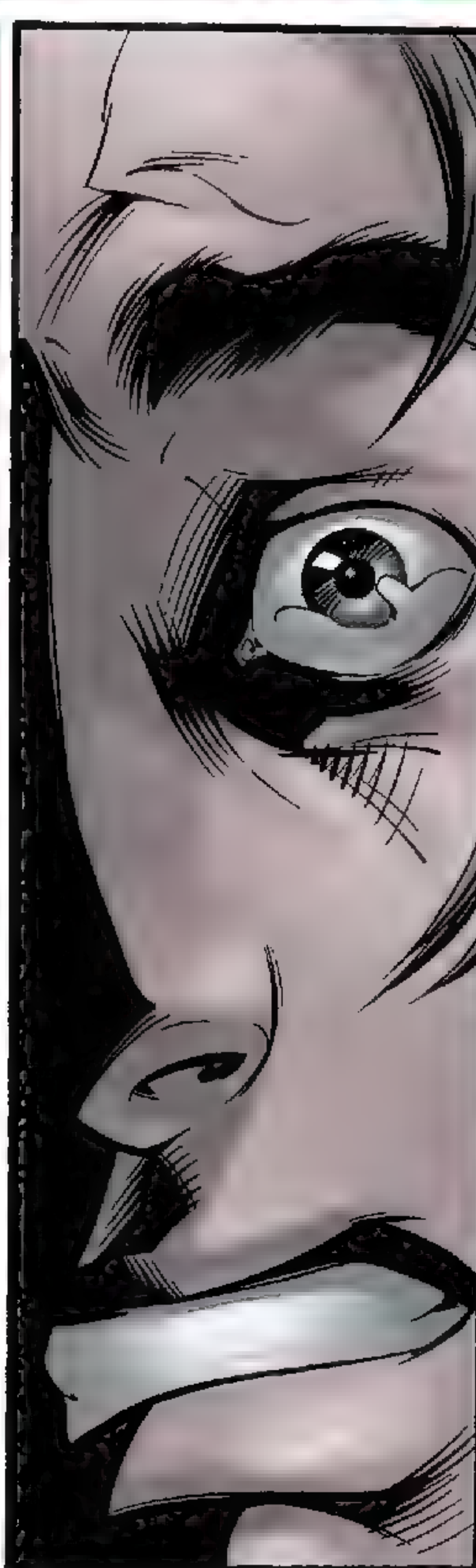
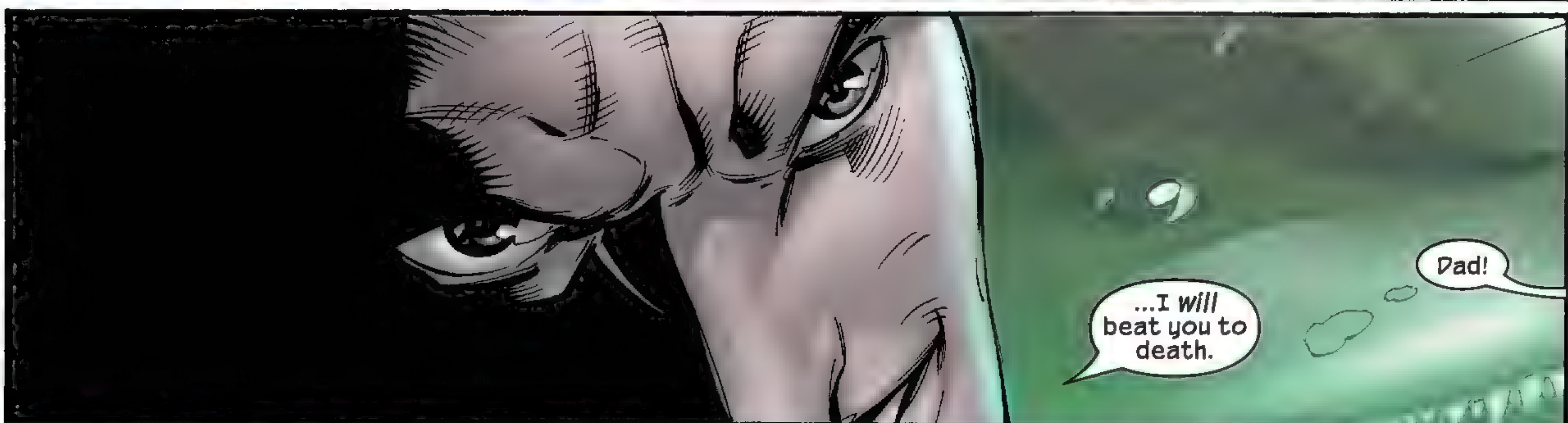


Well, first I will torture and possibly murder your dear auntie... I'll probably do it right in front of you.

Or maybe I'll just destroy your little girlfriend.

Mary Jane, right?







Feast your eyes, baby.



It's the "Dateline" piece.

They sent an advance copy. It's airing Friday night, but you get to see it first.

Oh, you'll like this, Peter.

It'll bring you up to date on the "Travelling Osborns."

I was taking a sauna.

What's with the robe, Dad?



You and your sauna.

Okay, everybody ready?

My national television debut.

(Or as I like to call it, guaranteed tookie magnet.)



Tonight we bring you the strange and wonderful journey of Norman Osborn.

Anyone who read the financial section of a newspaper in the late nineties knows the name and face of Norman Osborn.



He burst onto the lucrative scene of bioengineering with a series of breakthroughs that brought his company to the forefront of the new century's sciences.

All culminating in the announcement of Oz.

The latest "it" product to send Wall Street into a tornado of activity.

A product whose purpose was kept a mystery, but whose existence brought a financial windfall to everyone who bet on it.

OsCorp was now a major player.



But all that changed last November...

The day of the accident that destroyed one of OsCorp major facilities, killing dozens of its employees and maybe even Norman Osborn himself.

The fate of Norman Osborn and his latest invention became a mystery as well.

What was Oz? And where did it go?

Were the reports of Norman Osborn's death true?

Without answers, as quickly as Osborn's star skyrocketed, it disappeared.

But was Osborn's death a fake? Or was it all a cunning disappearing act?

The rumors went flying but no answer ever came...

...Until tonight.

Tonight for the first time anywhere Norman Osborn, alive and well, speaks.

He has come out of hiding, out of self-made retirement, to speak about the fateful night that destroyed his life.

And about how he plans to rebuild his life and company again from the ground up.

So, Norman, where have you been?

The explosion at our main facility was a devastating eye opener to me.

Not only had we lost the lives of some of the most dedicated and brilliant American scientific minds-- it endangered the life of my only son in the process.

Luckily we both escaped the explosion by the skin of our teeth.

Do you believe the explosion was sabotage?

I absolutely do.

I believe that my competition with Justin Hammer was somehow responsible for both the death of my wife and the sabotage at my plant.

I had gone into hiding to protect my son and myself-- hoping and waiting for the authorities to catch up to this vicious maniac.

And with Justin Hammer dead...?

Yes.

...You feel it's safe to come out of hiding?

I do.

Like any parent, I believe my boy deserves the best that life has to offer.

And I believe the world deserves my best effort in making this a better place to raise our children.

Gotta go...

And the reports are that Otto Octavius, Doctor Octopus, was somewhat responsible for Justin Hammer's death--

You saw what I saw.

He used to work for you.

Yes, but we have had no contact since the horrible accident that disfigured him so.

I have no idea what has happened to him-- but I assume that he came to the same conclusion that I did about Hammer's involvement in the destruction of our lives.

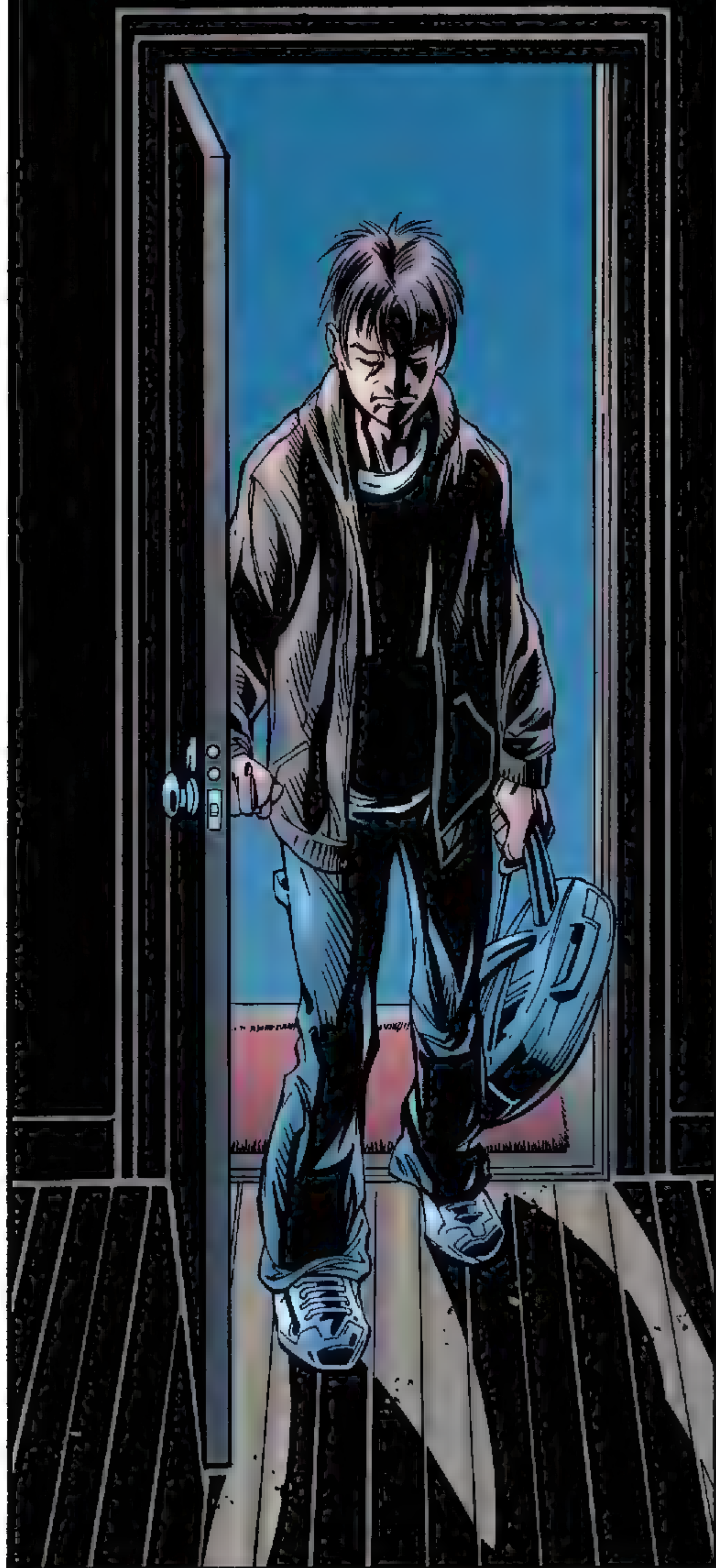
What's wrong, Peter?

Let him go, Harry.

But...

You'll see him tomorrow.

 **Now.**



How was
your big limo
ride, Mr. Rock
Star?



Stank.

You
okay?

No.

You didn't
have a good
time with
Harry?



Hmmm...

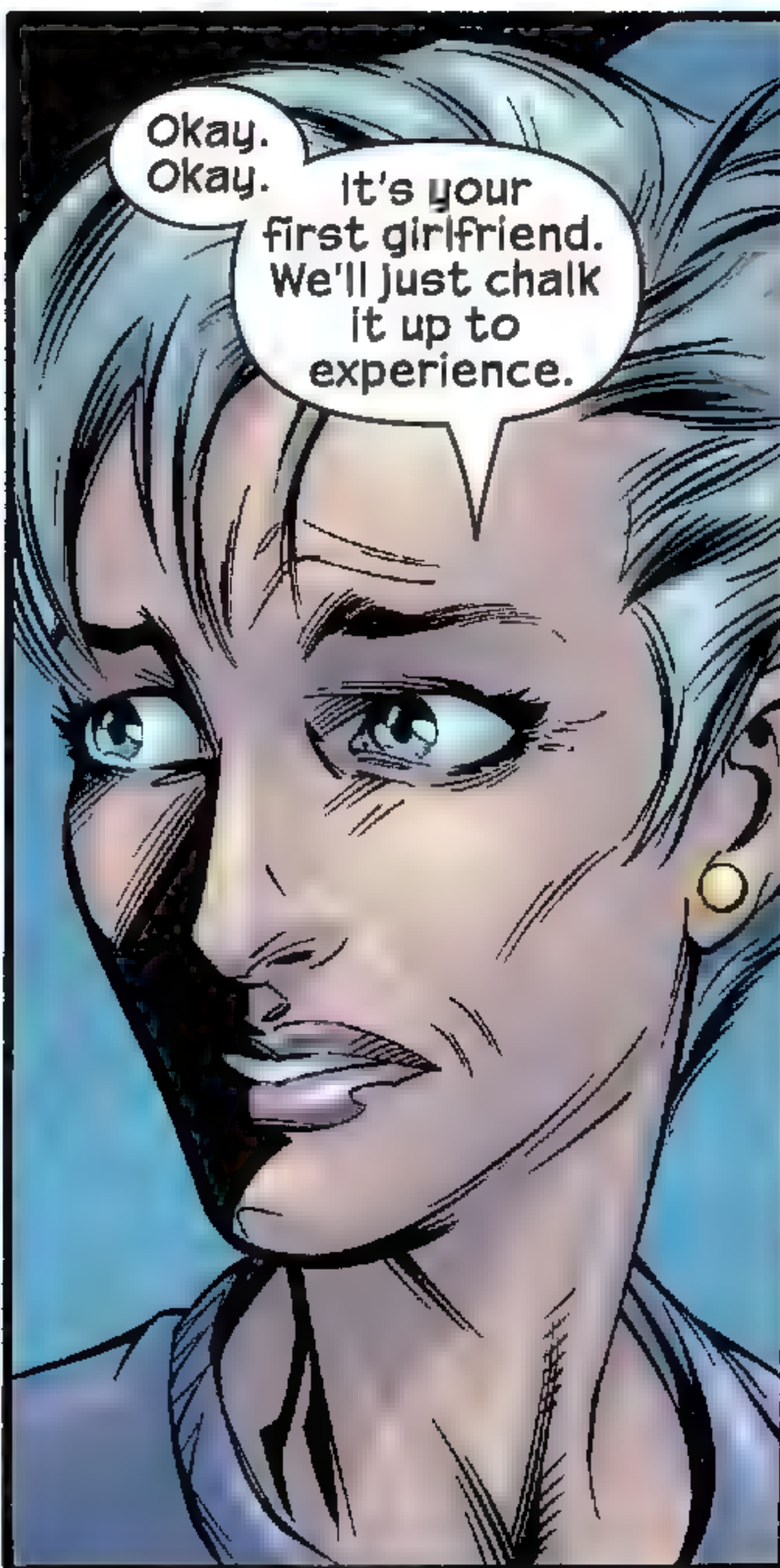
I shouldn't
have made
you go if you
didn't want
to.



I'm
sorry about
Saturday
night.

I-- I didn't
mean to lie
to you, Aunt
May.

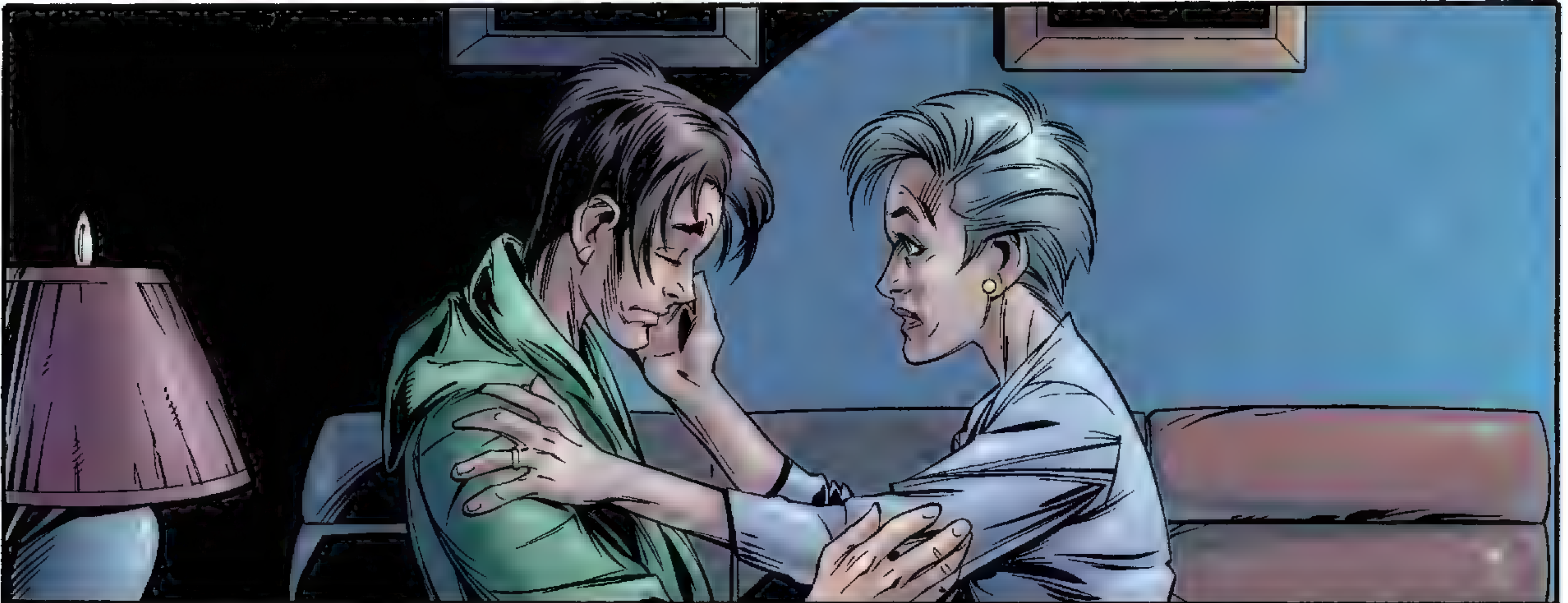
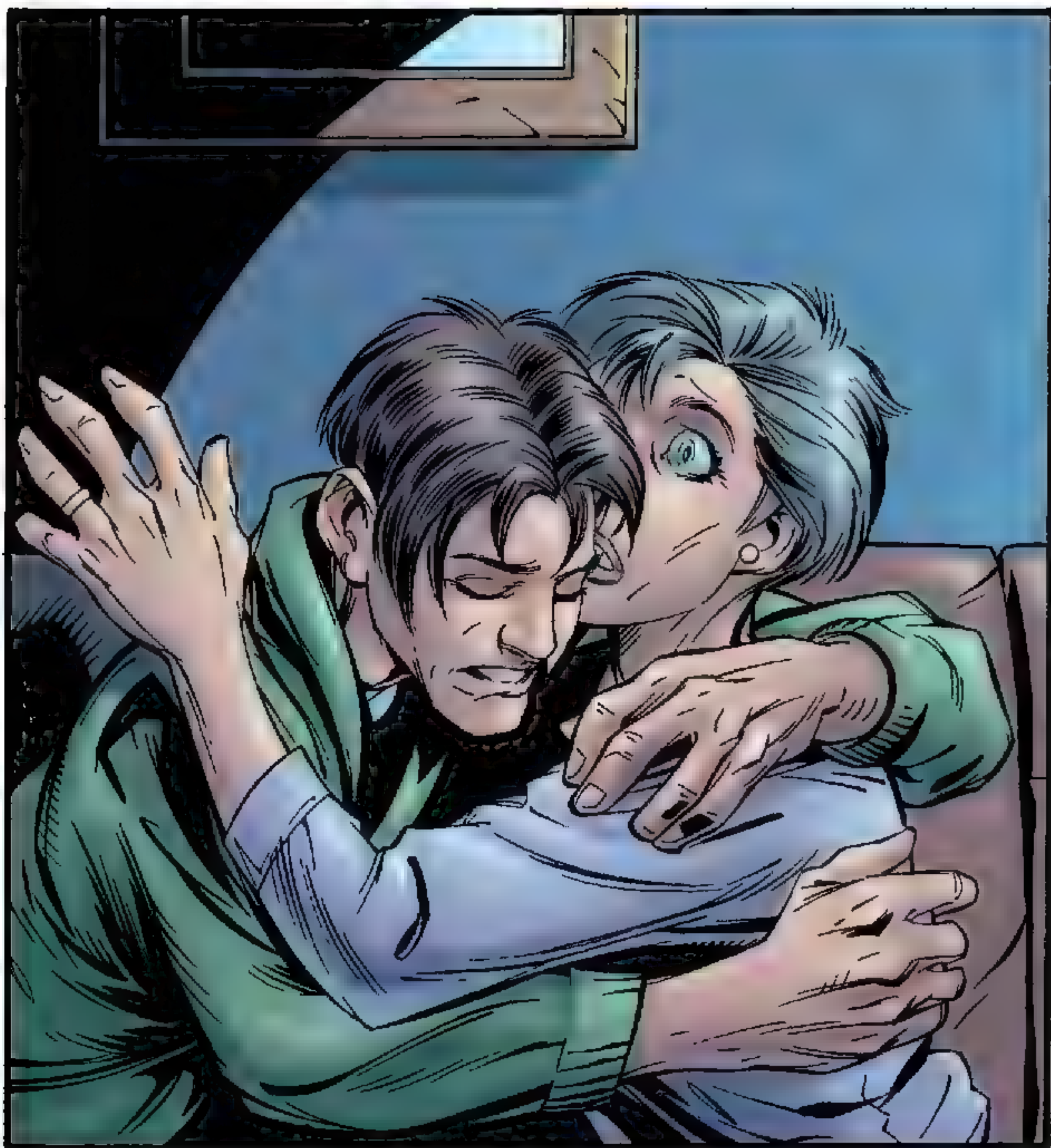
I didn't
mean to.

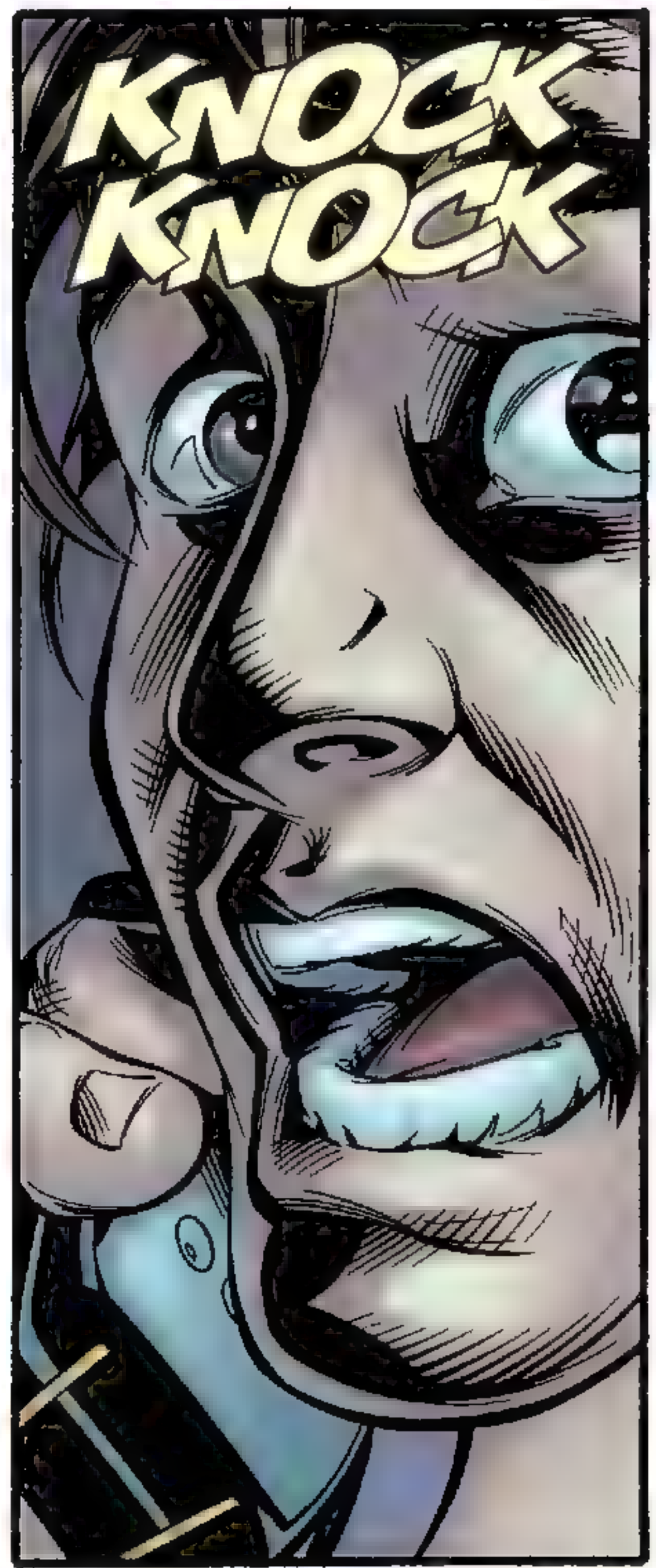
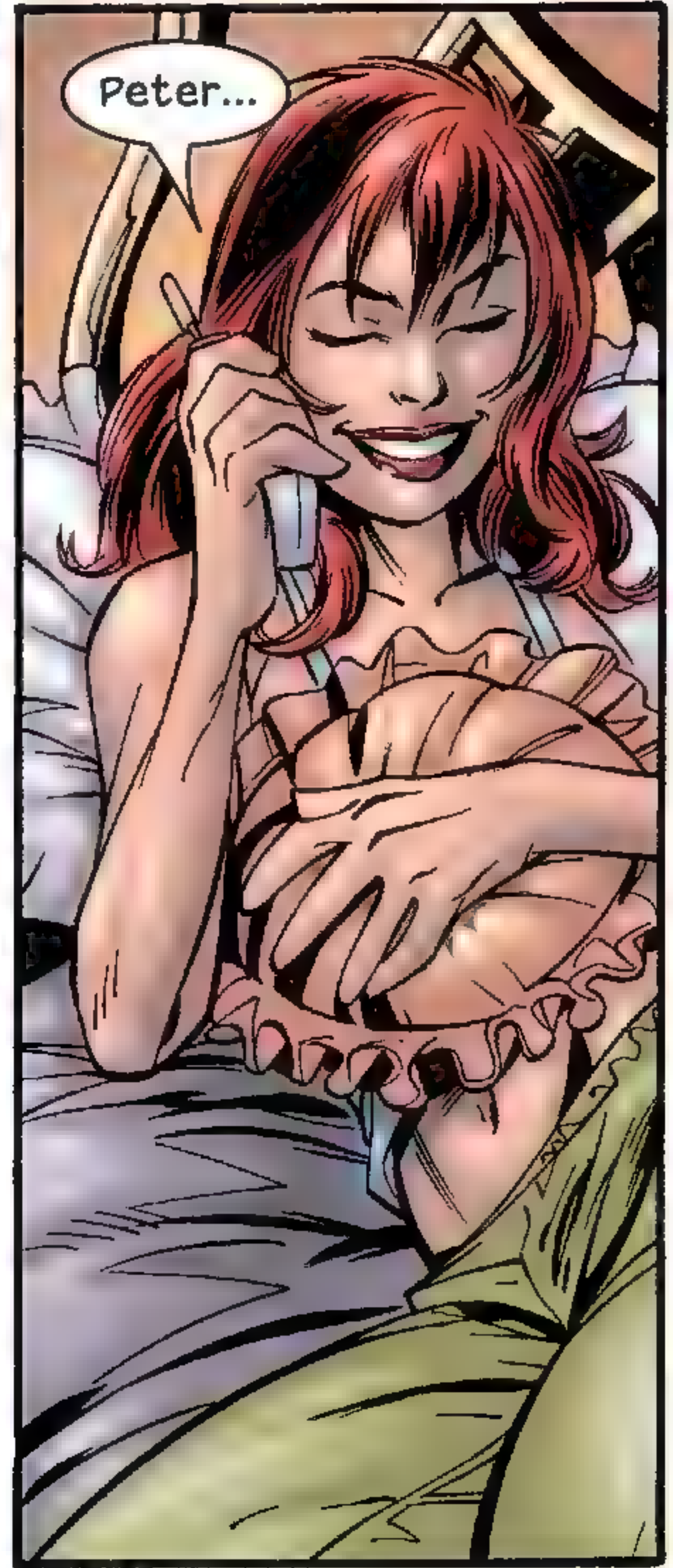
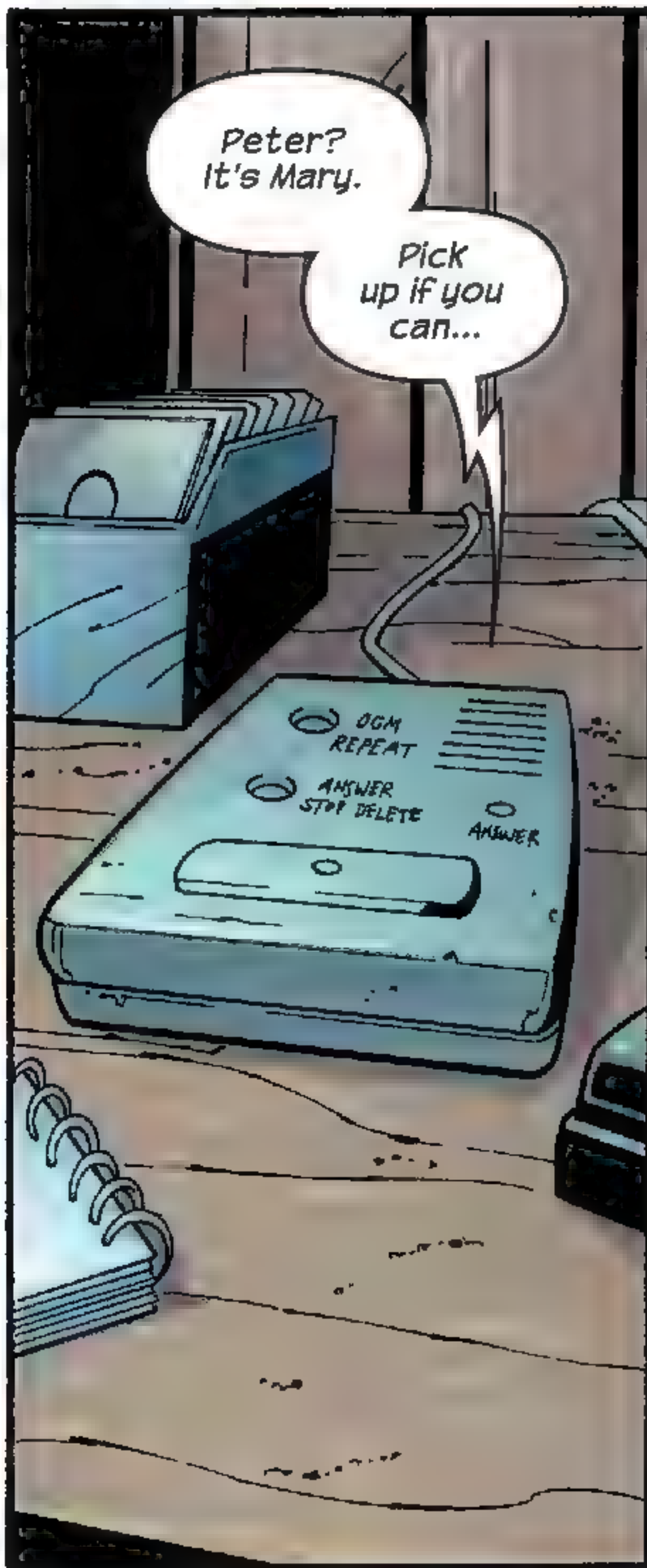
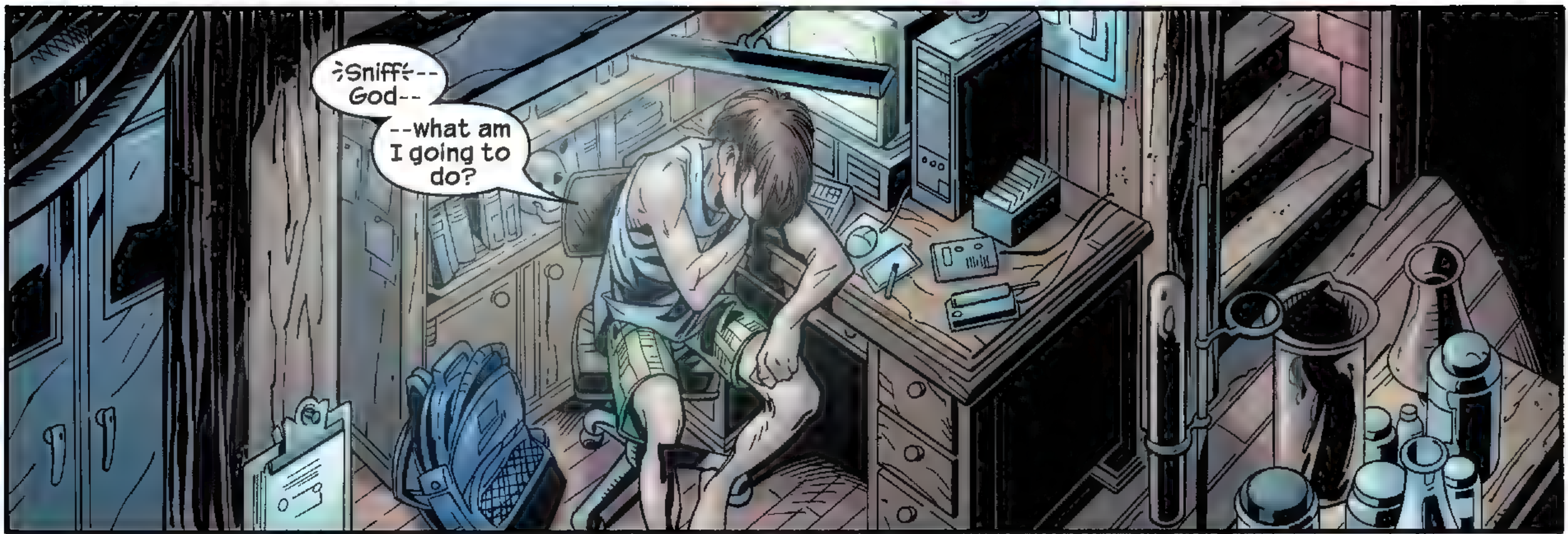


Okay.
Okay.

It's your
first girlfriend.
We'll just chalk
it up to
experience.

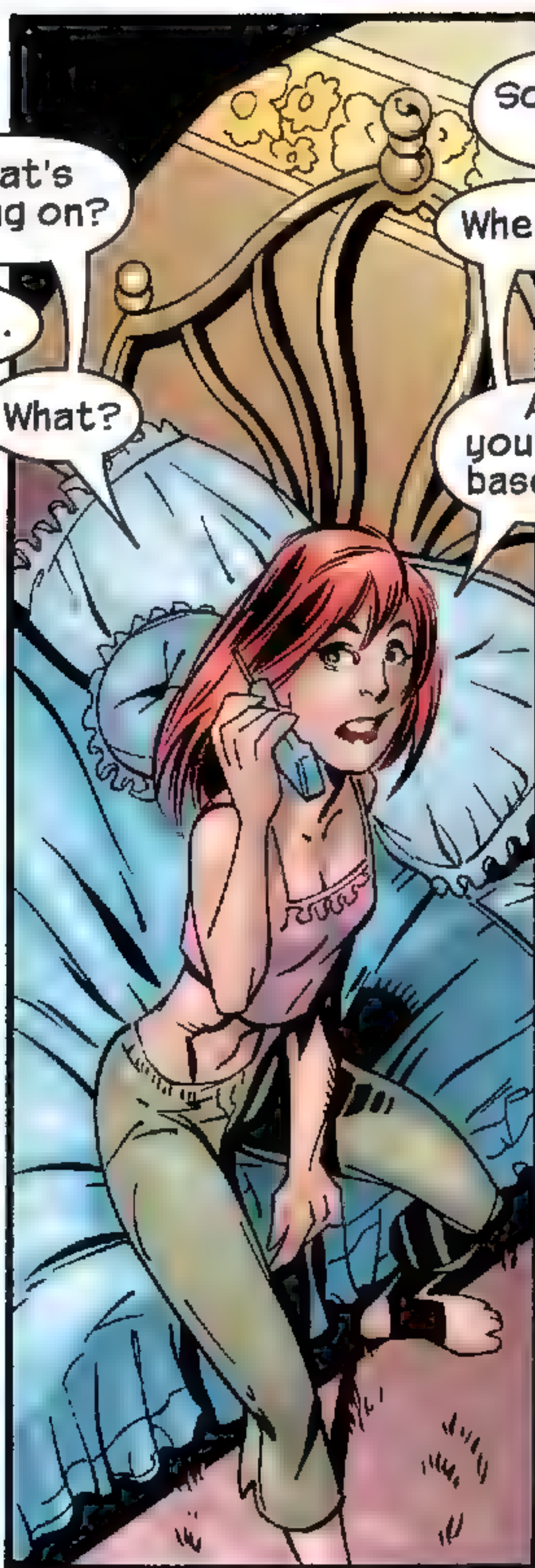




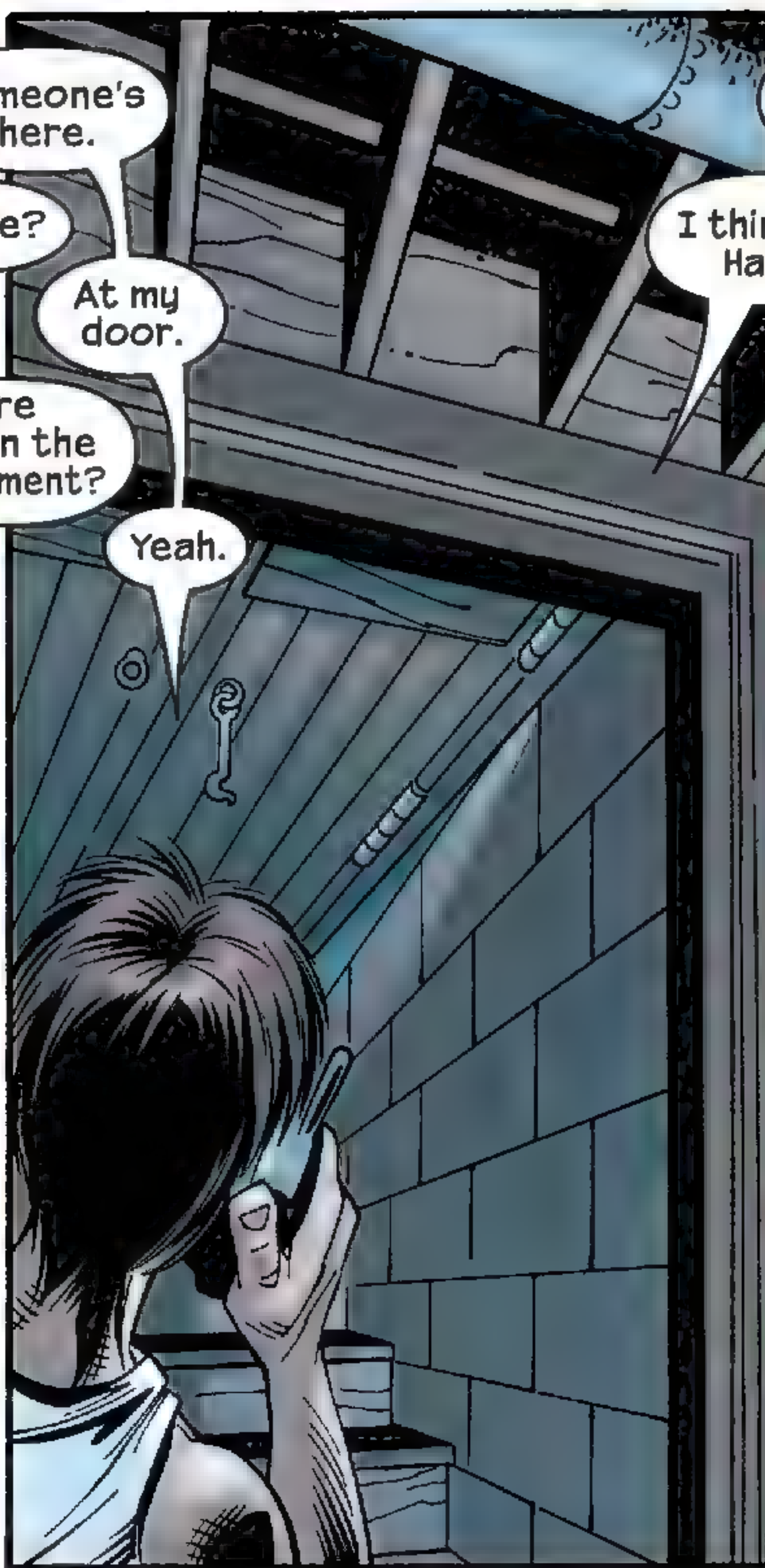




What's going on?
Oh man...
What?



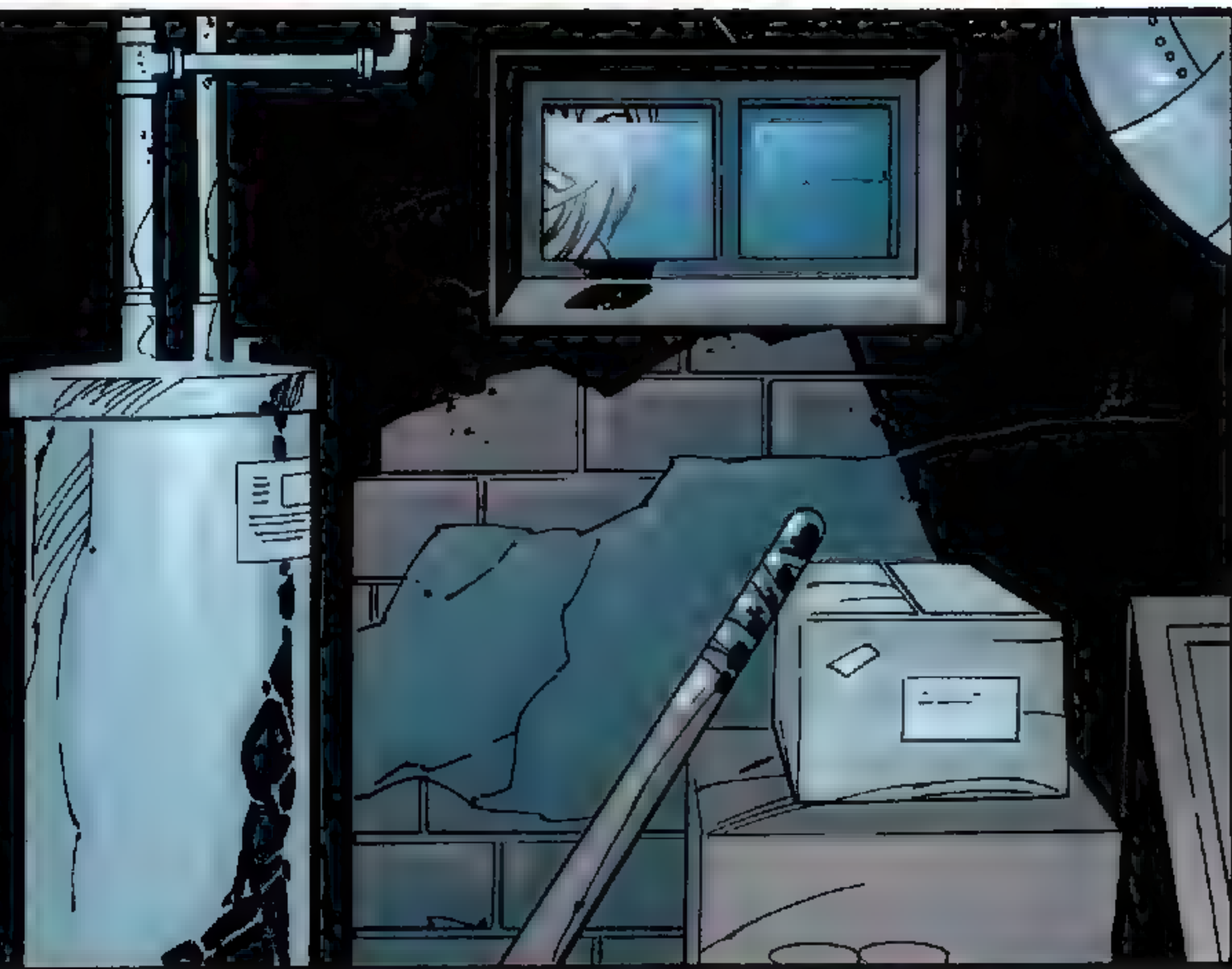
Someone's here.
Where?
At my door.
Are you in the basement?
Yeah.



Who is it?
I think it's Harry.
At eleven o'clock at night?



Oh, man.



Hold on...



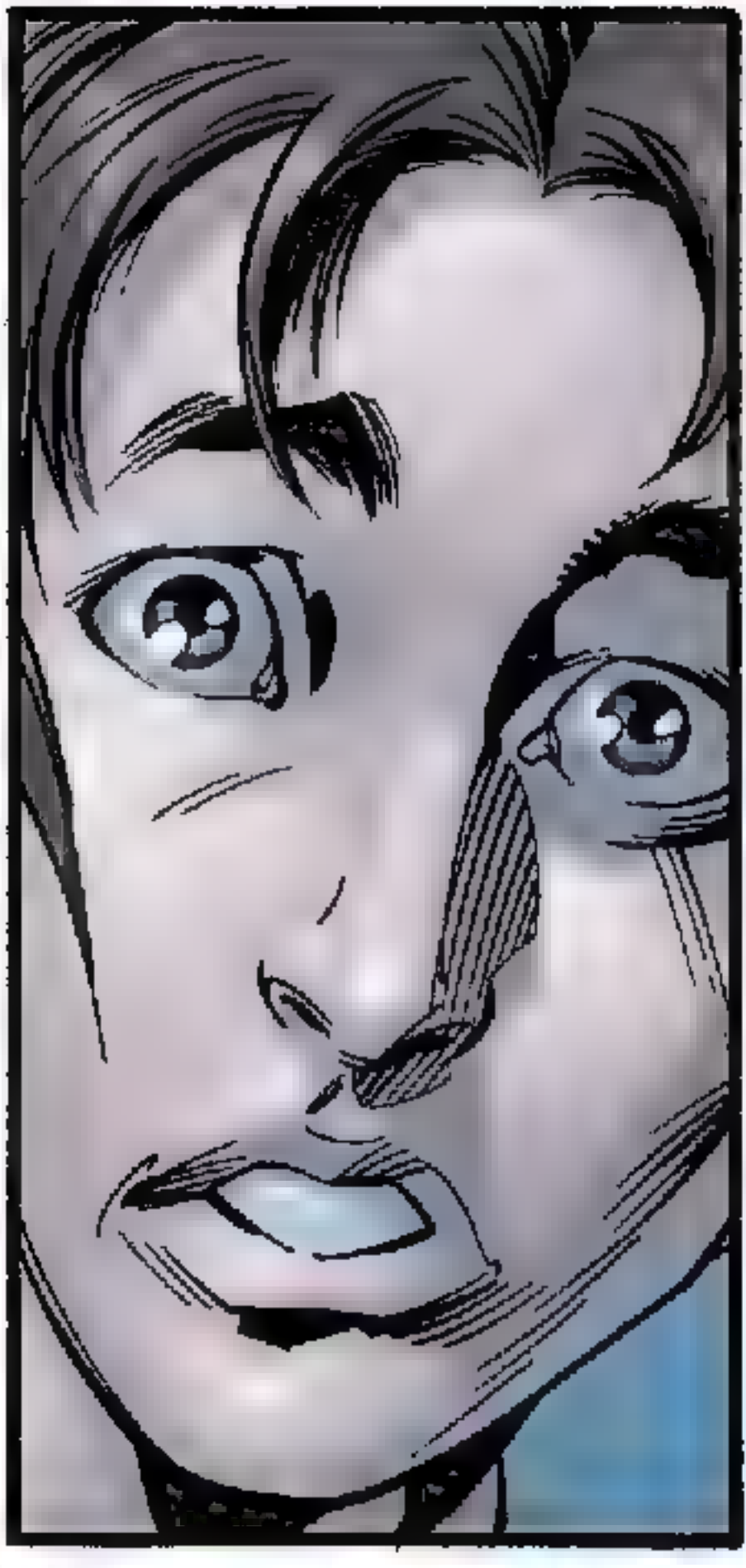


Wanna buy some Girl Scout cookies?

Gwen?

I...

No, then is it okay if I kill myself on your front lawn?



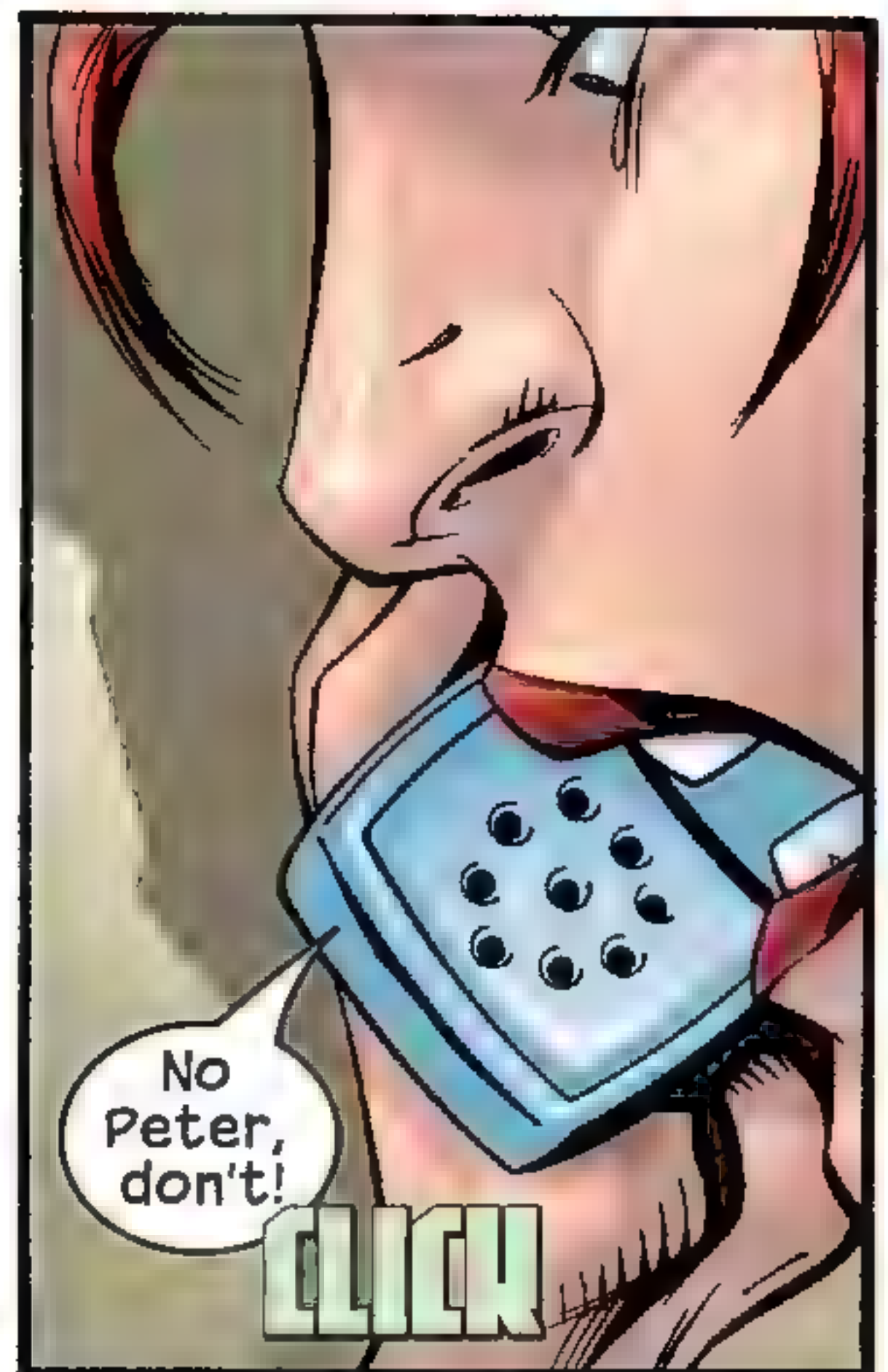
What kind of freaky mad scientist's lab thing do you got goin' on down here?

What are you doing here, Gwen?

No place else to go.

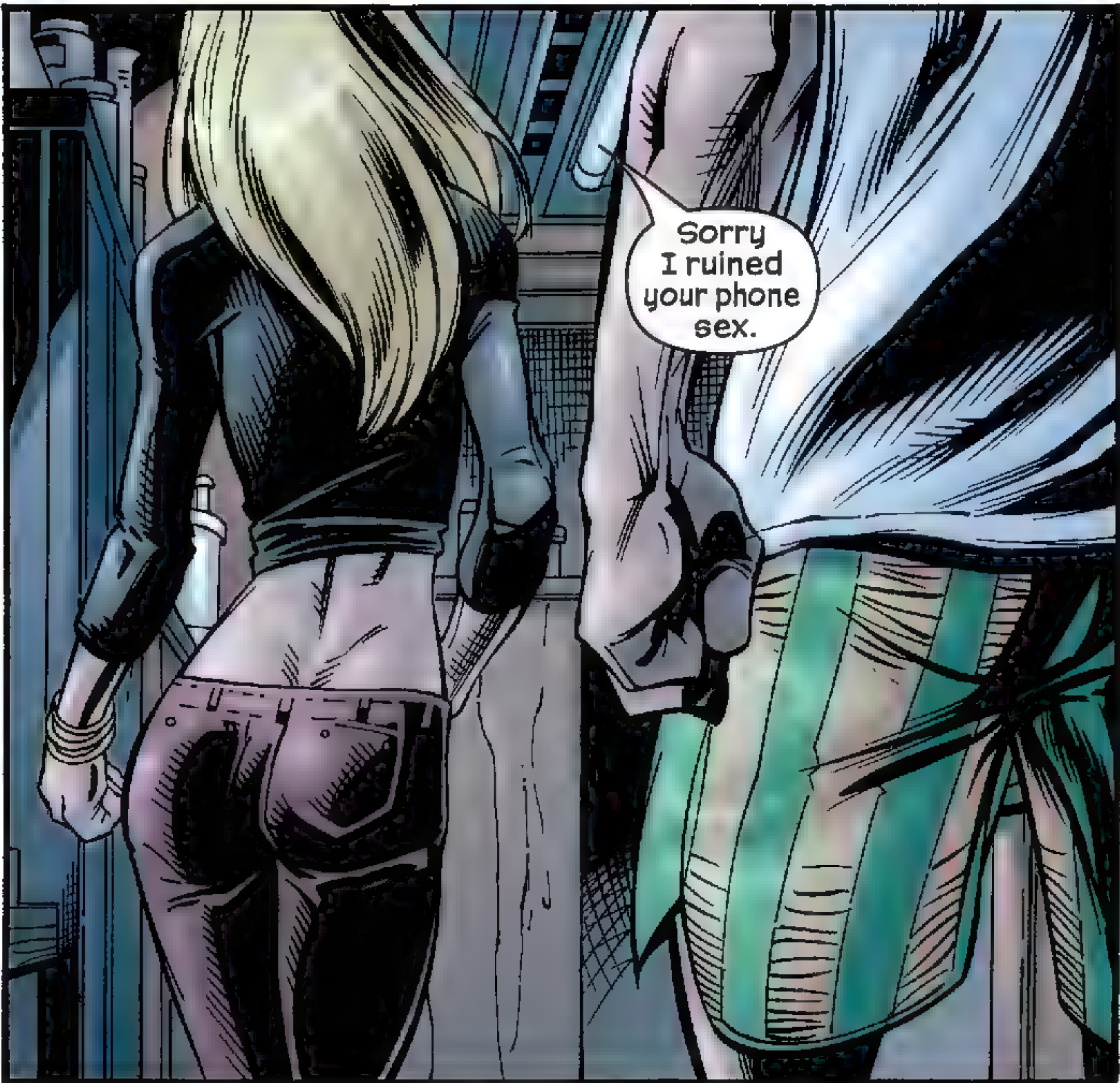


I'll call you back.

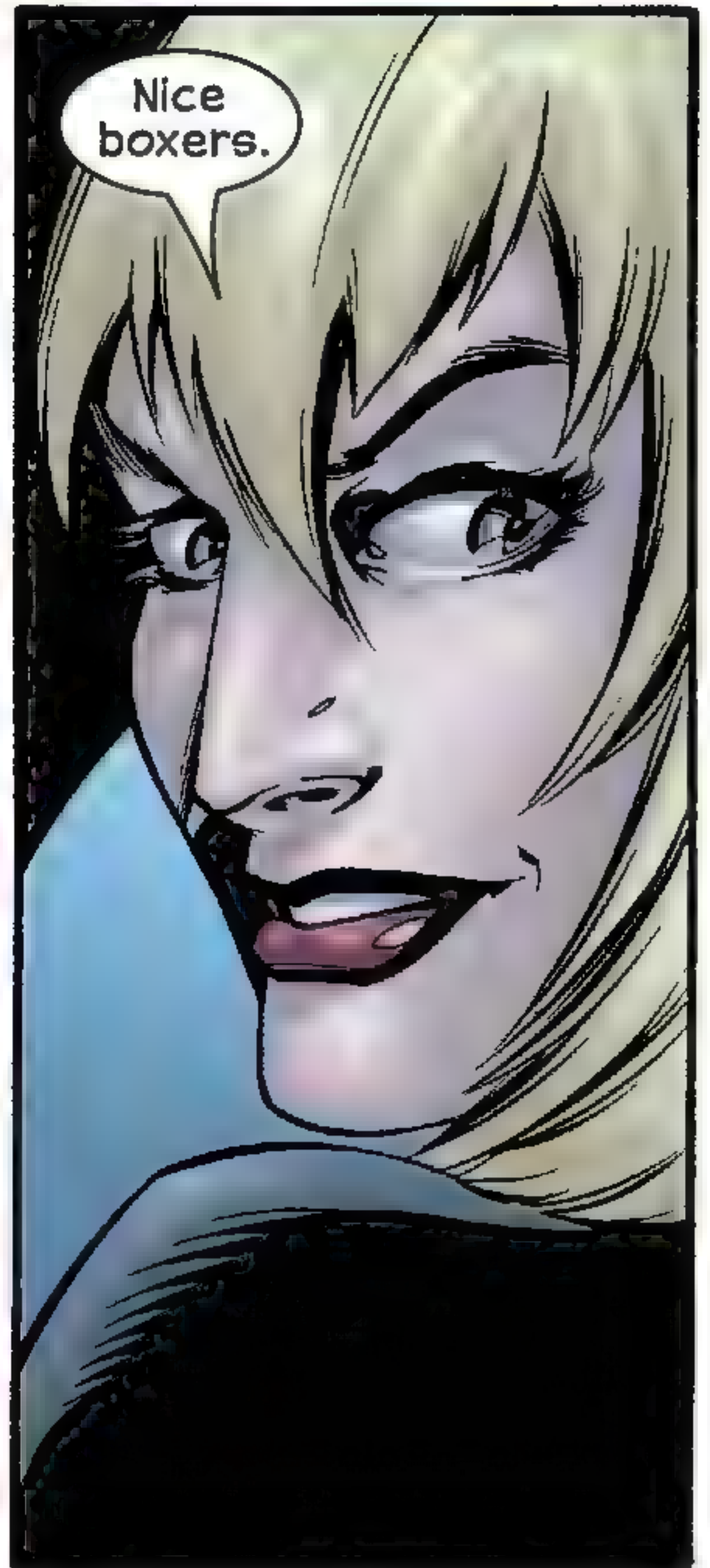


No Peter, don't!

CLICK



Sorry I ruined your phone sex.



Nice boxers.



Yes, you're allowed to use the phone, but it's after ten so--

No, I got a-- I got a problem.

What's up?

There's-- there's a girl in my basement.

A real one?

What?



Mary Jane is here? Because that is really unacceptable behav...



No. It's this girl from school-- Gwen Stacy, she's kind of-- you know--

--and she just came over here, like out of nowhere.

And I'm not even-- I-- she's the new girl at school.



She said her mom ran off to Chicago with some guy or something and her father's at work and... I don't know.

I think she's thinking of hurting herself or something and I don't know what to do.

She's here right now?

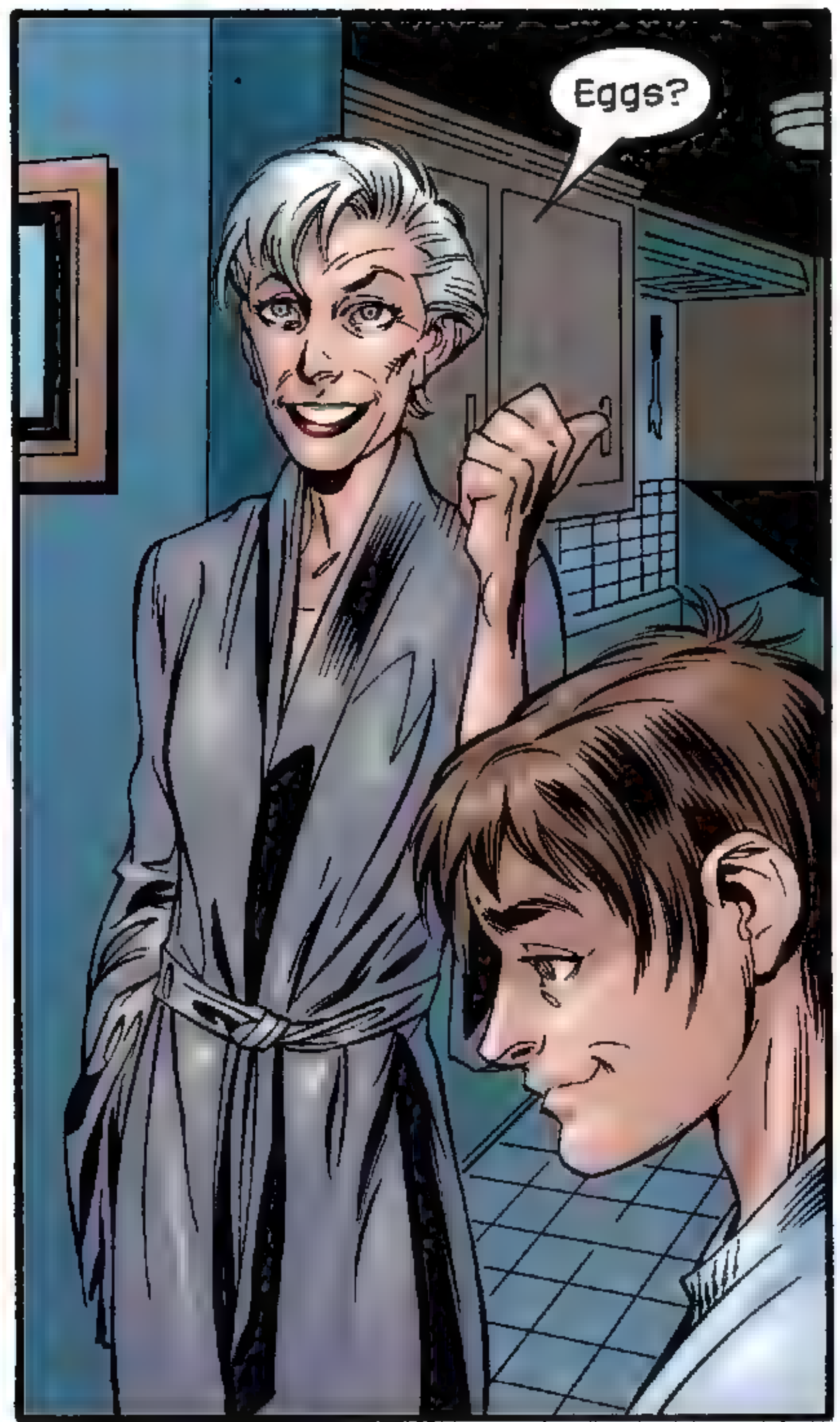
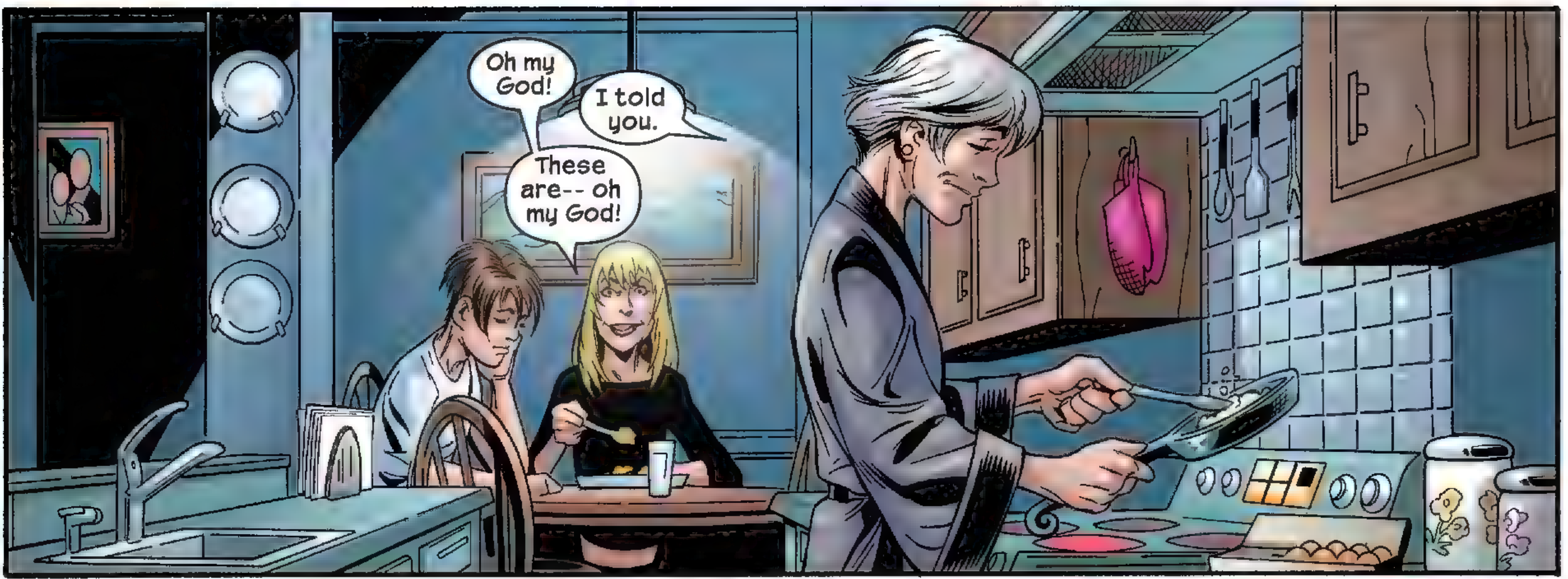


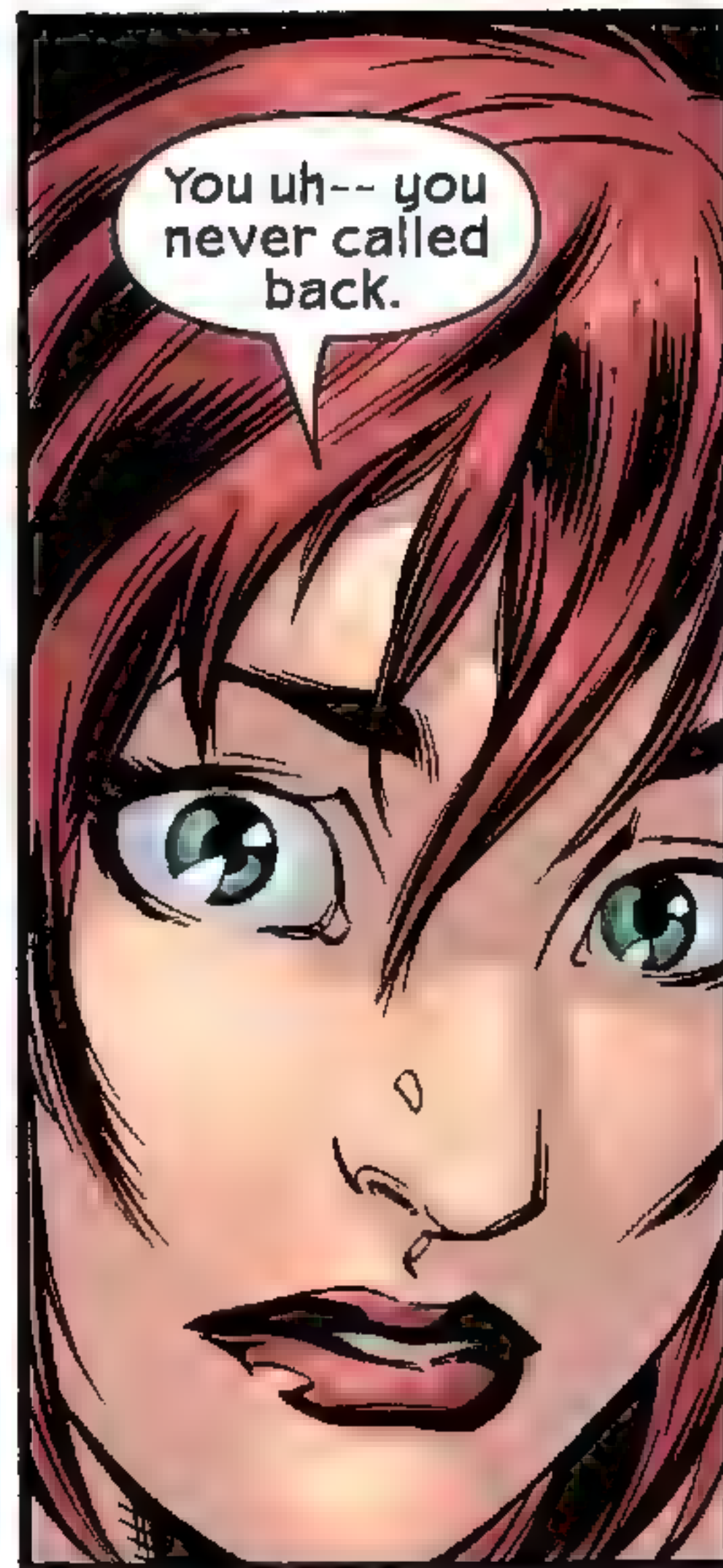
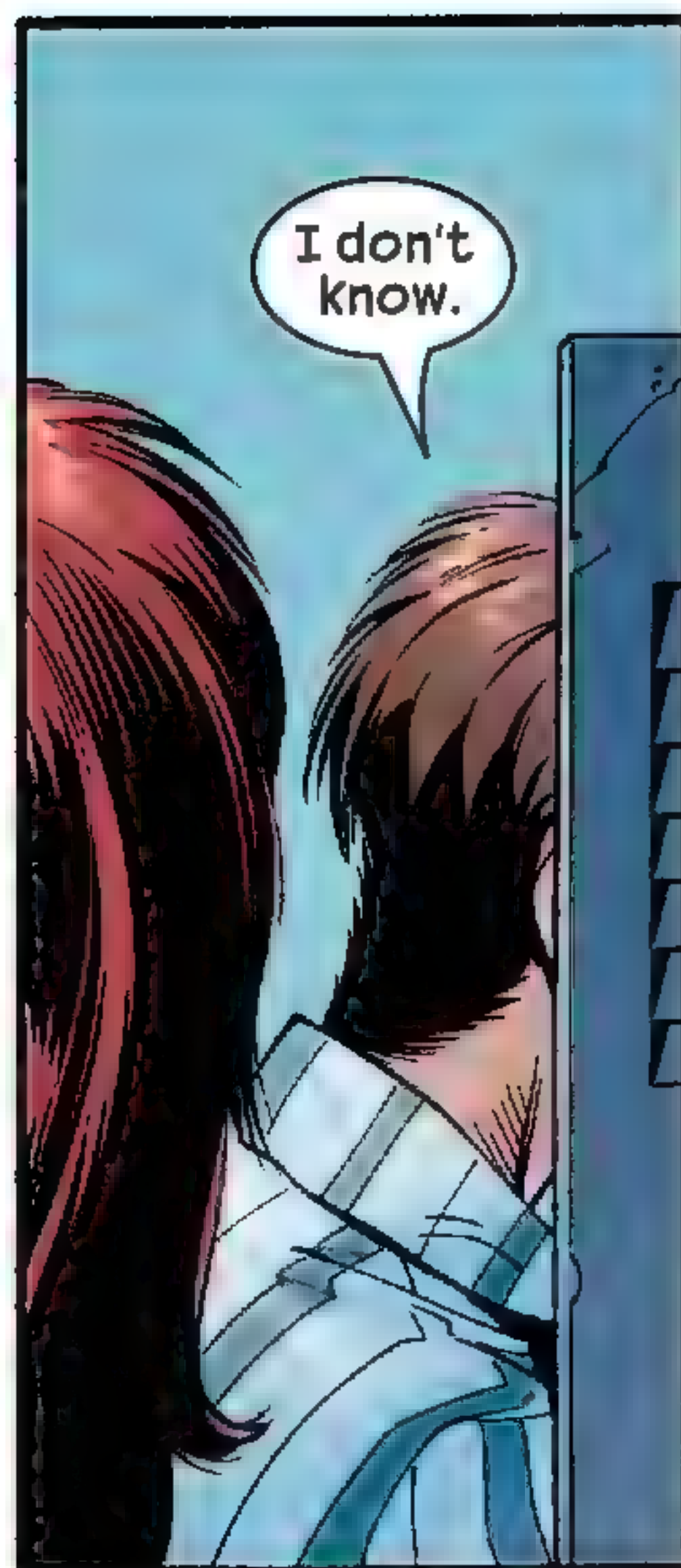
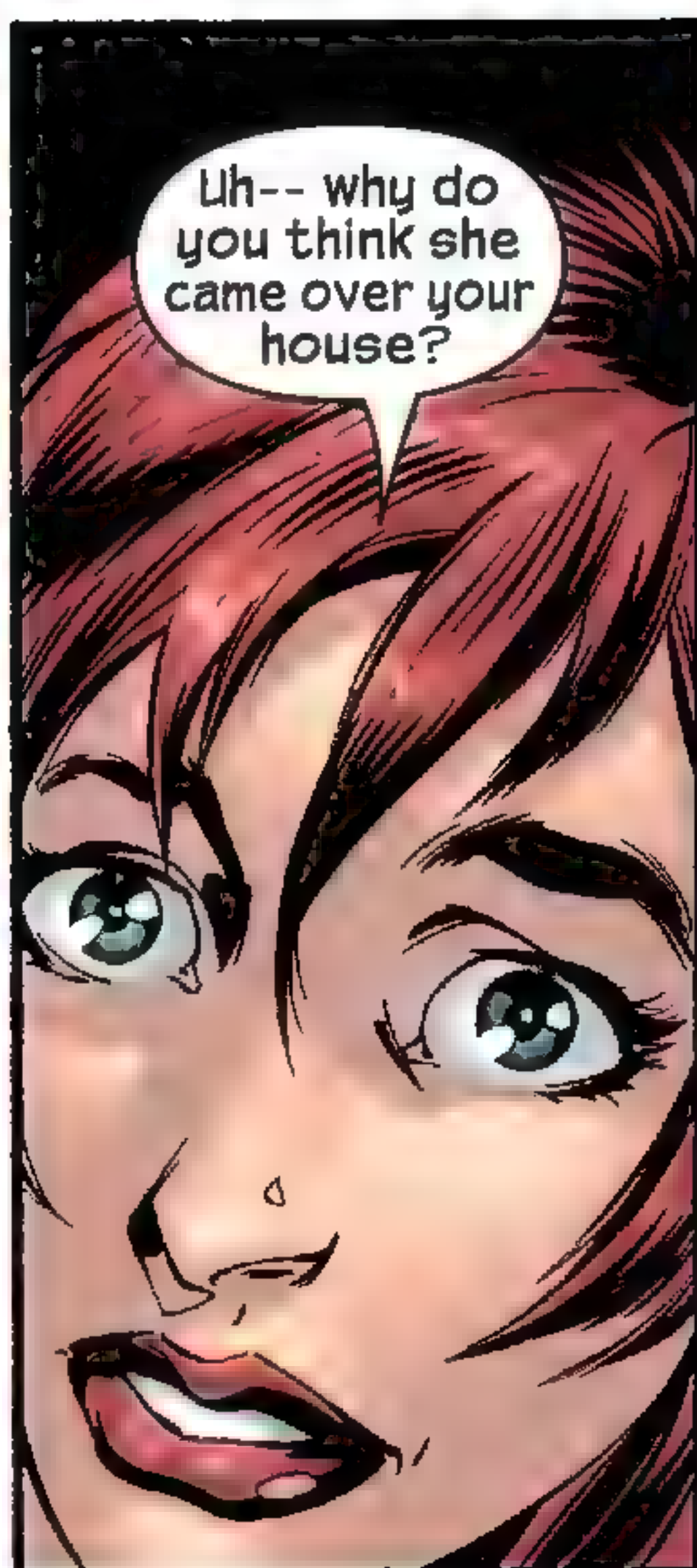
Right here, Right now.

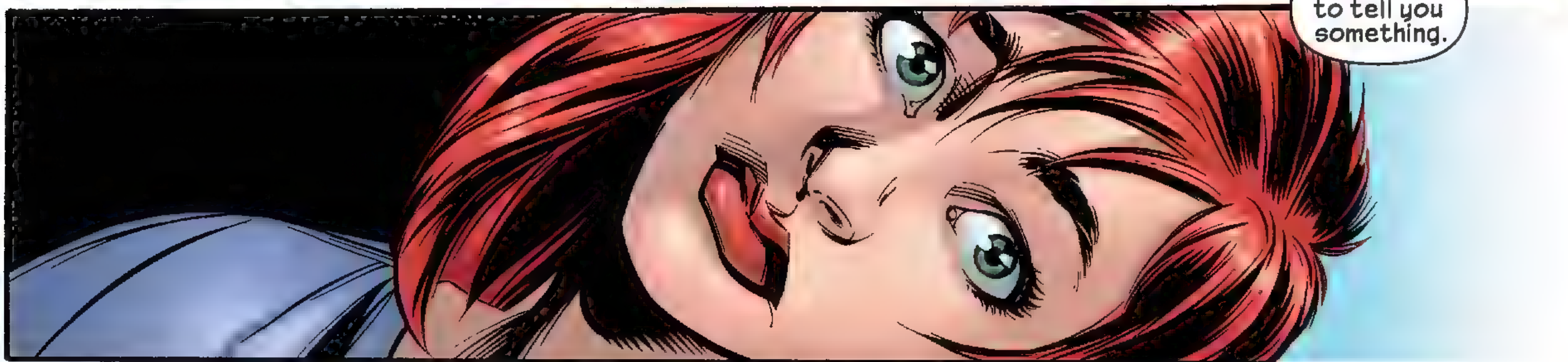
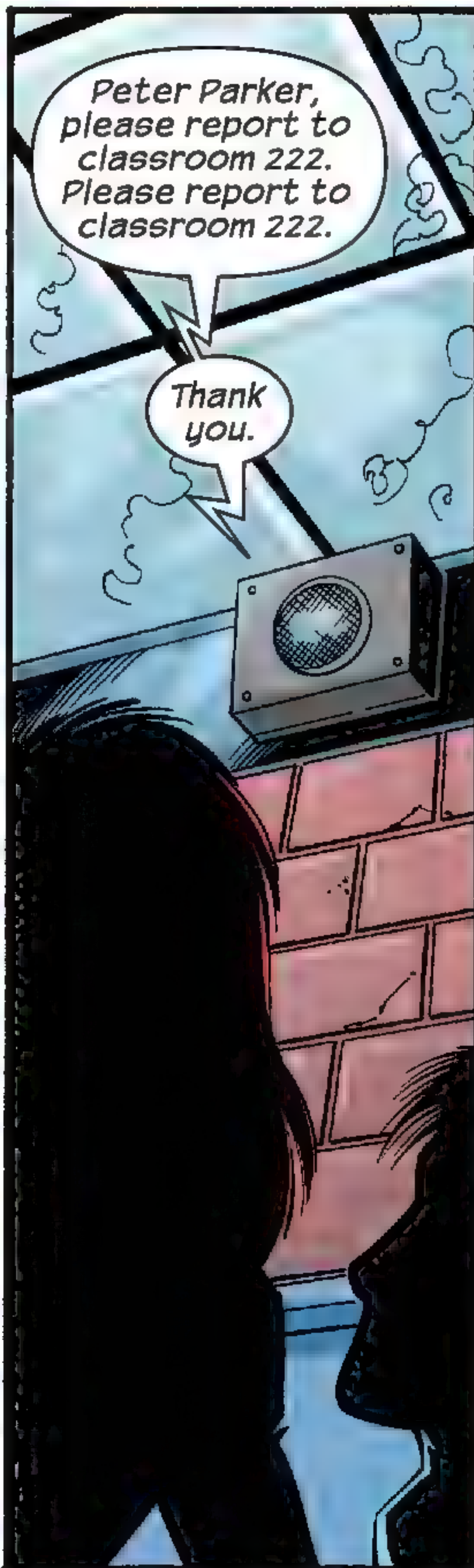
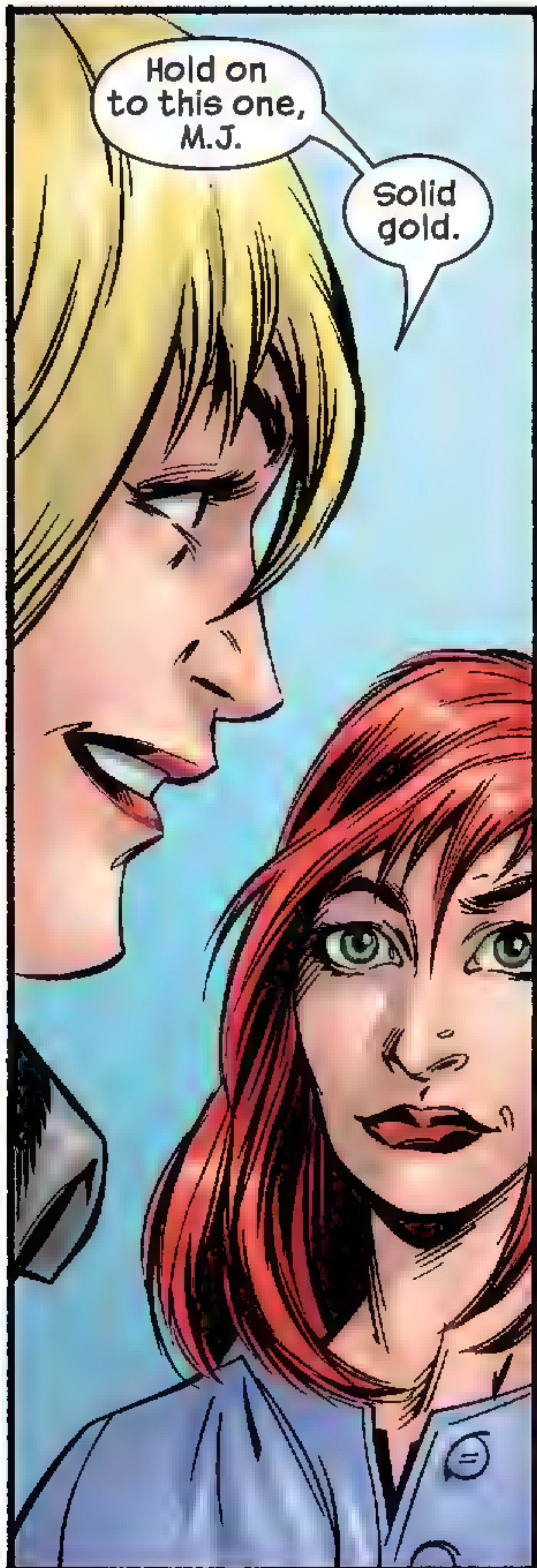
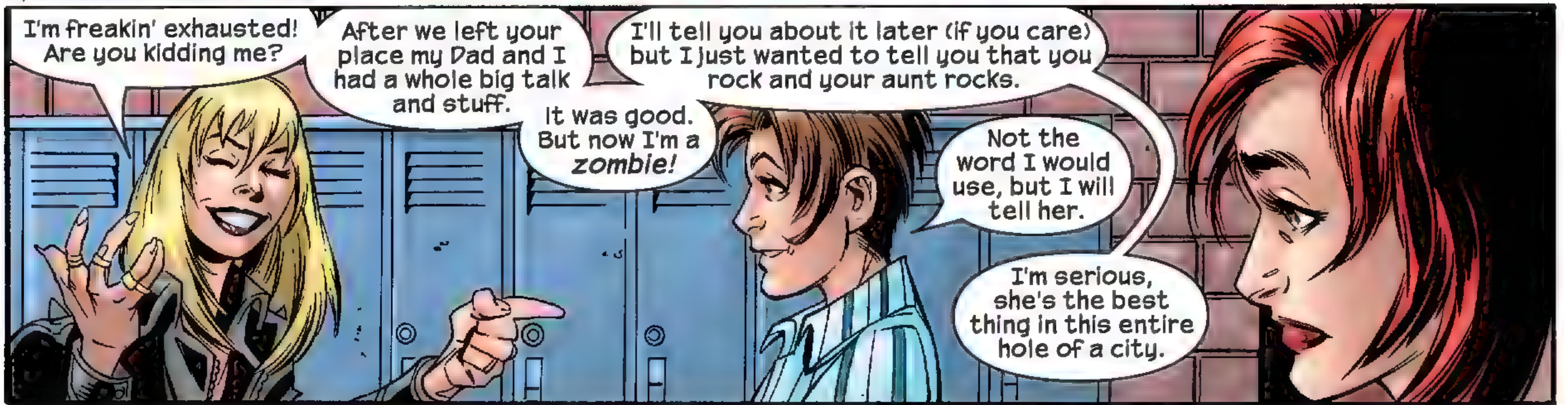


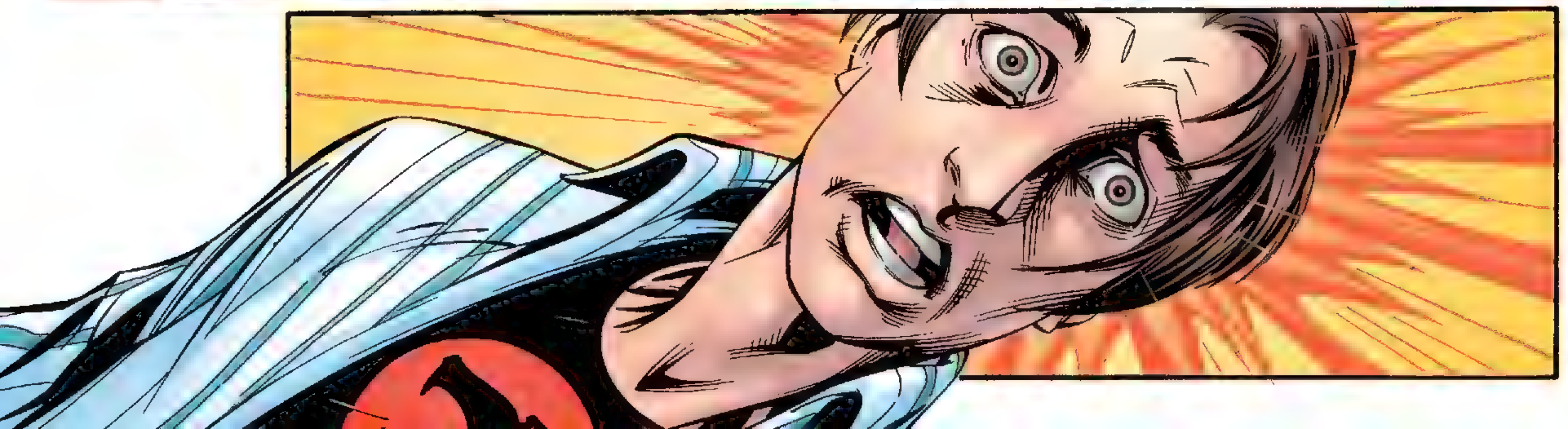
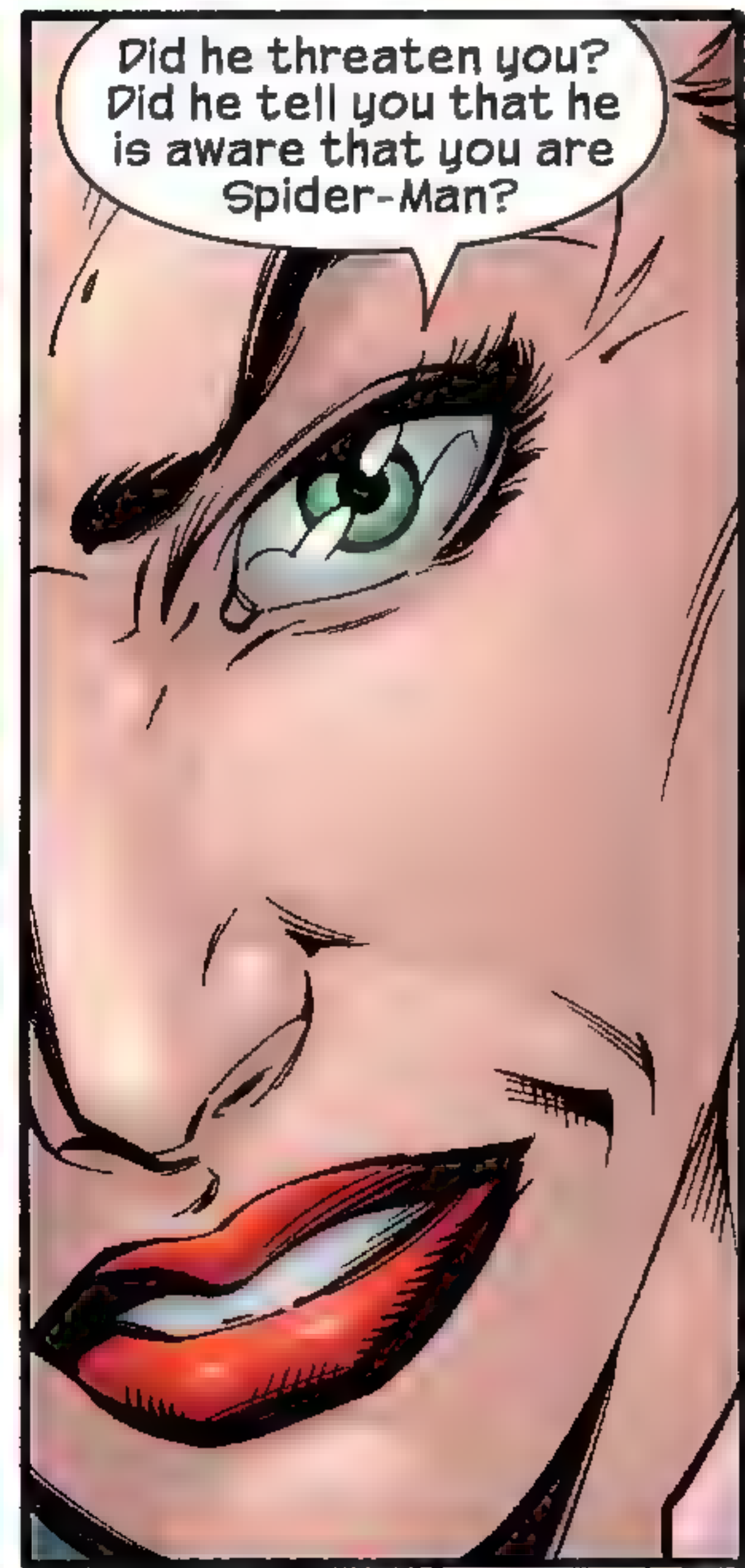
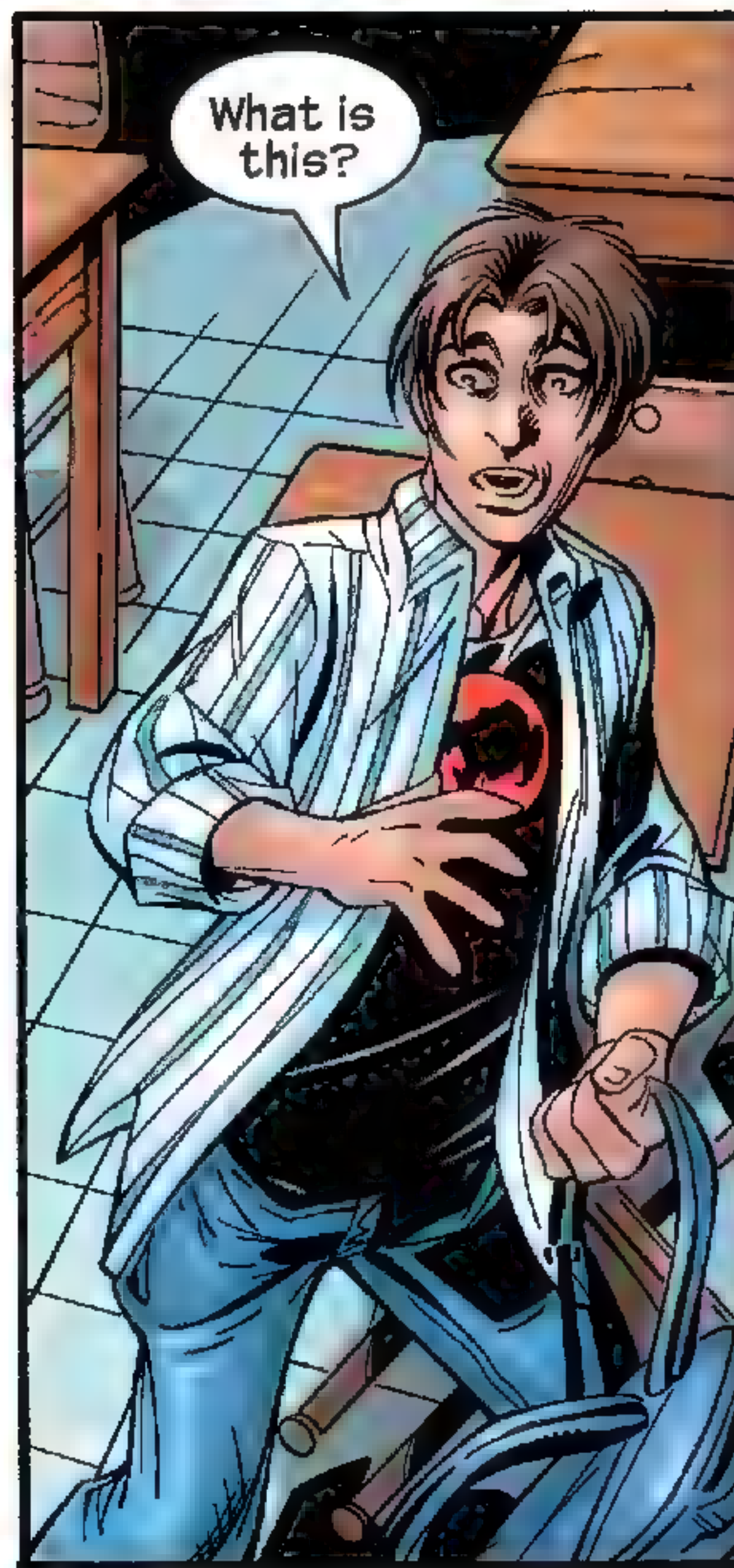
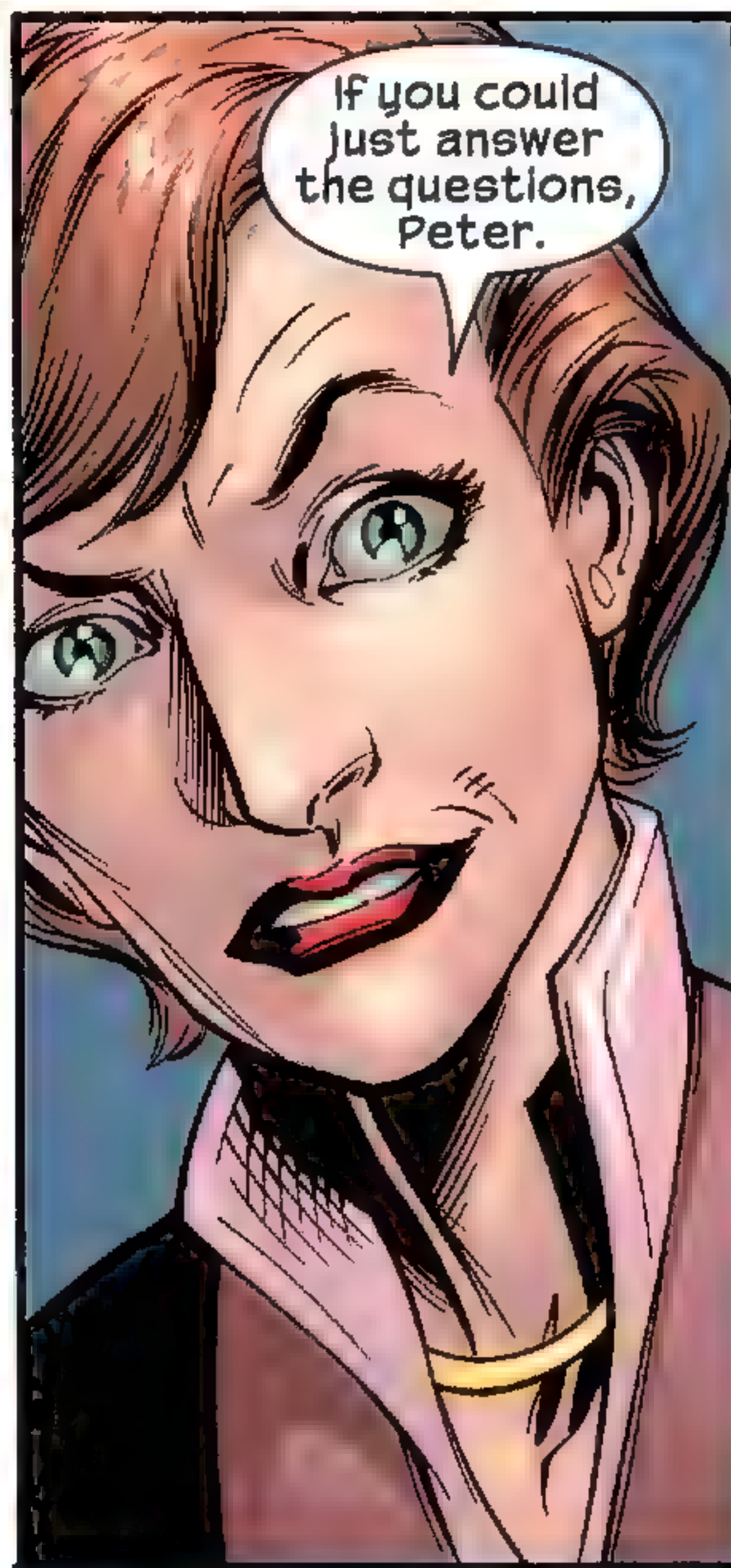
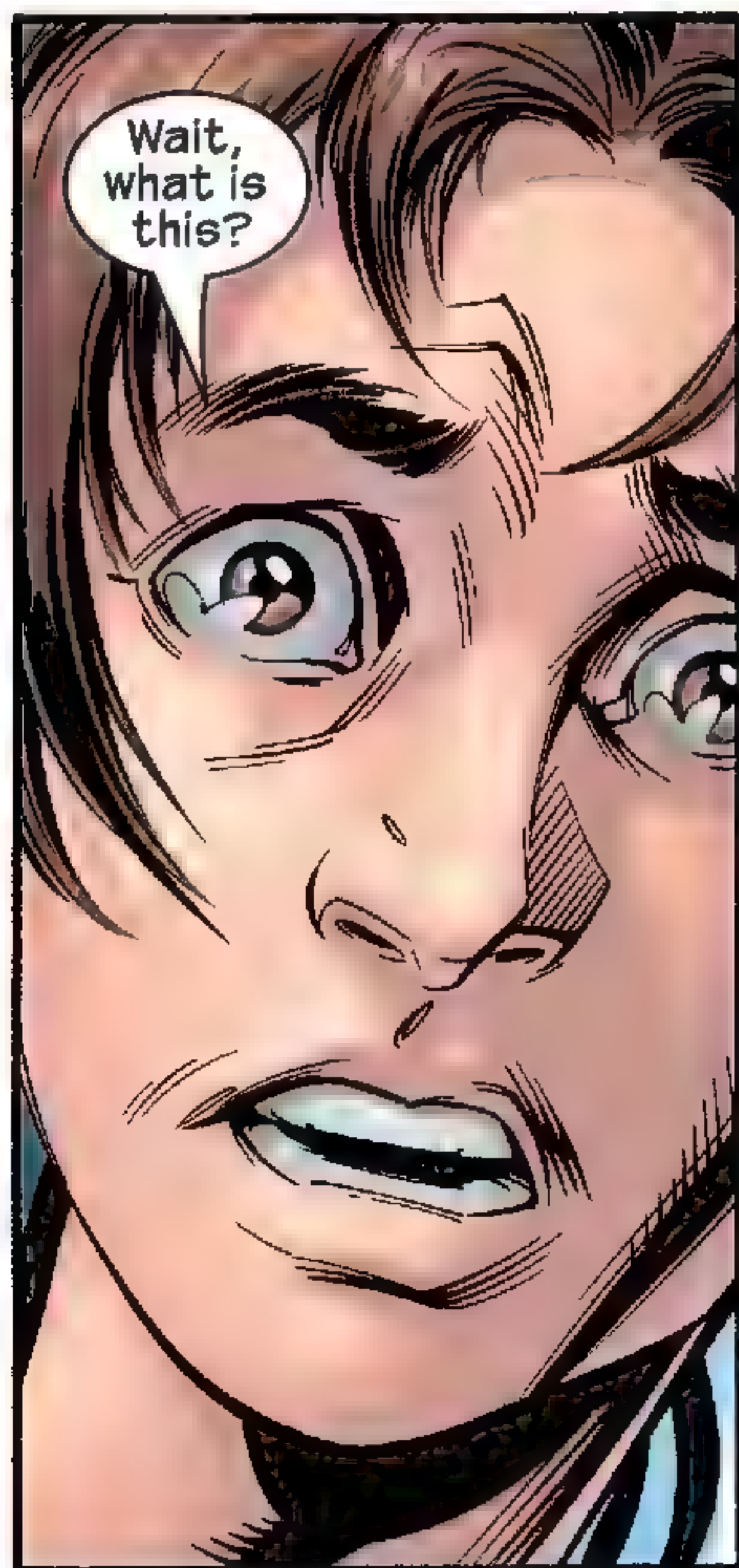
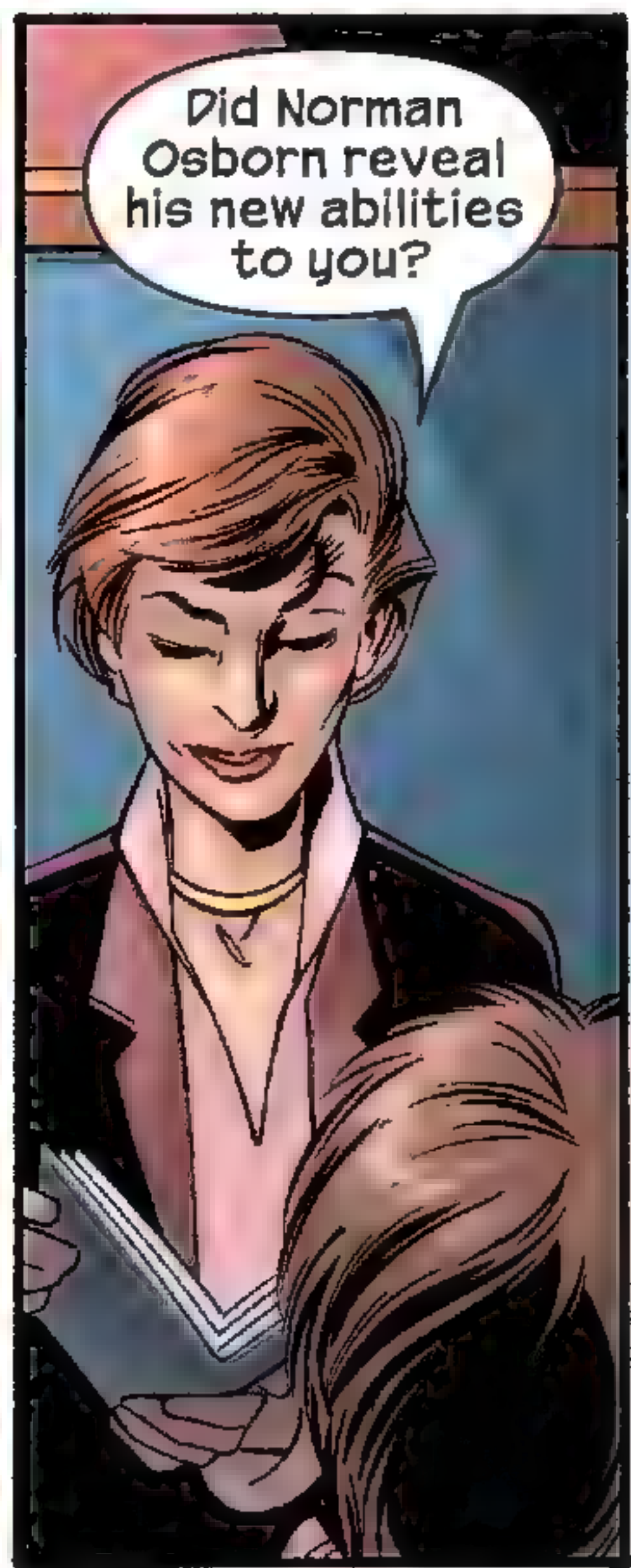
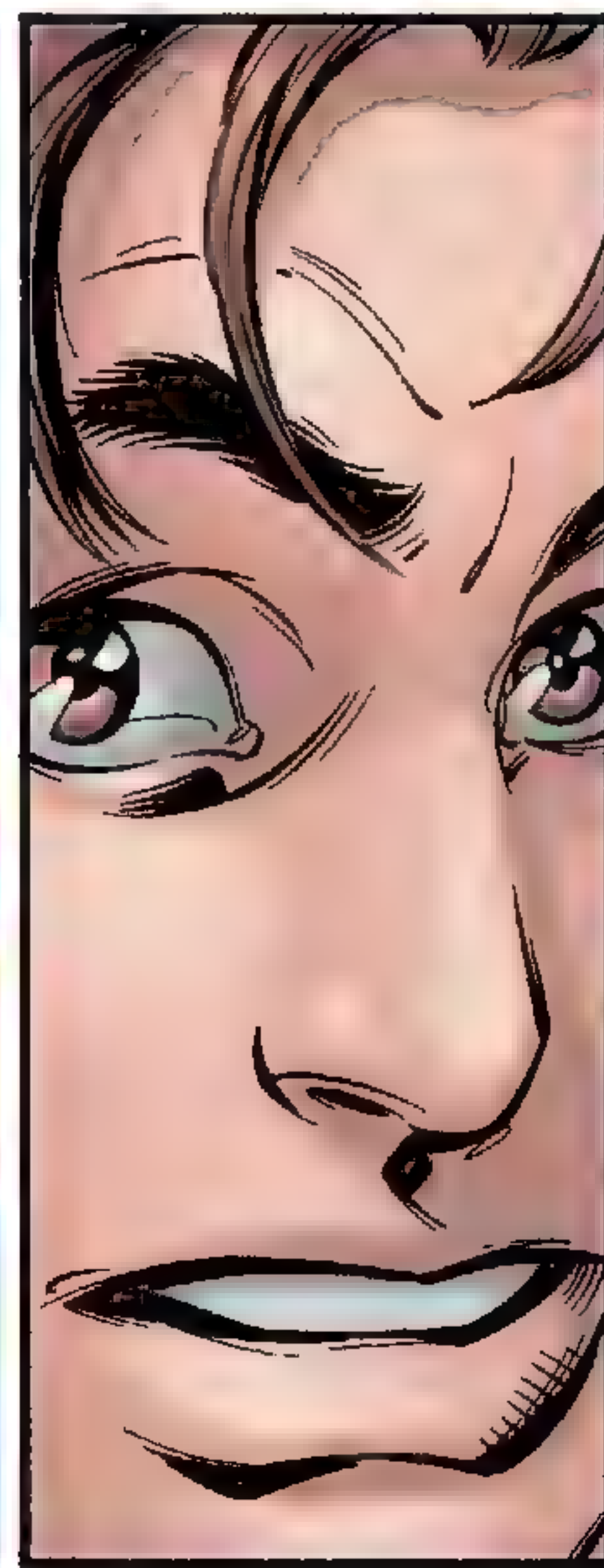
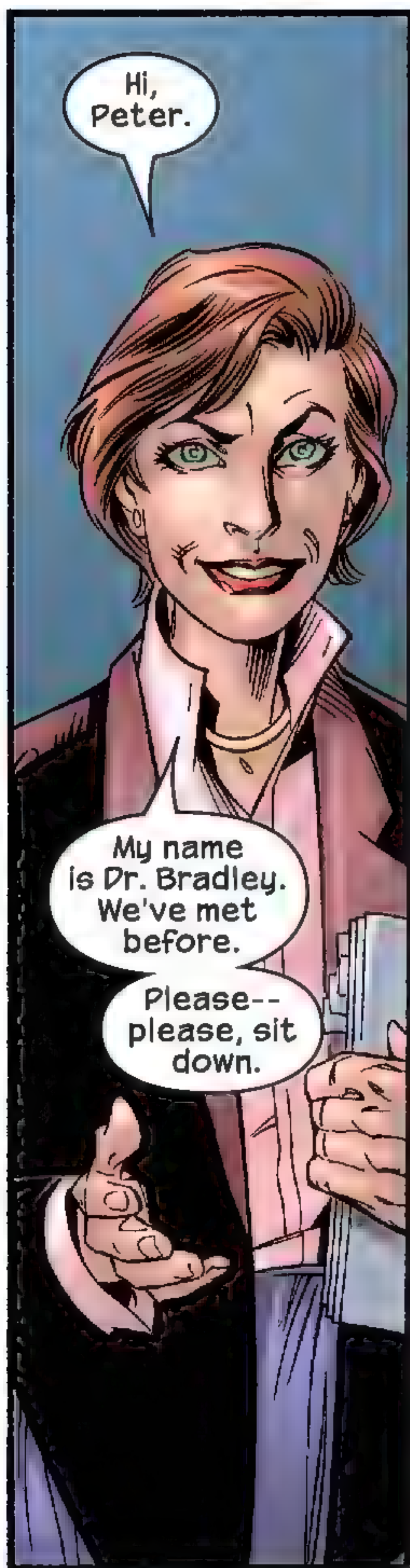
Okay.

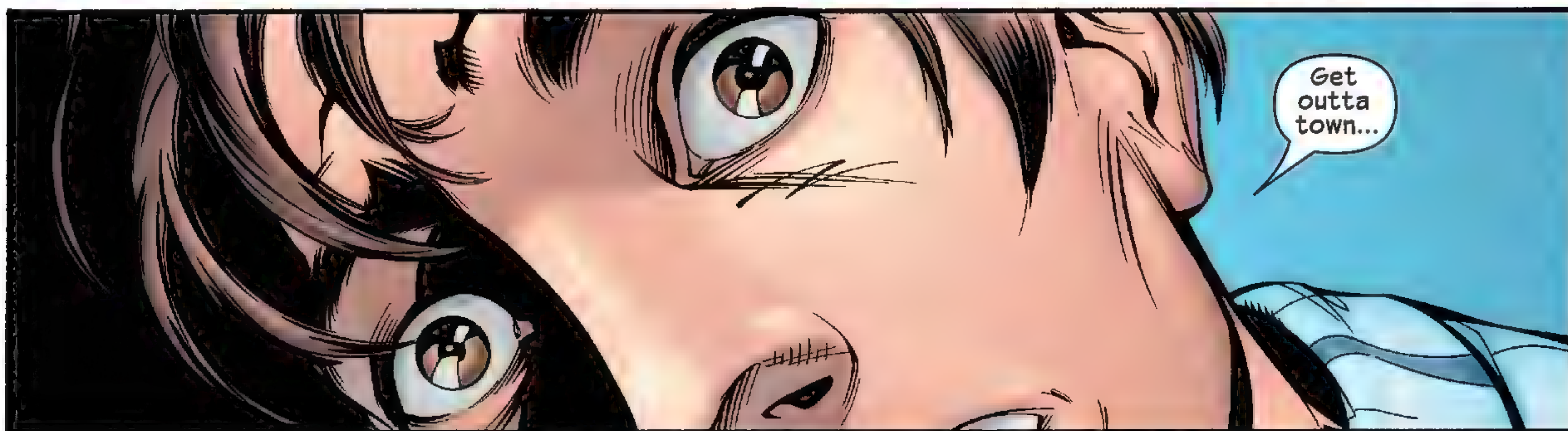
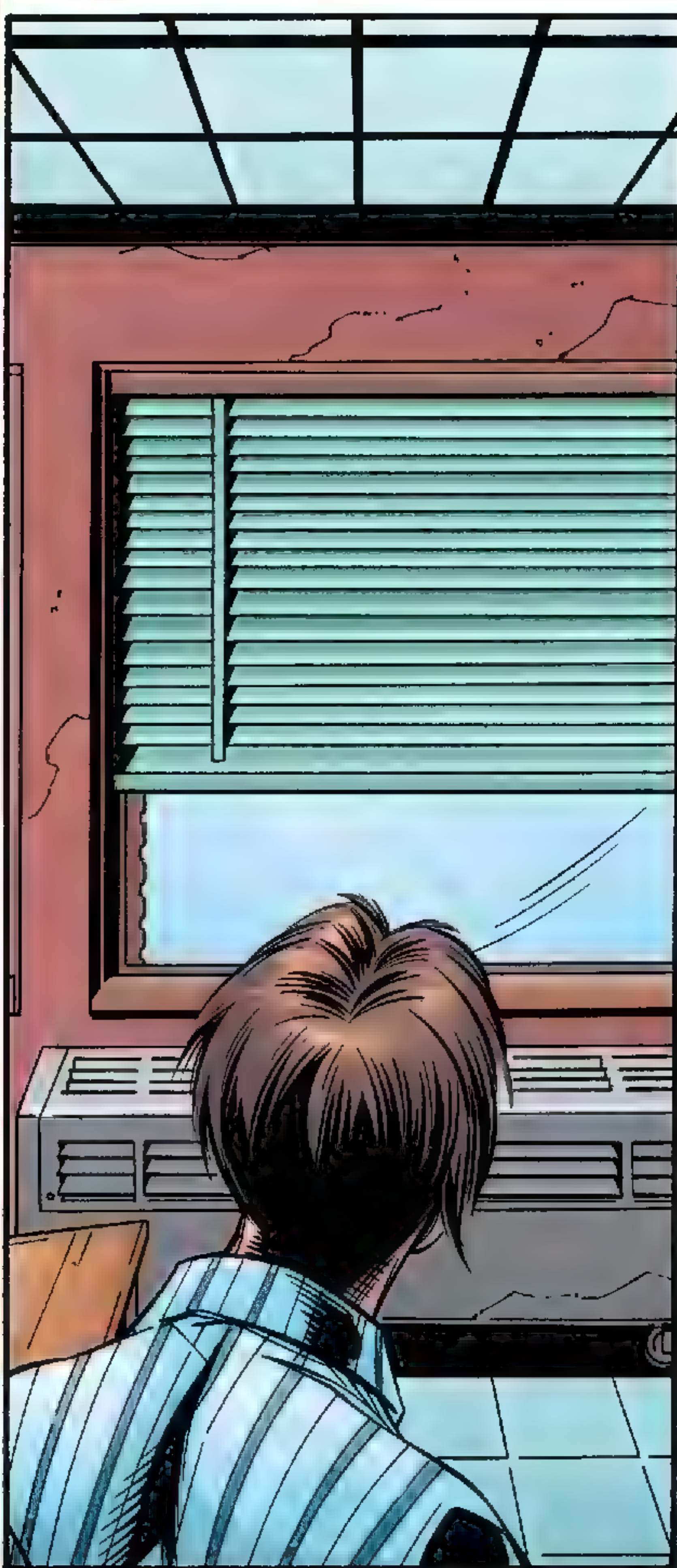
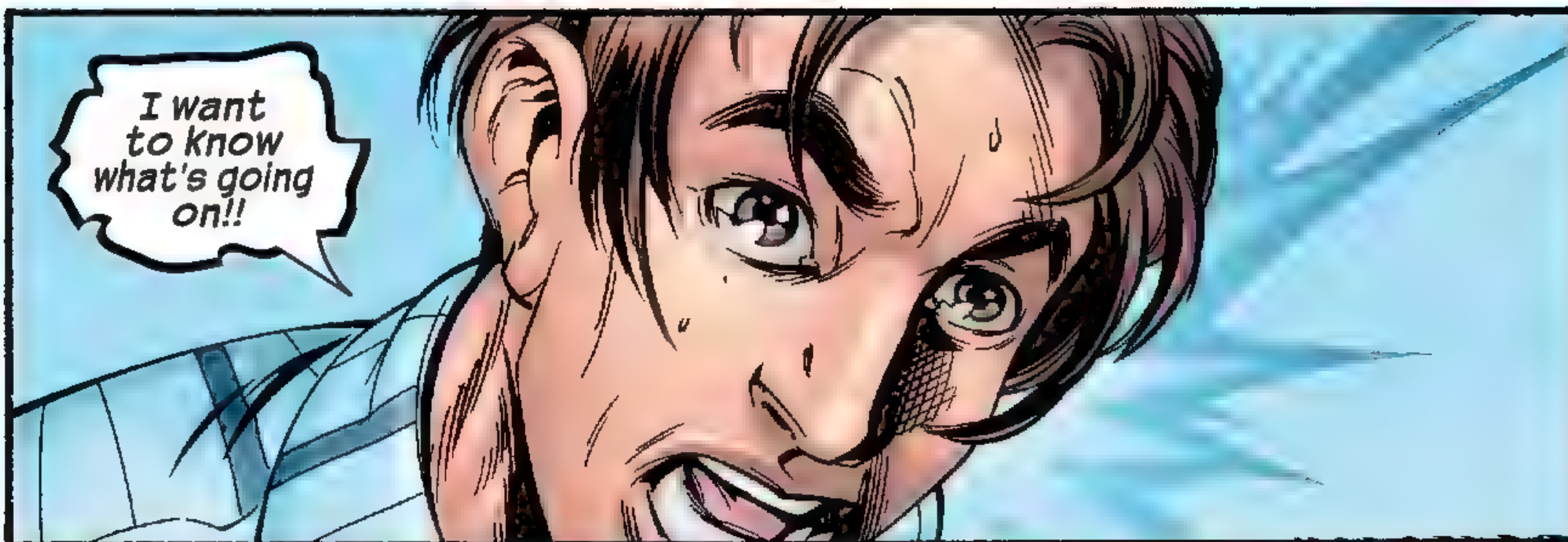
Put on some pants.



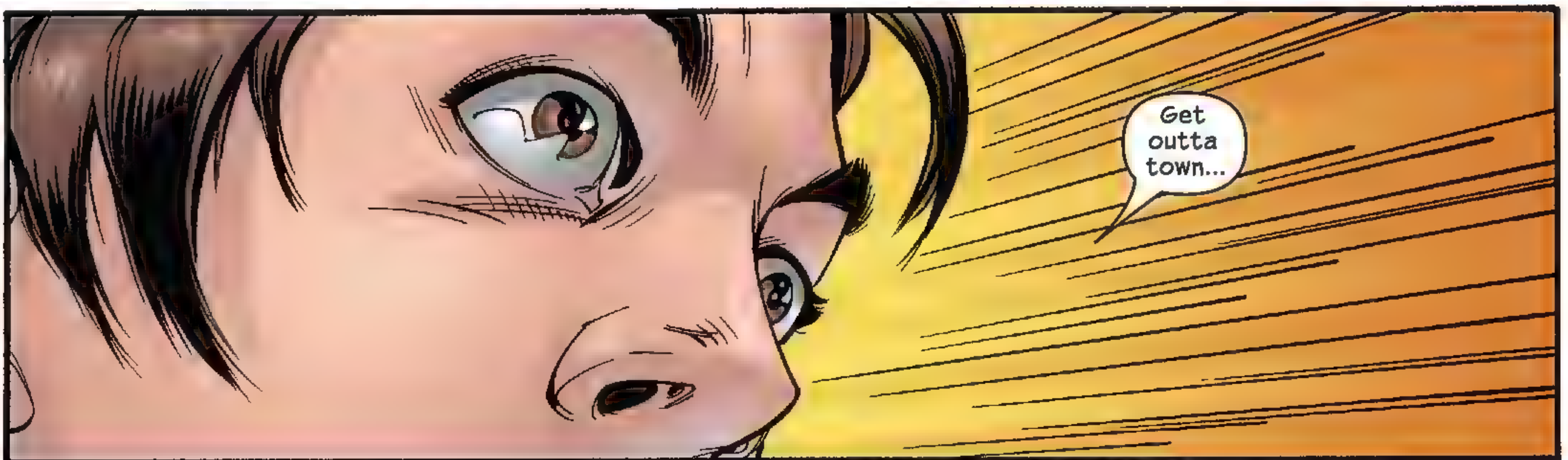
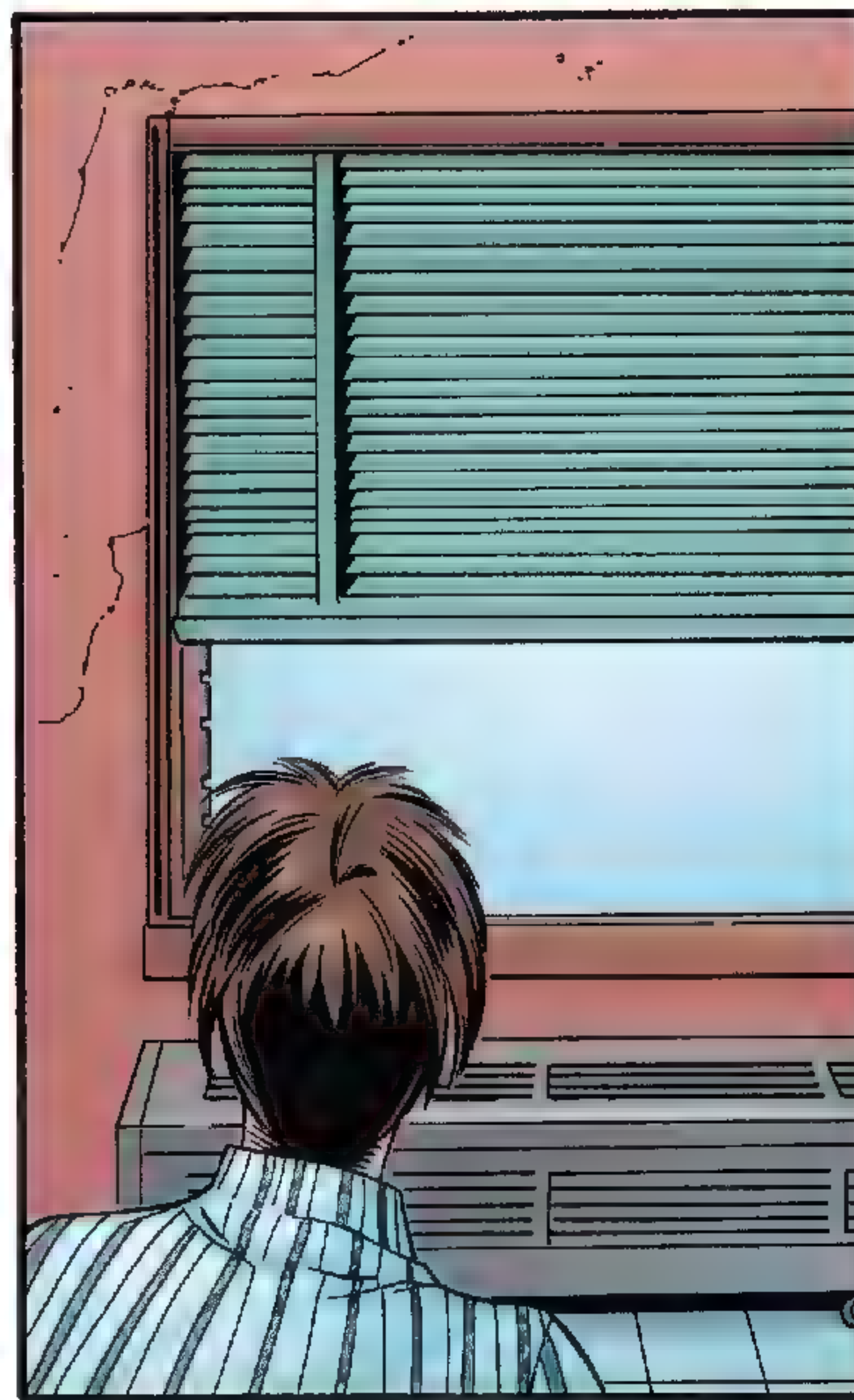
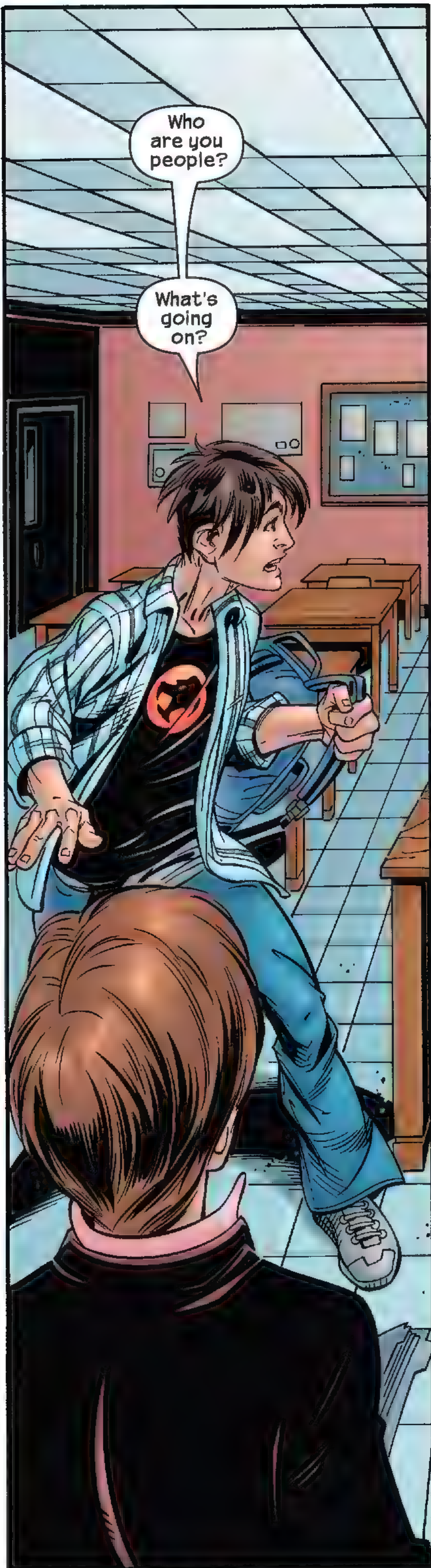












Calm down,
hotshot.

We have
important things
to talk about and
not much time to
do it in.

My name is
Nick Fury.

Have
you heard
of me?





I asked you-- have you heard of me?

Y- yes.

Then you know that I run the largest world peace task force in the world.

S.H.I.E.L.D.

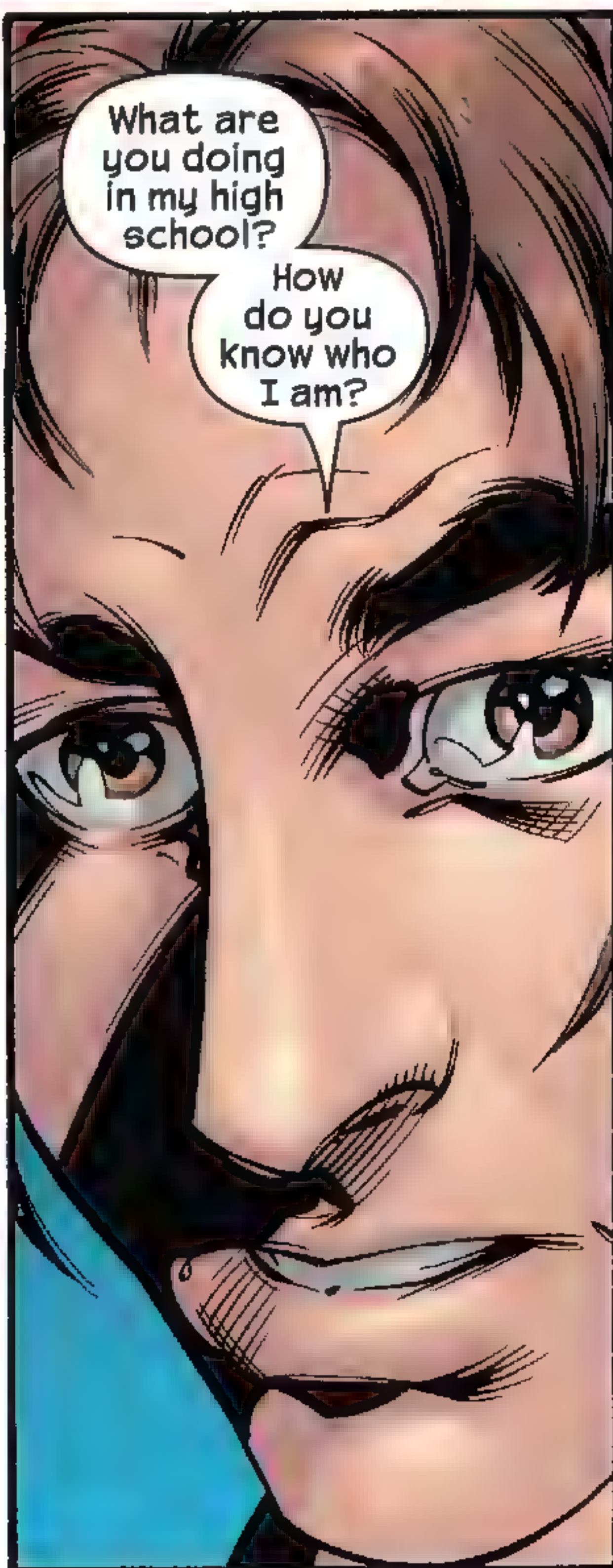
Uh... Yes...

Did you read the piece on me in this month's Time magazine?

No.



It's a cover story.

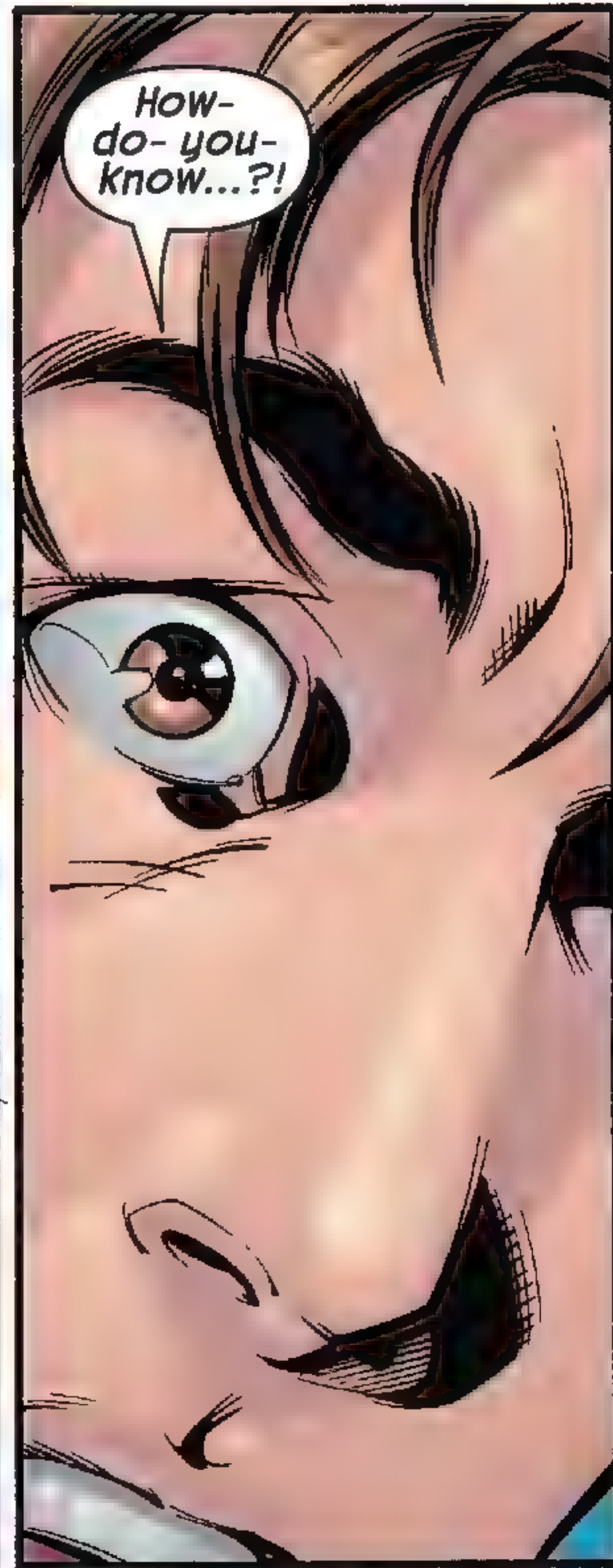


What are you doing in my high school?

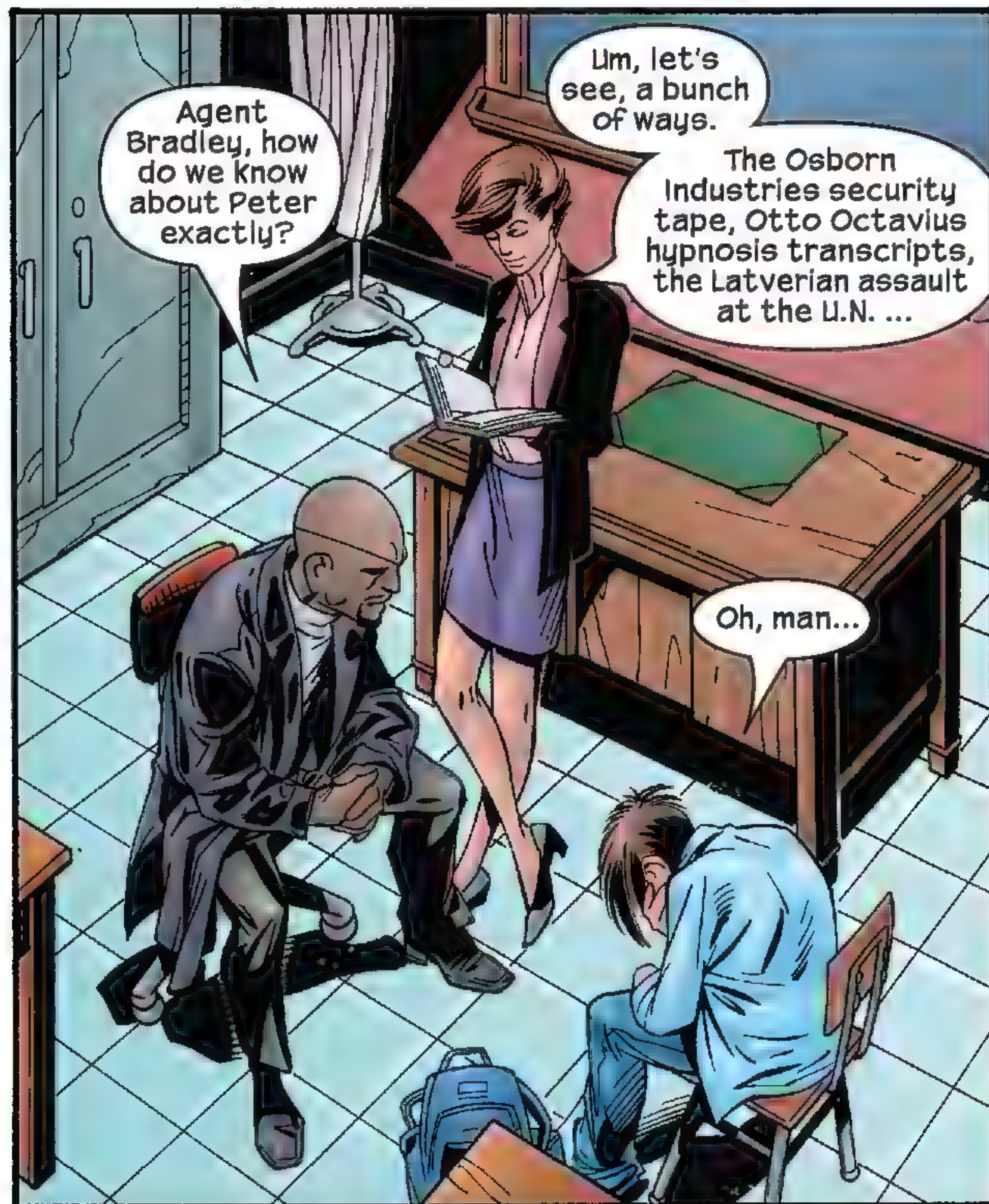
How do you know who I am?



Peter, there's not much in this world I do not know.



How-do- you-know...?!



Agent Bradley, how do we know about Peter exactly?

Um, let's see, a bunch of ways.

The Osborn Industries security tape, Otto Octavius hypnosis transcripts, the Latverian assault at the U.N. ...

Oh, man...



Consider it flattering.

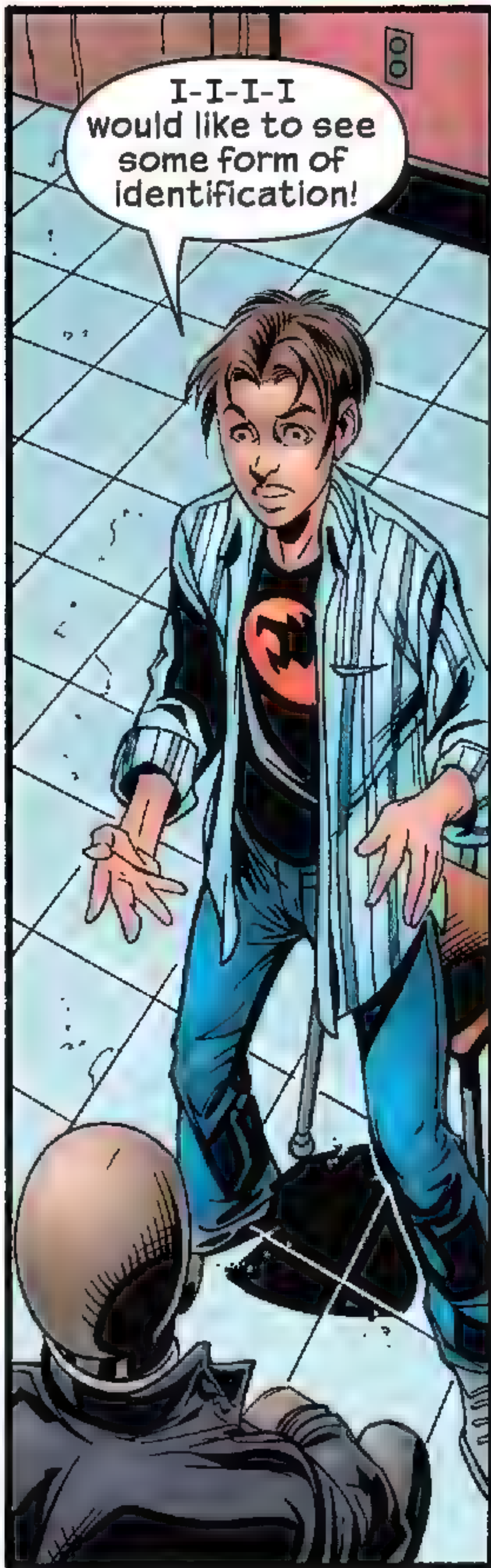
We're busy people, but we've been keeping a good eye on you.

You're a modern medical miracle, Peter. Someone like you is of incredible interest in this complicated world.

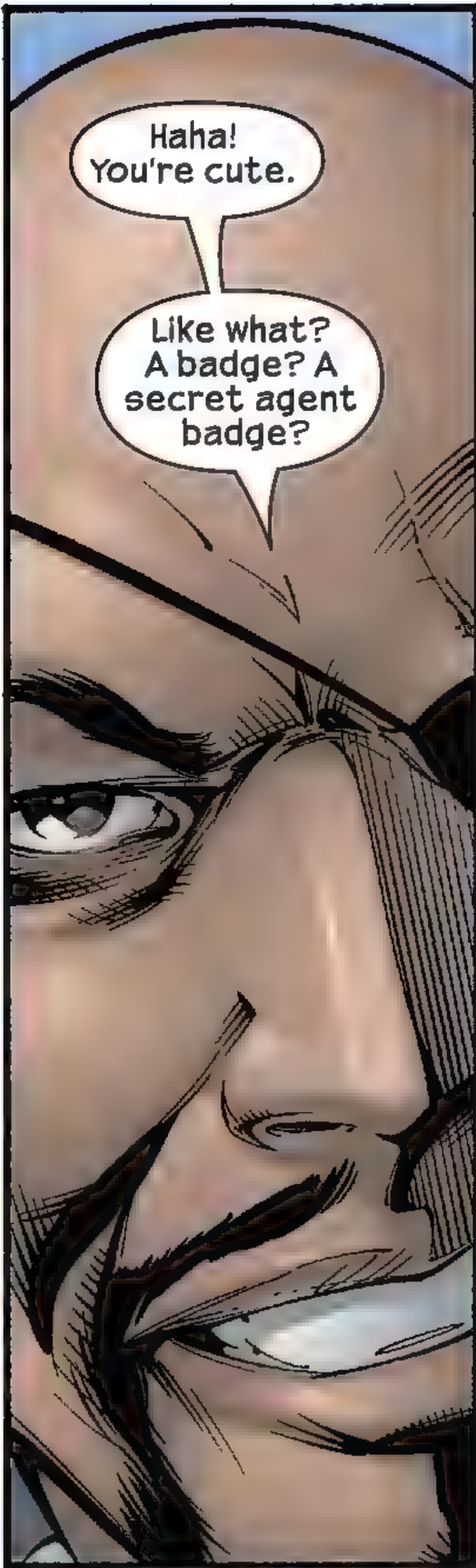
But that said--I normally wouldn't even approach you like this.

Because as interesting as your case is, you are a minor and we have no jurisdiction over you... yet.

But, with Norman Osborn rearing his conceited head again, it's time we had a talk...



I-I-I-I would like to see some form of identification!



Haha! You're cute.

Like what? A badge? A secret agent badge?



Peter...

Osborn is going to have you kill me.



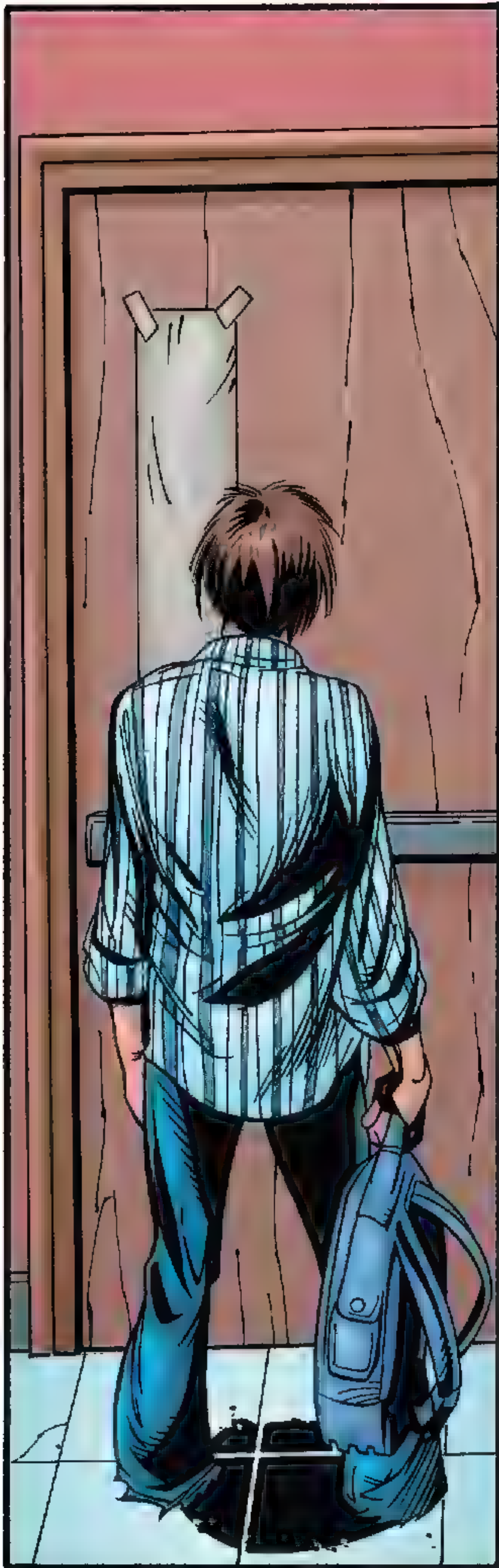
And if you refuse... he's going to try to do something bad to you.

Like he said...

Kill your Aunt-- or whoever this Mary Jane Watson person is.

Girlfriend...

Tssk, man...



So sit.



Why would Osborn want to kill you?

Originally, the entire Oz project, the genetic project that accidentally created you and Norman's alter ego...

...was being created for us. For S.H.I.E.L.D.

We had, for many years, been taking open corporate bids on a "Super Soldier" serum.

Oscorp and a few other companies were competing for our attention.

Osborn made a heckuva presentation, but, as it turned out, he was full of bull. All smoke and mirrors.

His formulas were a mess. He was rushing his processes and getting sloppy.

After two and a half years he had nothing to show for it.

So I, me, I cut the cord between S.H.I.E.L.D. and Oscorp.

He was, and is, pretty ticked off at me-- oh well.

See, now he had a whole lot to answer for. His company was built on a genetic house of cards and it was about to tip.

So to cover his heinie--he publicly declared that he had "accidentally" discovered some new "thing," some new "it" that was going to make the world stand up and cheer.

And the truth is that he might have been onto something with Oz, but he had nothing yet.

His announcement was about seven years premature. He was scrambling.

And you and your spider accident only tickled his backside more--

So close, yet so far.

He was arrogant. He panicked. Got cocky. And turned himself into a monster.

Flash forward to now-- he is angry at everyone but himself for what he has done to his home, his company, his mind.

Obviously he has riddled his once brilliant mind with multiple mainline exposures to his untested genetic concoction...

And, as our staff psychologists have projected, he is engaging himself, and you, and us, and me, in a vicious cycle of delusion, revenge and dominance.





So if you know this-- **arrest** him.

Shoot him.

What do you want from **me**?

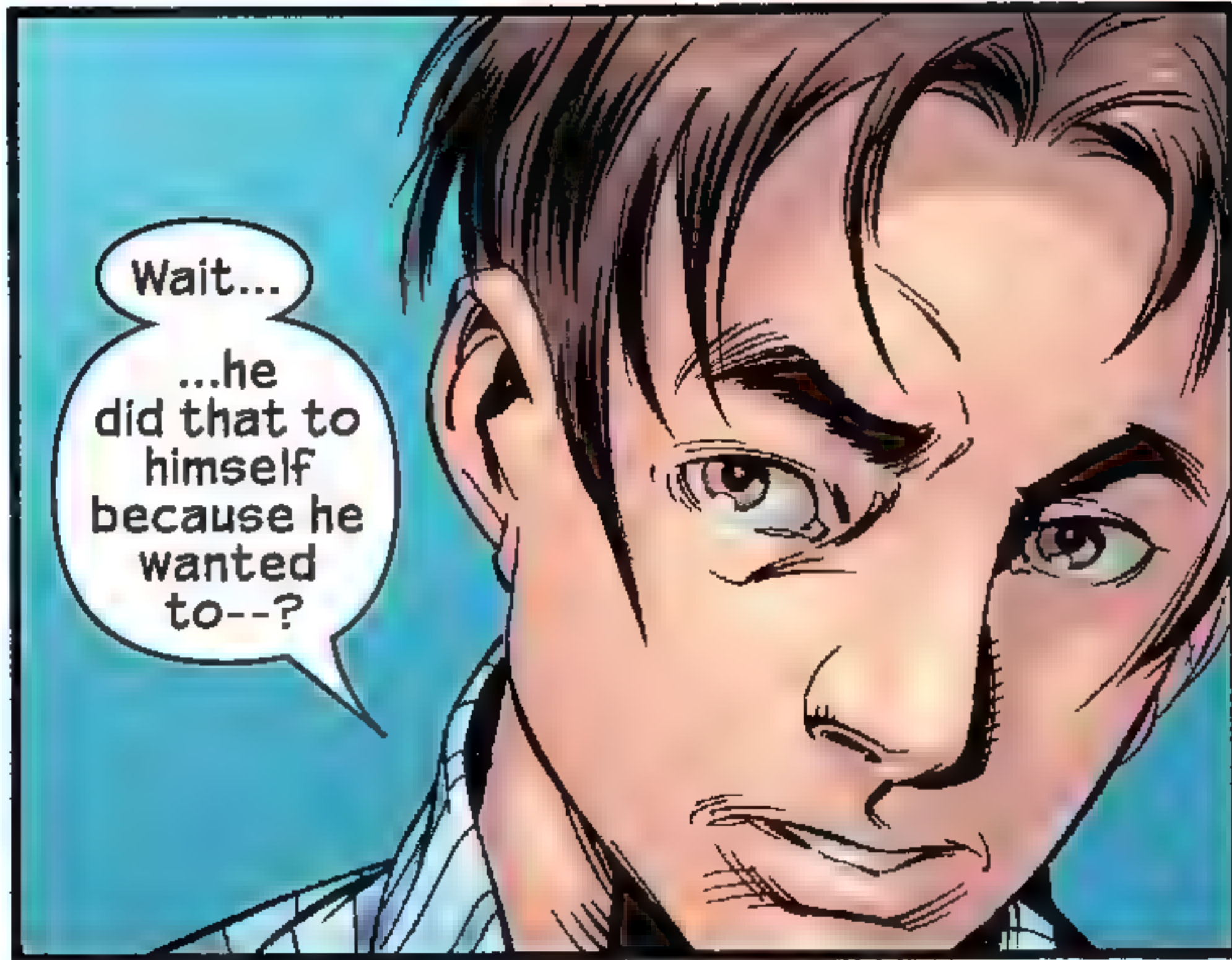


You're young and I know you'll have a hard time understanding the bigger picture here--

--but legally, Osborn is off-limits to us.

Yes, we know all about Norman Osborn, we know all about his Oz project, and we know what he has done to himself in an attempt to recreate the accident that created you...

But...



Wait...

...he did that to himself because he wanted to--?



Yes.



I didn't know that.



The American government isn't allowed to spy on Americans on American soil.

It's against the **law**.

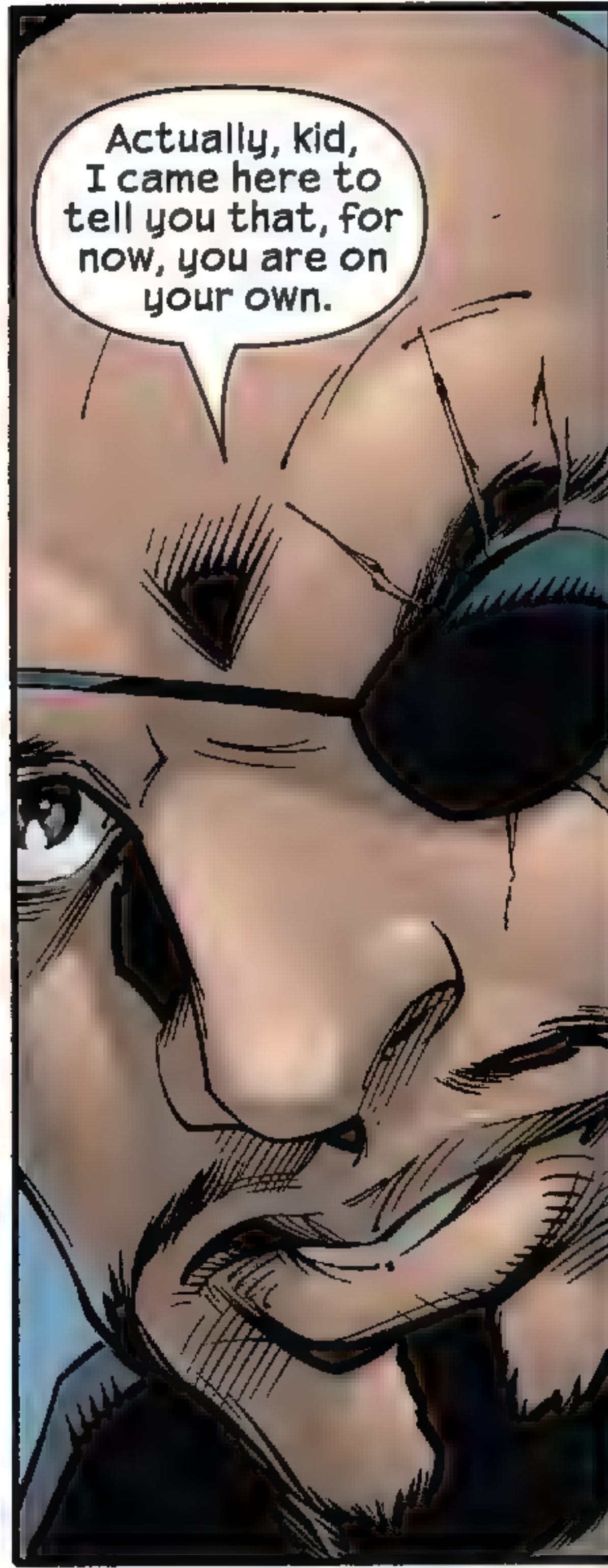
I am not here.

Agent Bradley isn't here.

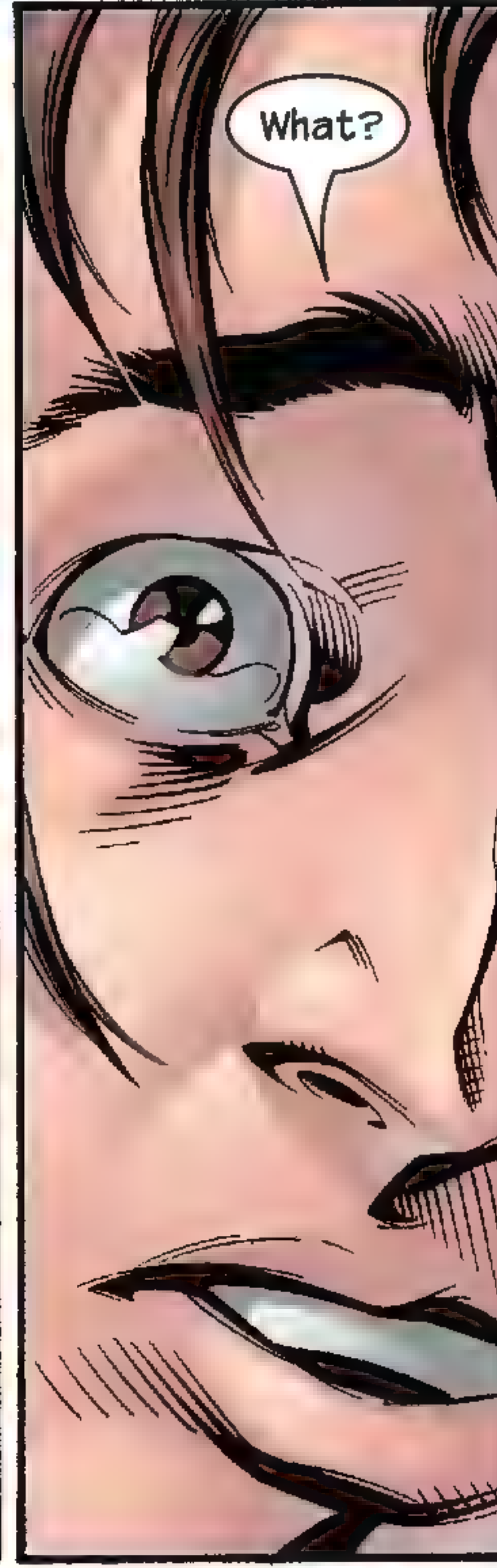


It is, in fact, illegal for us to have heard his threat to you last night.

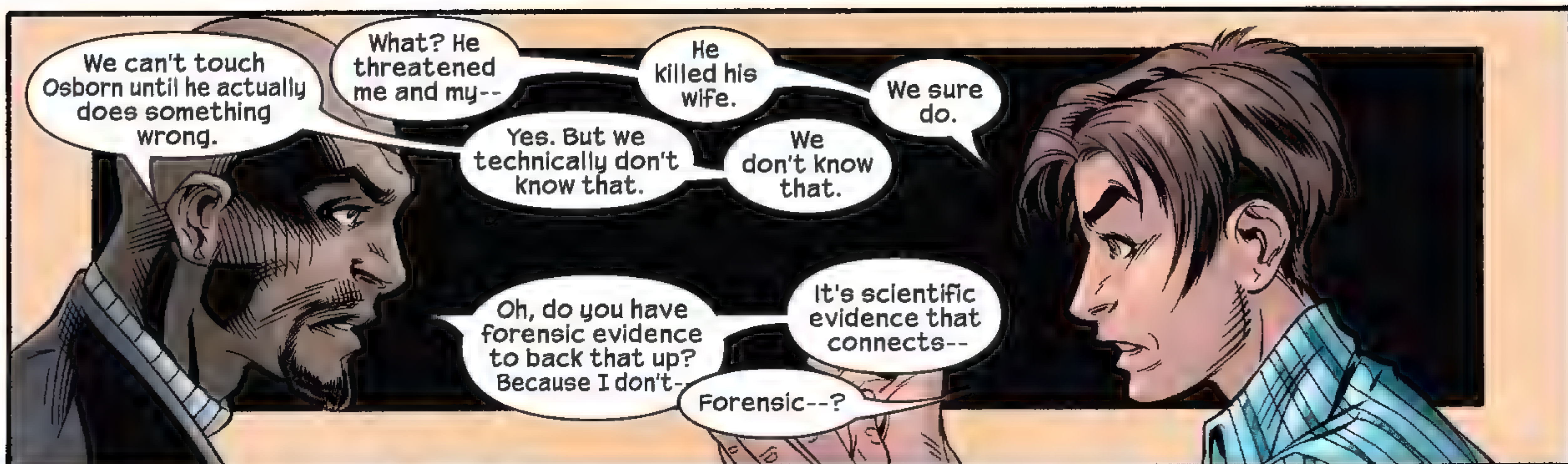
So what are you going to do to **stop** him?!



Actually, kid, I came here to tell you that, for now, you are on your own.



What?



We can't touch Osborn until he actually does something wrong.

What? He threatened me and my--

He killed his wife.

We sure do.

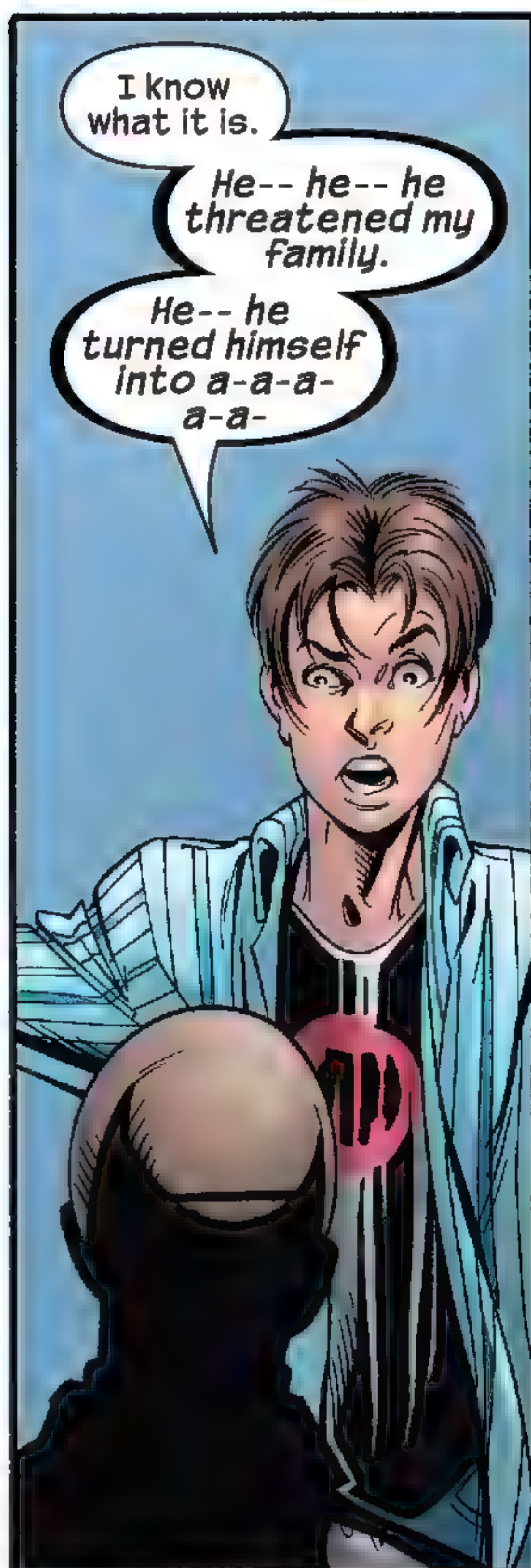
Yes. But we technically don't know that.

We don't know that.

Oh, do you have forensic evidence to back that up? Because I don't--

It's scientific evidence that connects--

Forensic--?



I know what it is.

He-- he-- he threatened my family.

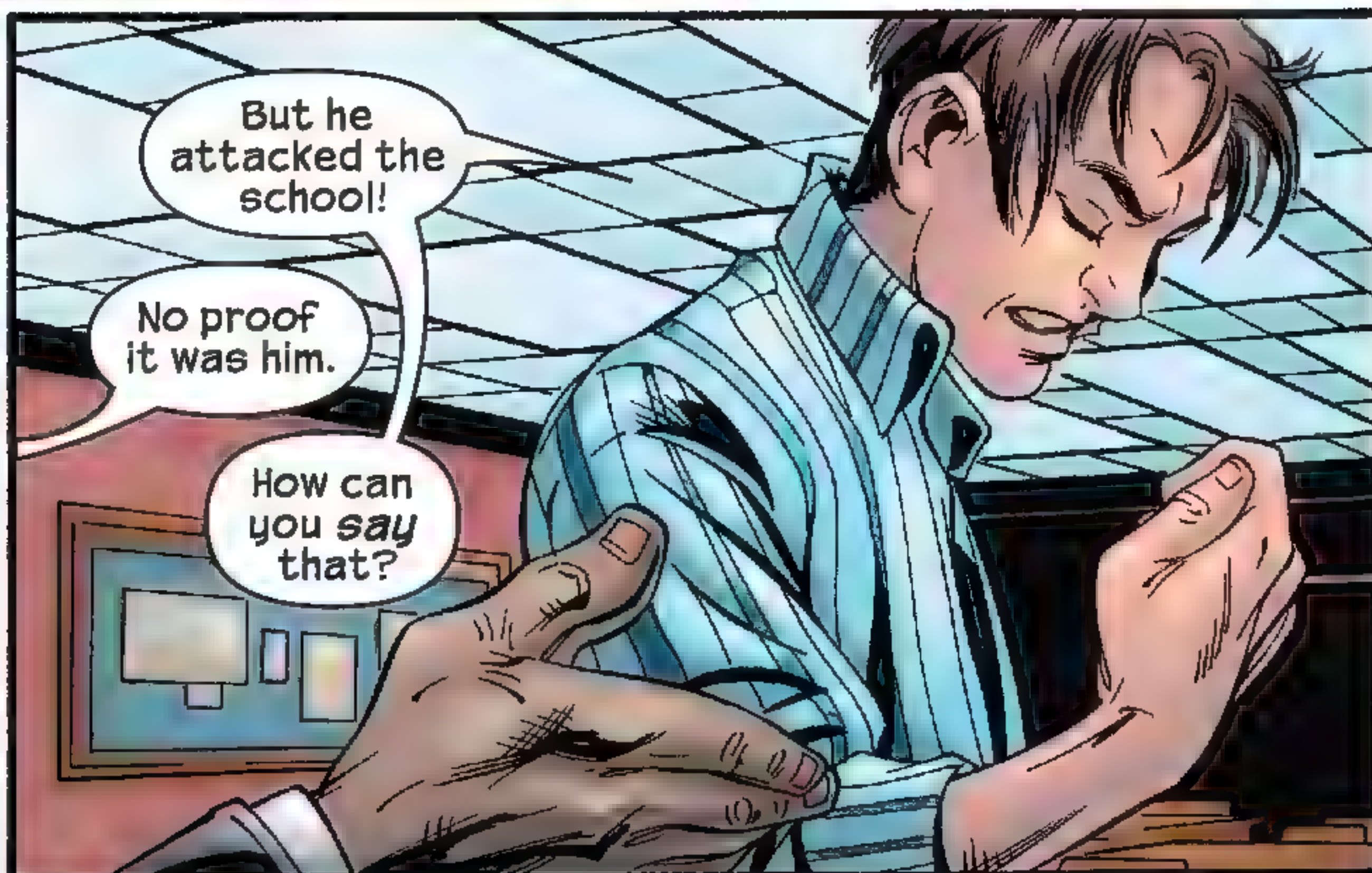
He-- he turned himself into a-a-a-a-



We don't *know* that he threatened your family because we aren't supposed to be eavesdropping on him.

And, get this, the act of turning yourself into a goblin monster isn't illegal unless doing so infringes upon the rights of another.

(But we're working on that.)



But he attacked the school!

No proof it was him.

How can you *say* that?



Our psyche evaluation and Intel says he will come to you and he will order you to kill me--

--I would appreciate it if you say no.



But my Aunt--



You say no. We will be watching and waiting.

He will either engage you in conflict right there... or he will go after one of your loved ones.

The second-- the very second he crosses the line into threatening a civilian... we will be there to back you up.

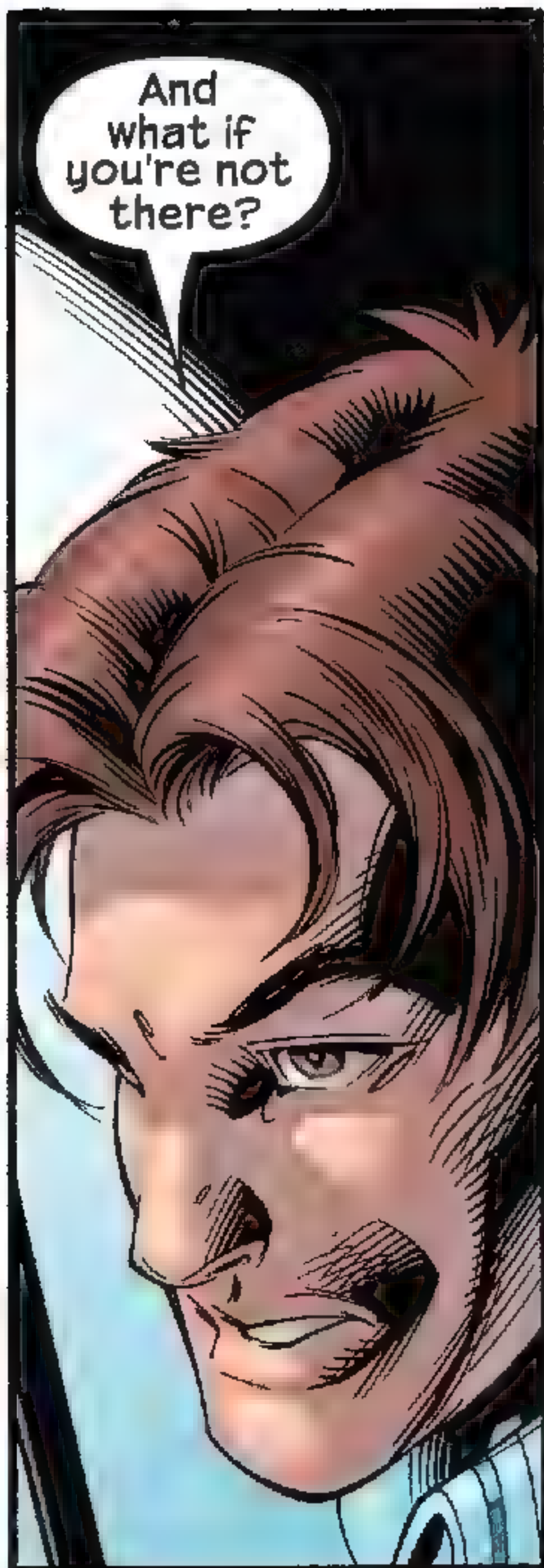


You will be there *after* he has gone after my Aunt.

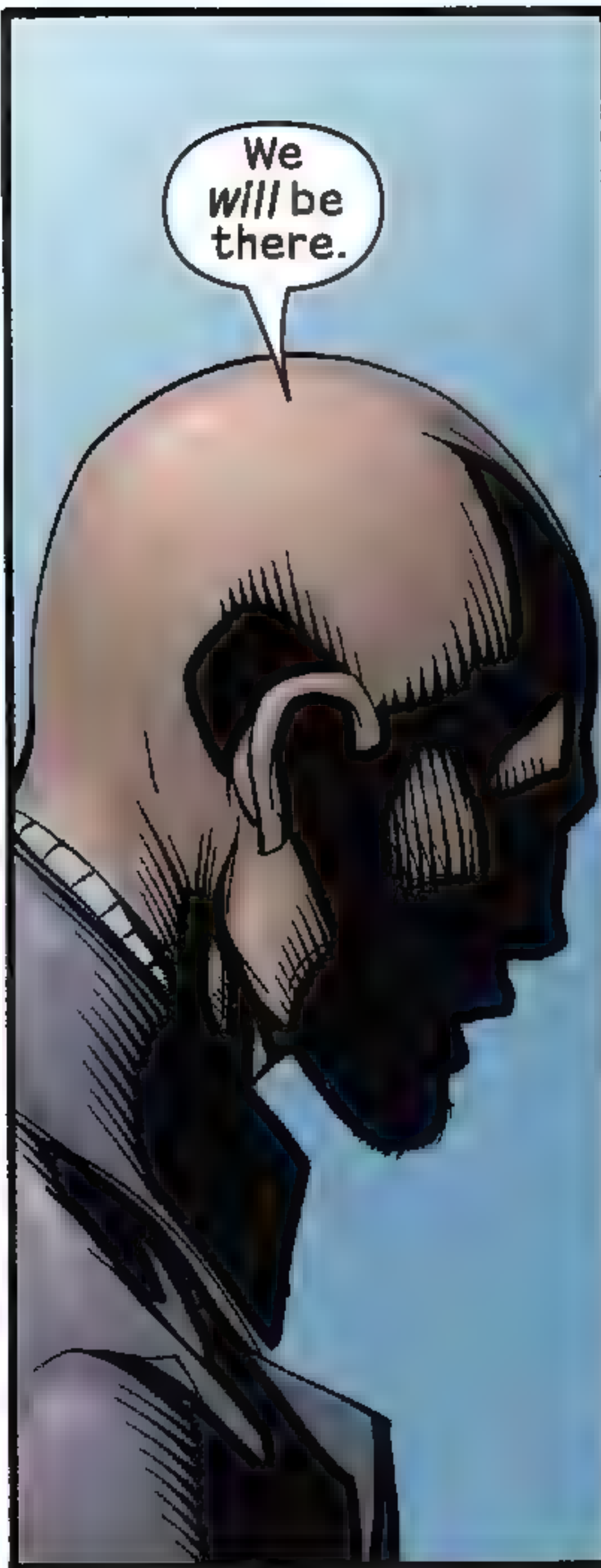
It's the way it has to be.

After!

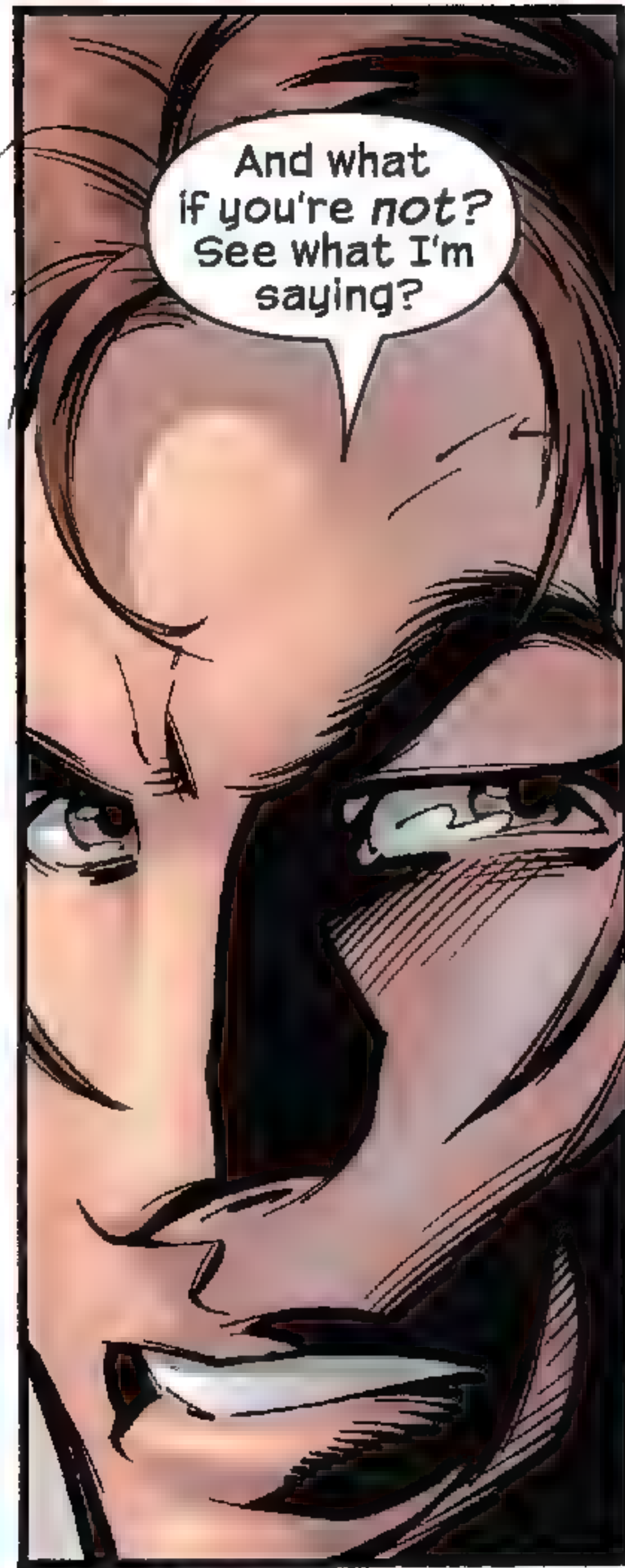
It's the way it has to be.



And what if you're not there?



We *will* be there.



And what if you're *not*? See what I'm saying?



We will be.



You weren't here at the school that time!

You weren't there when he killed his wife!

You weren't there when he--!

The other important thing is that it is probably wise that you not tell your family or friends anything about this.

What?!



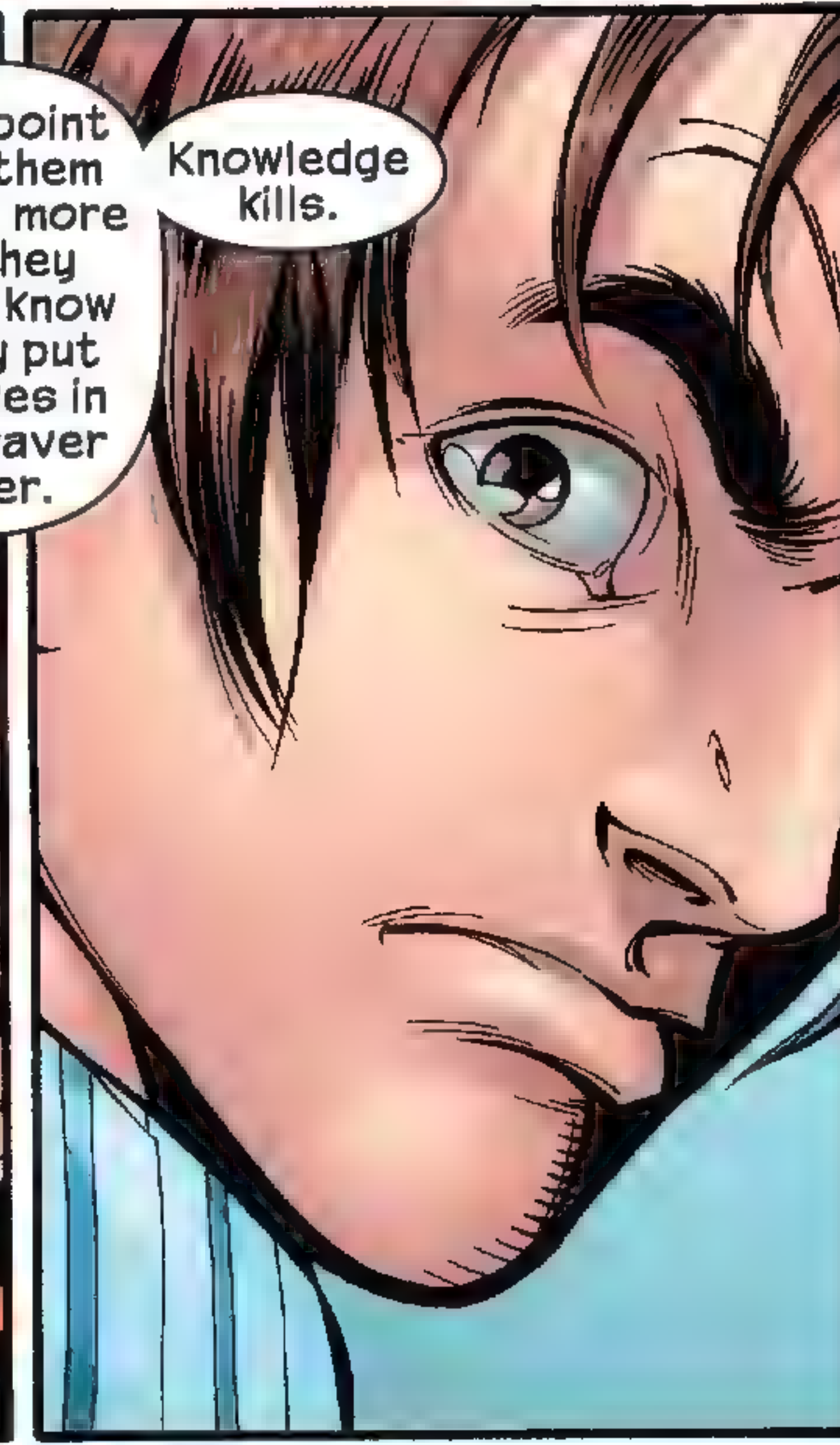
Telling them will only complicate matters.

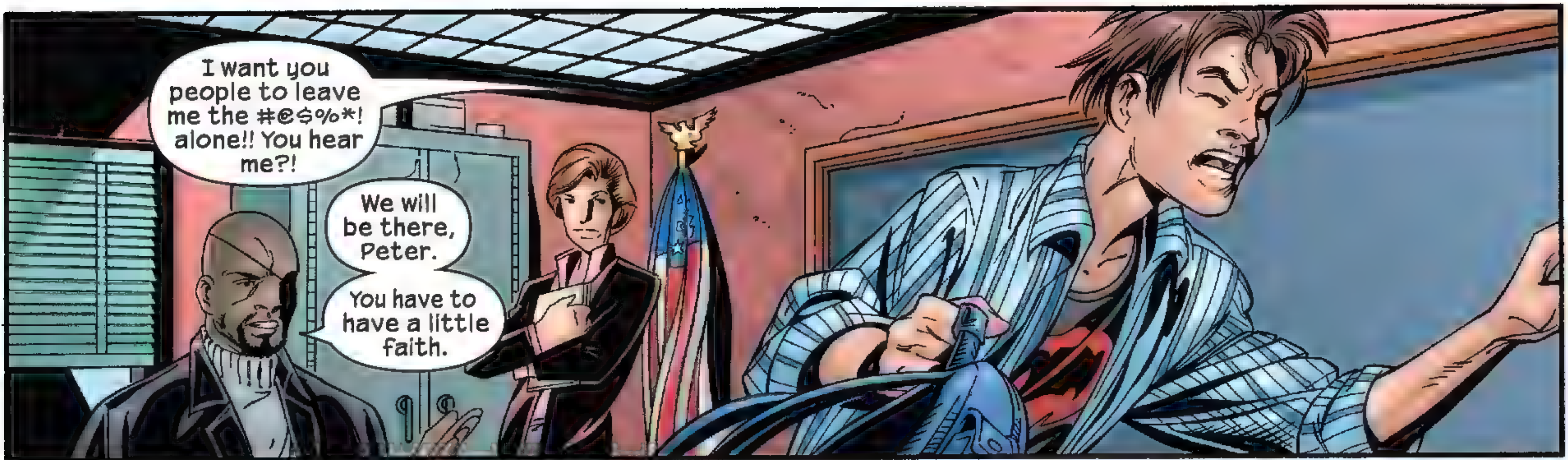
They will what? Run to the police? The media?

What will *that* do? Save them from Osborn's dementia? Will it make it go away? No.

At this point telling them anything more than they already know will only put their lives in even graver danger.

Knowledge kills.





I want you people to leave me the #@%*! alone!! You hear me?!

We will be there, Peter.

You have to have a little faith.

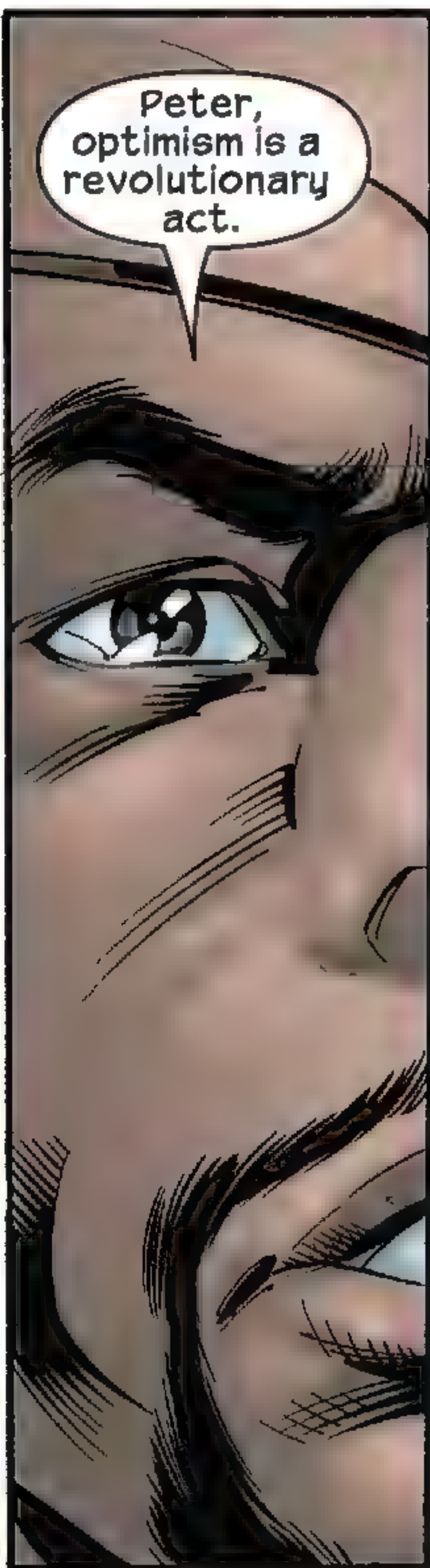


I didn't ask for any of this!!

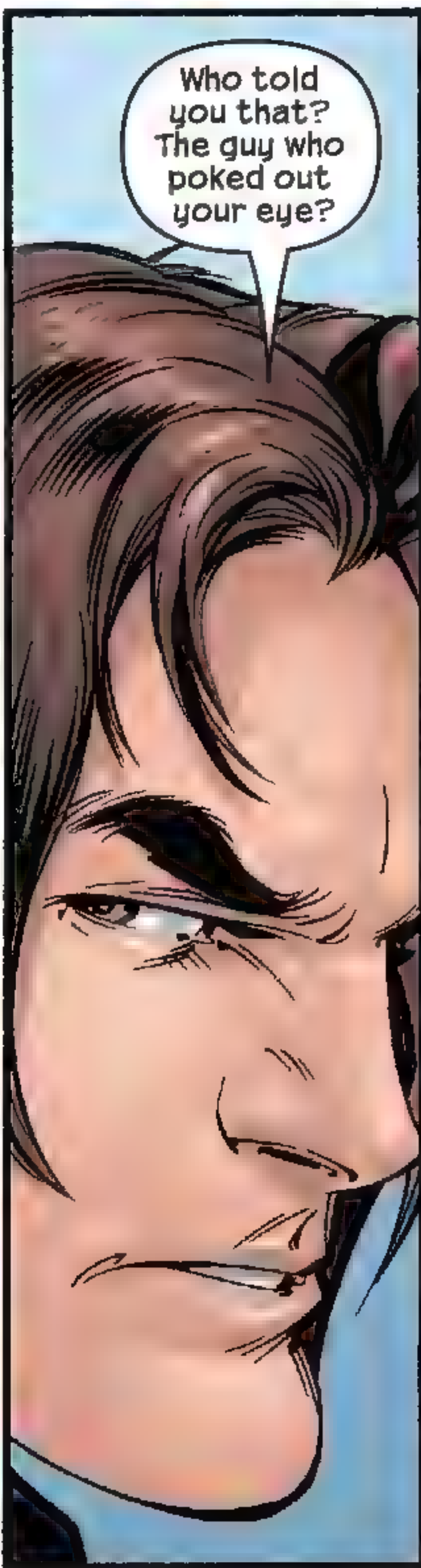
I wish I never even got these powers!!

Nothing-- nothing is worth the amount of absolute #@%*! I have had to deal with.

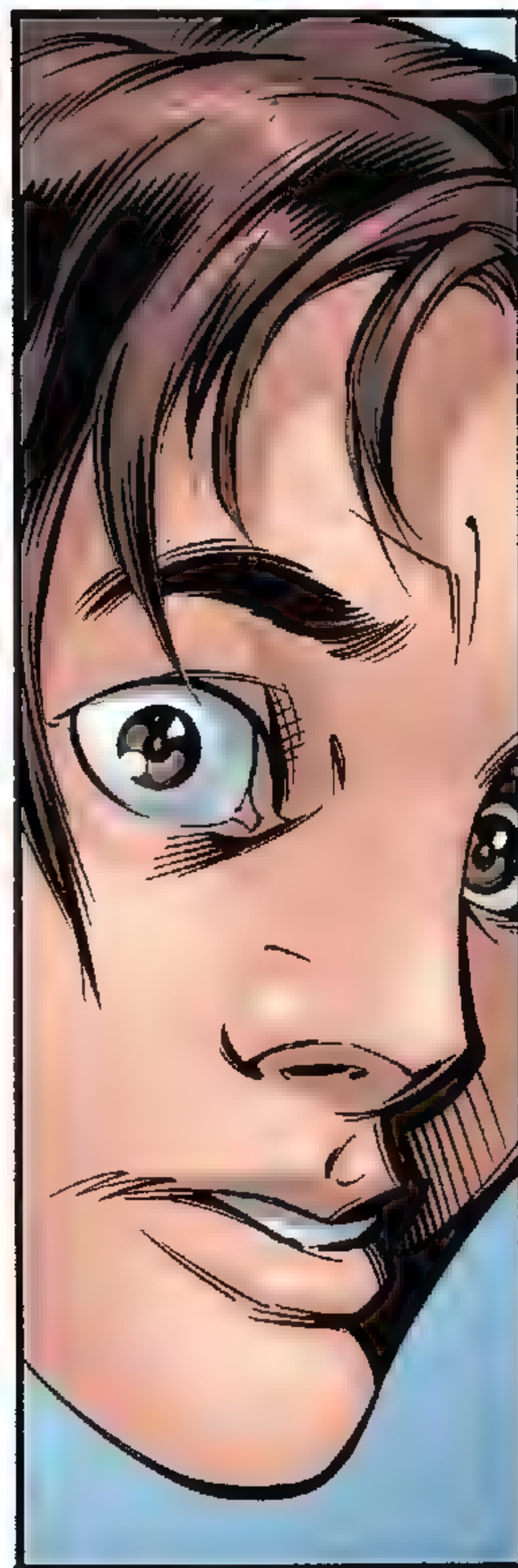
All I want is to, you know, go out with my girlfriend. Go to a nice college--



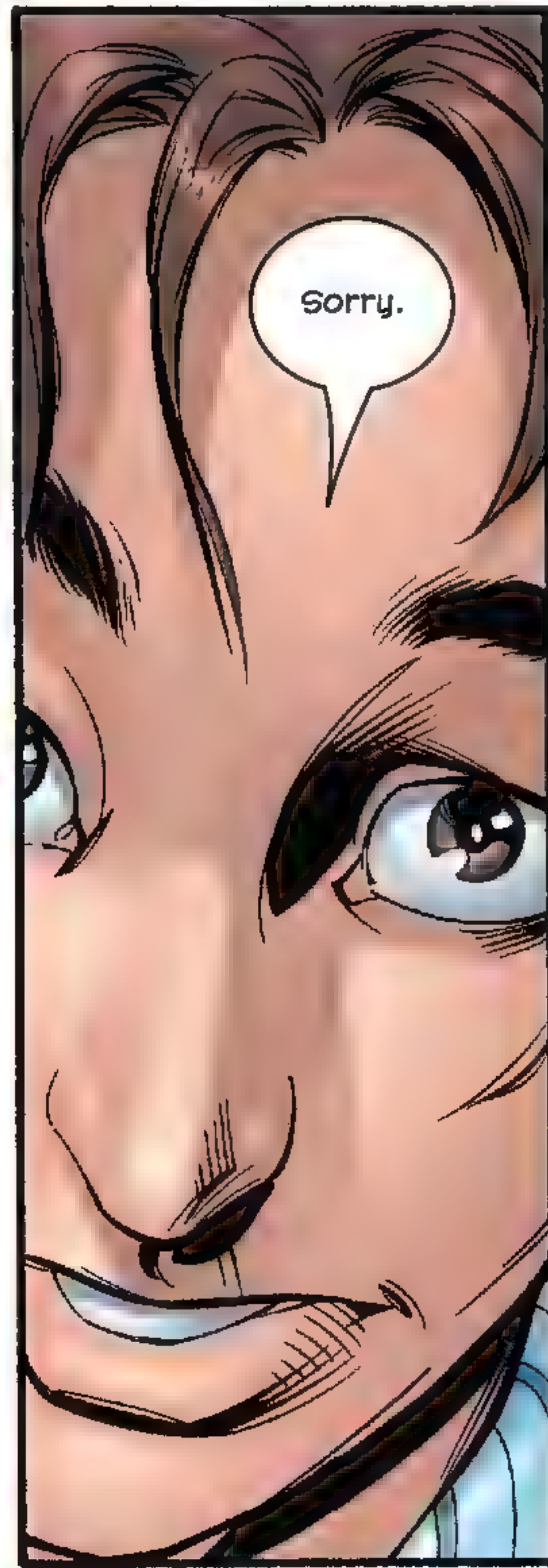
Peter, optimism is a revolutionary act.



Who told you that? The guy who poked out your eye?



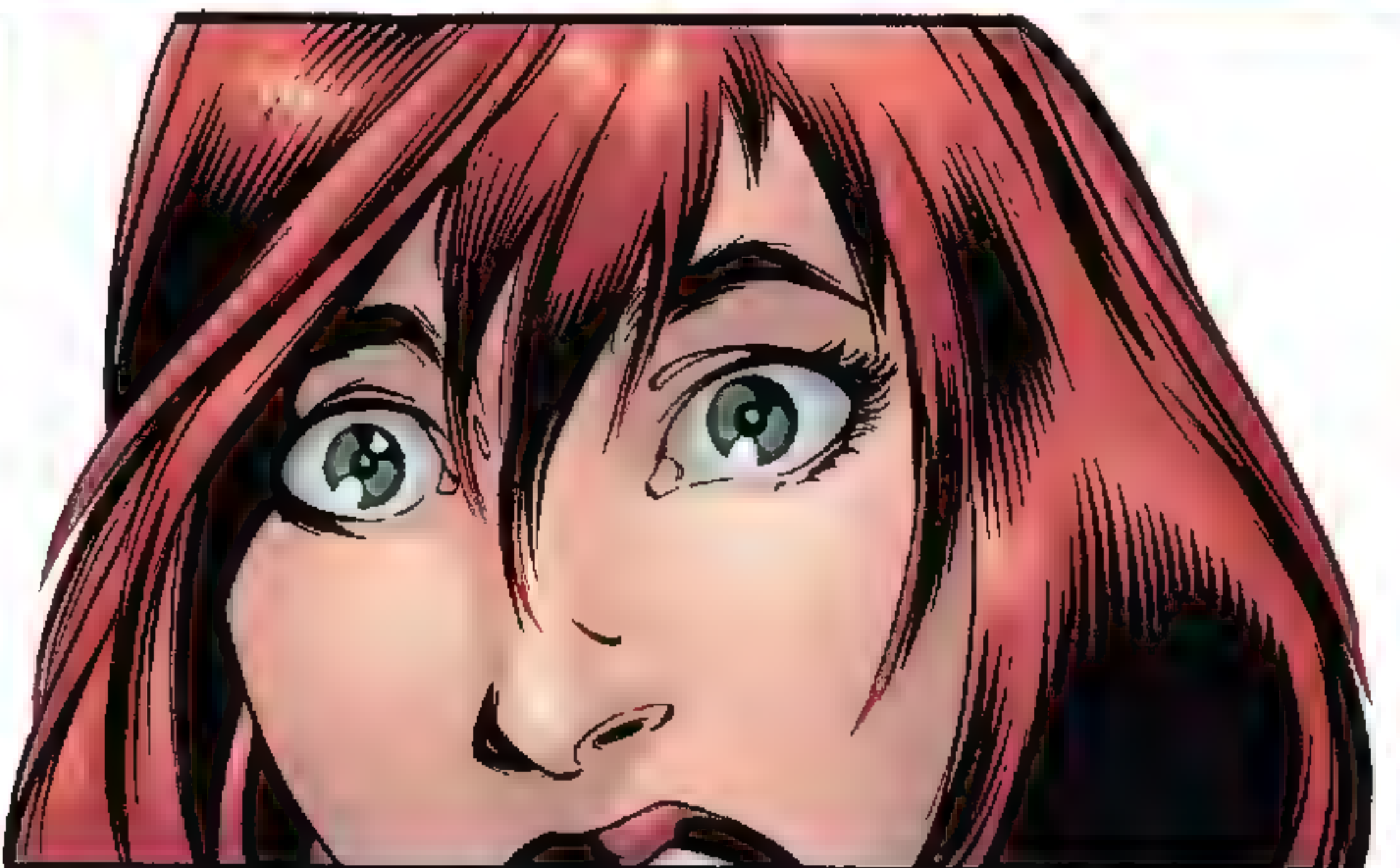
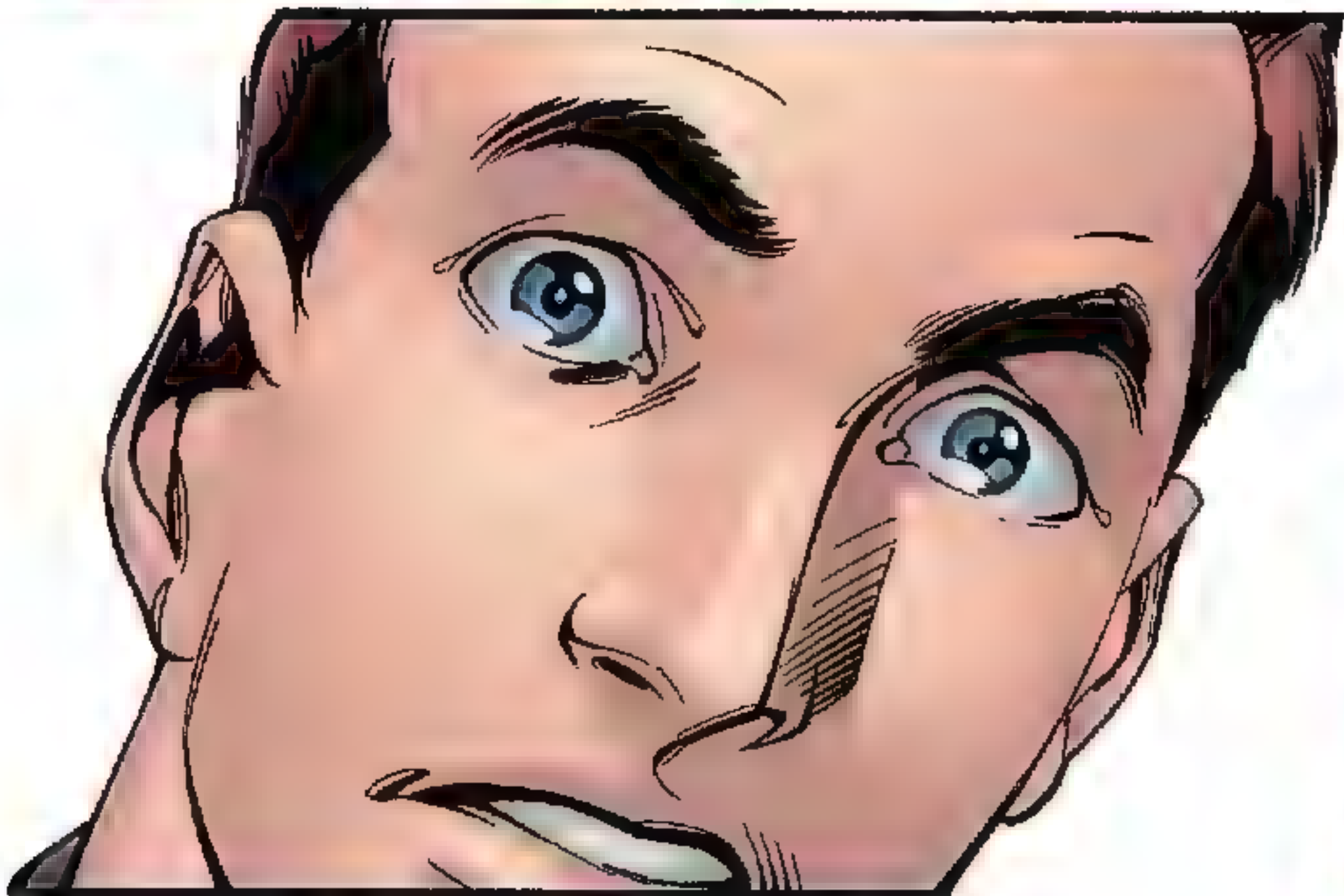
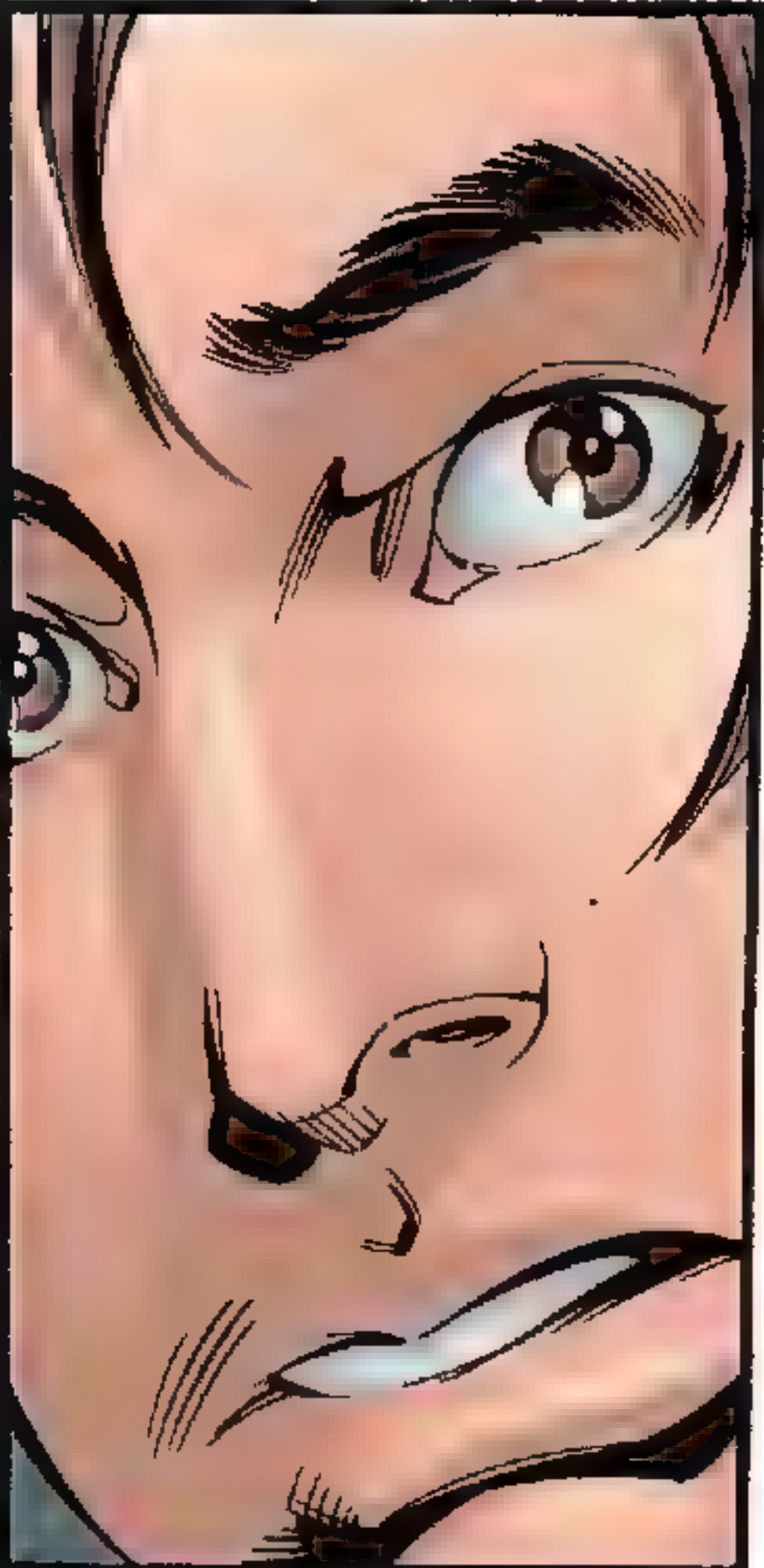
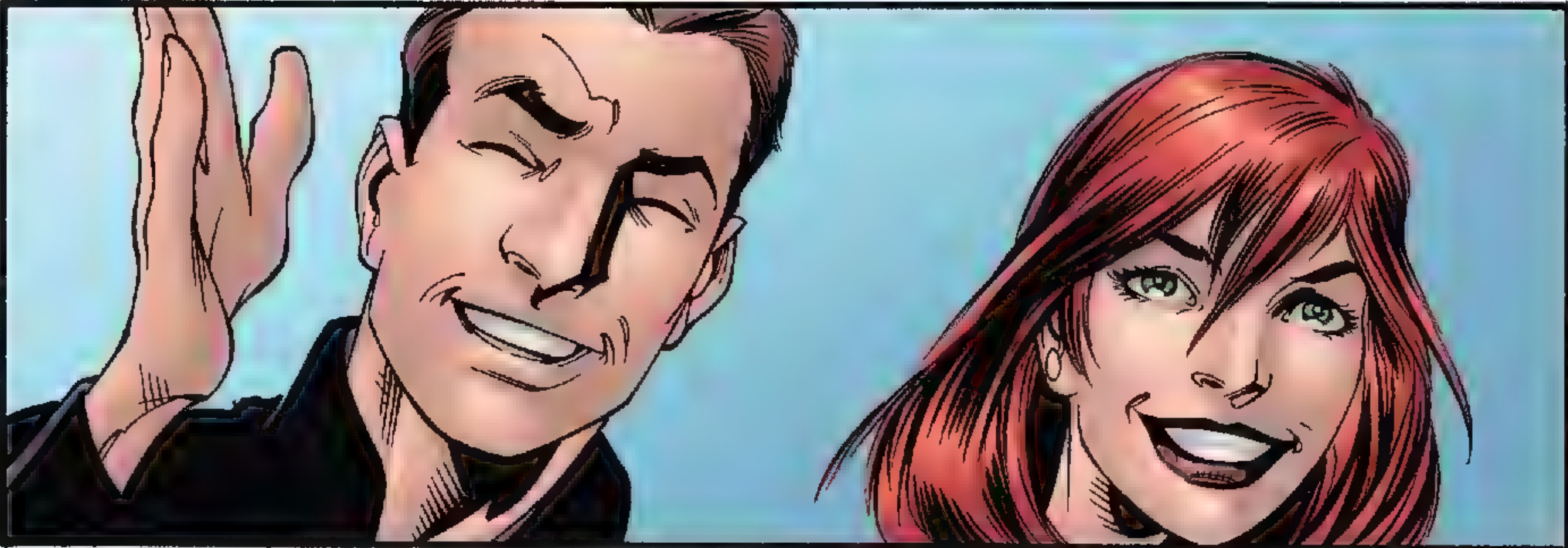
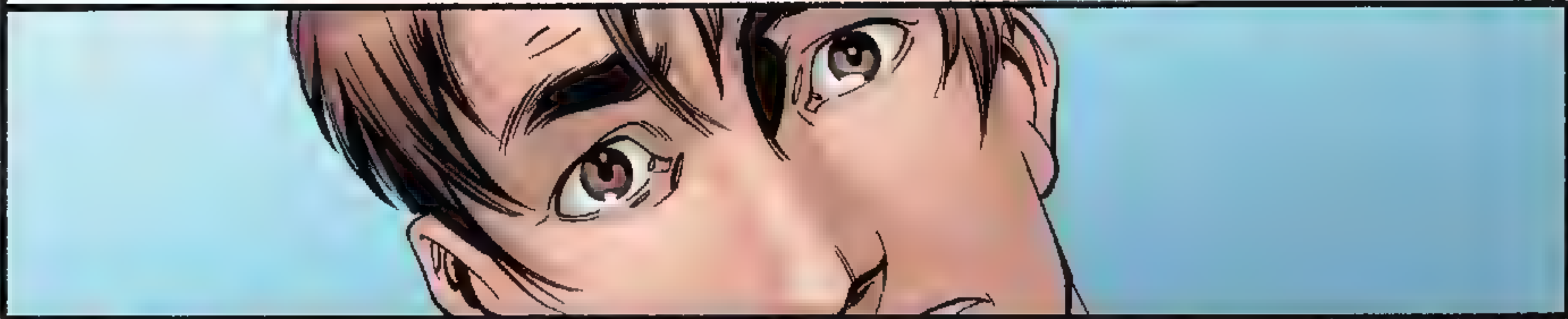
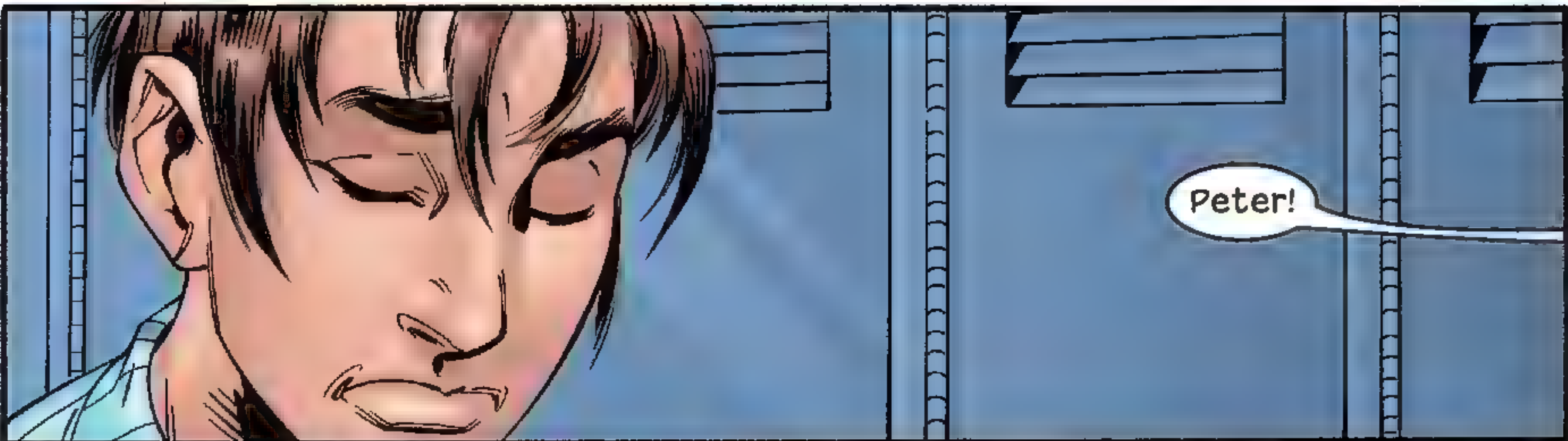
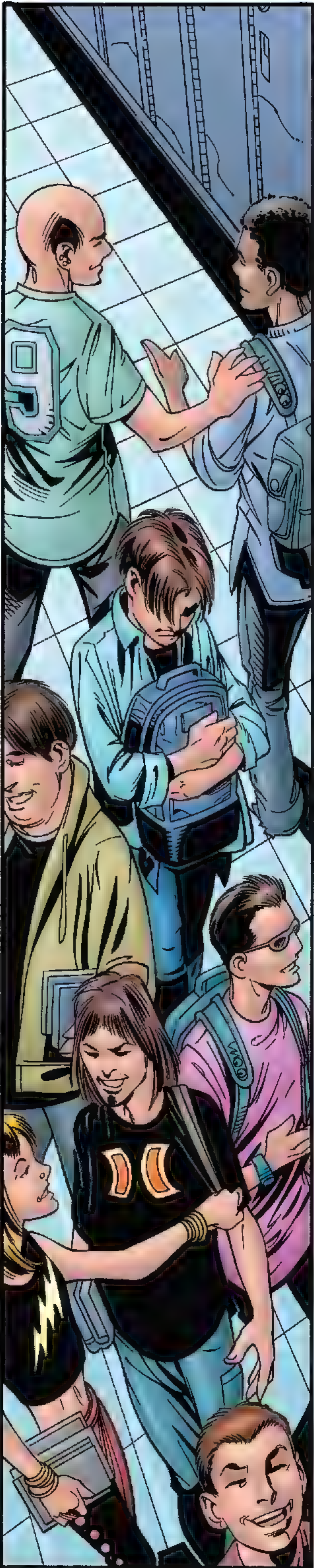
Yes.

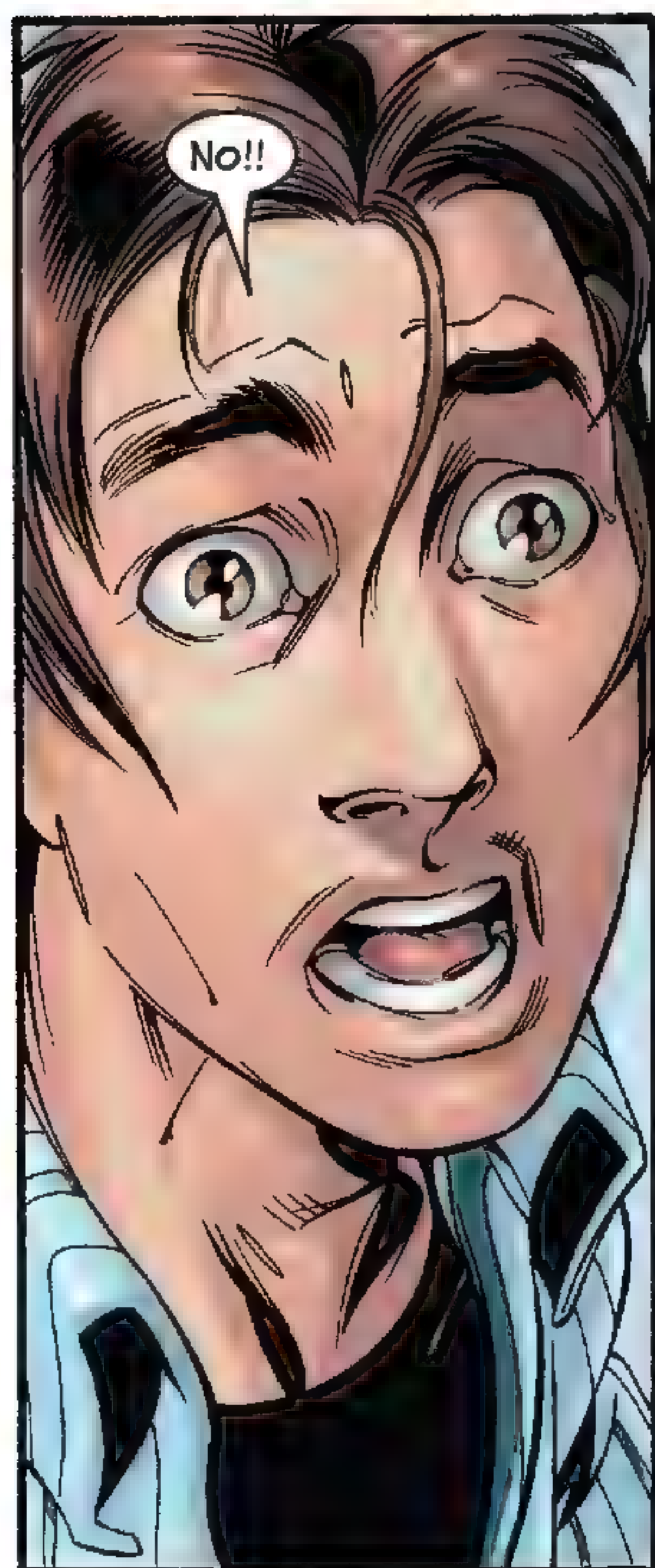
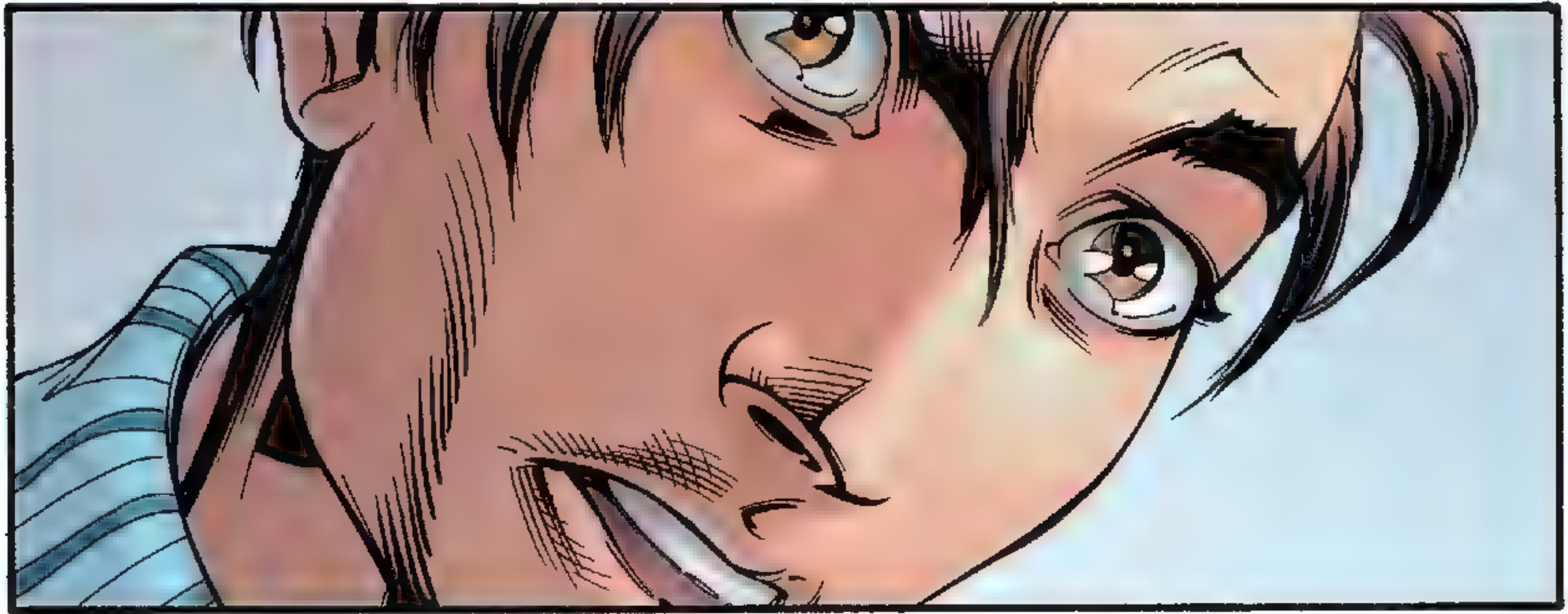
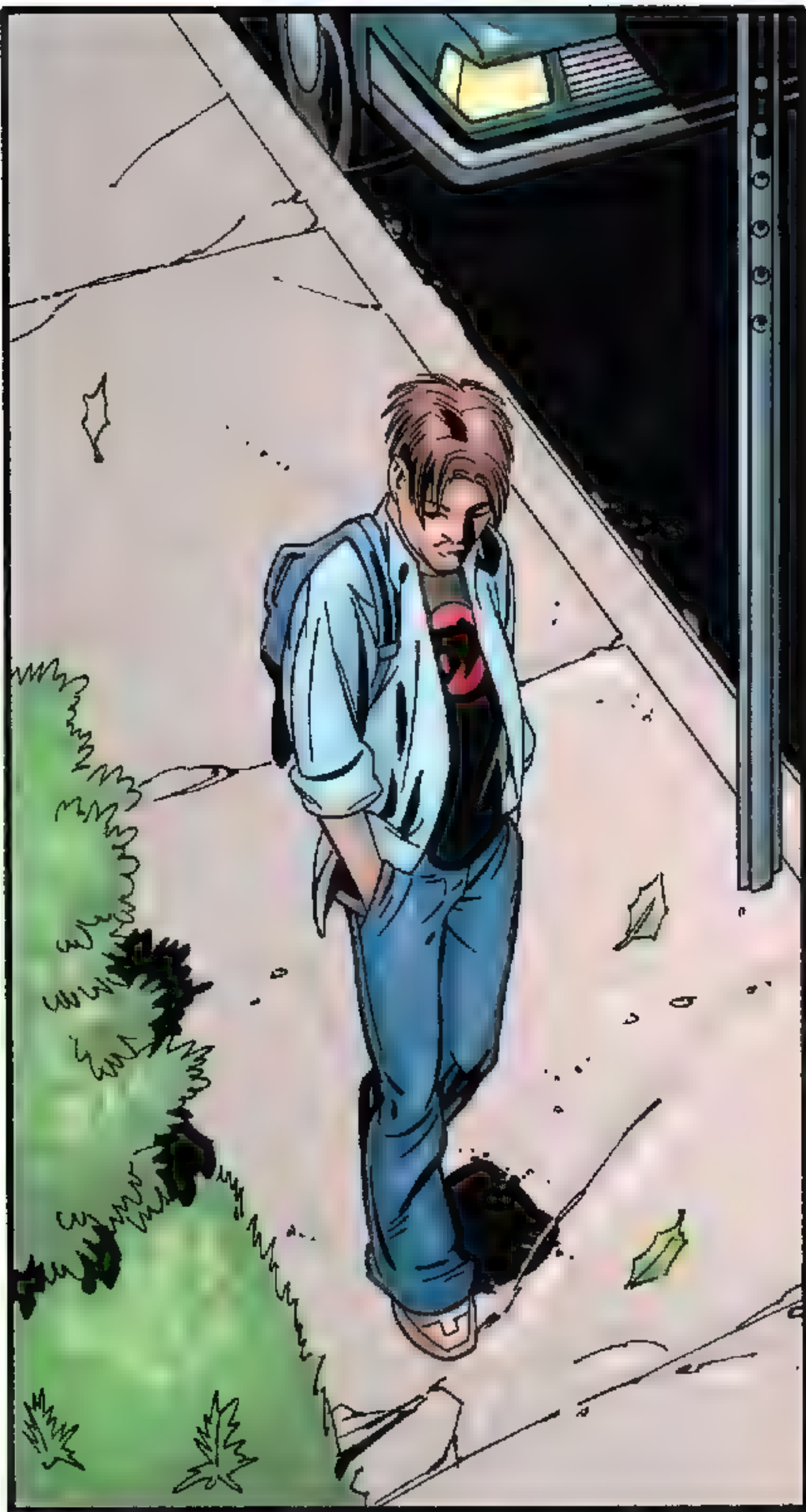


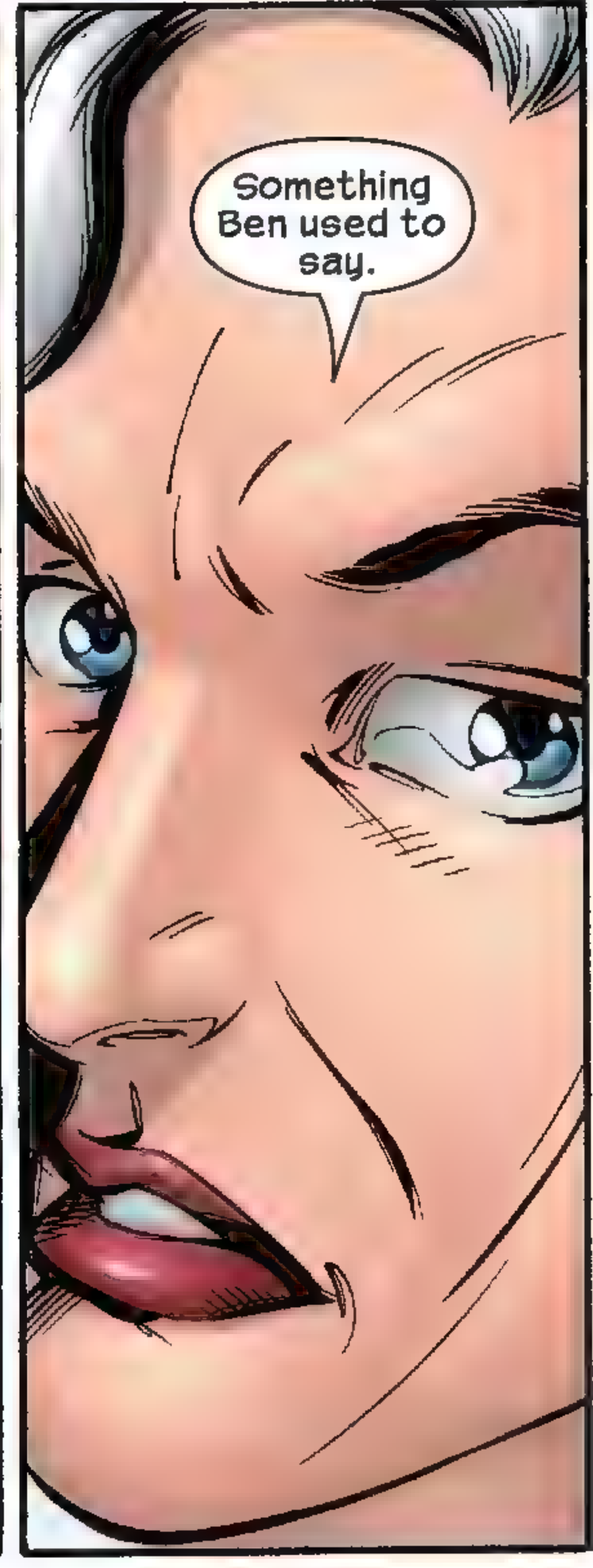
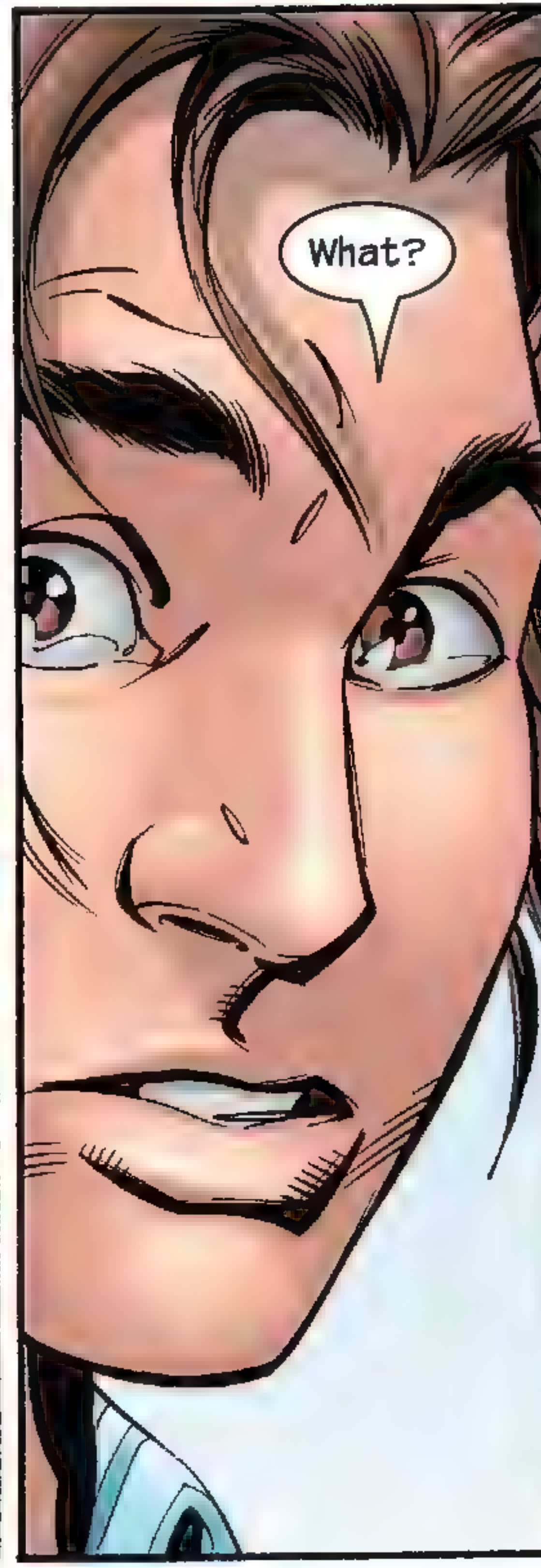
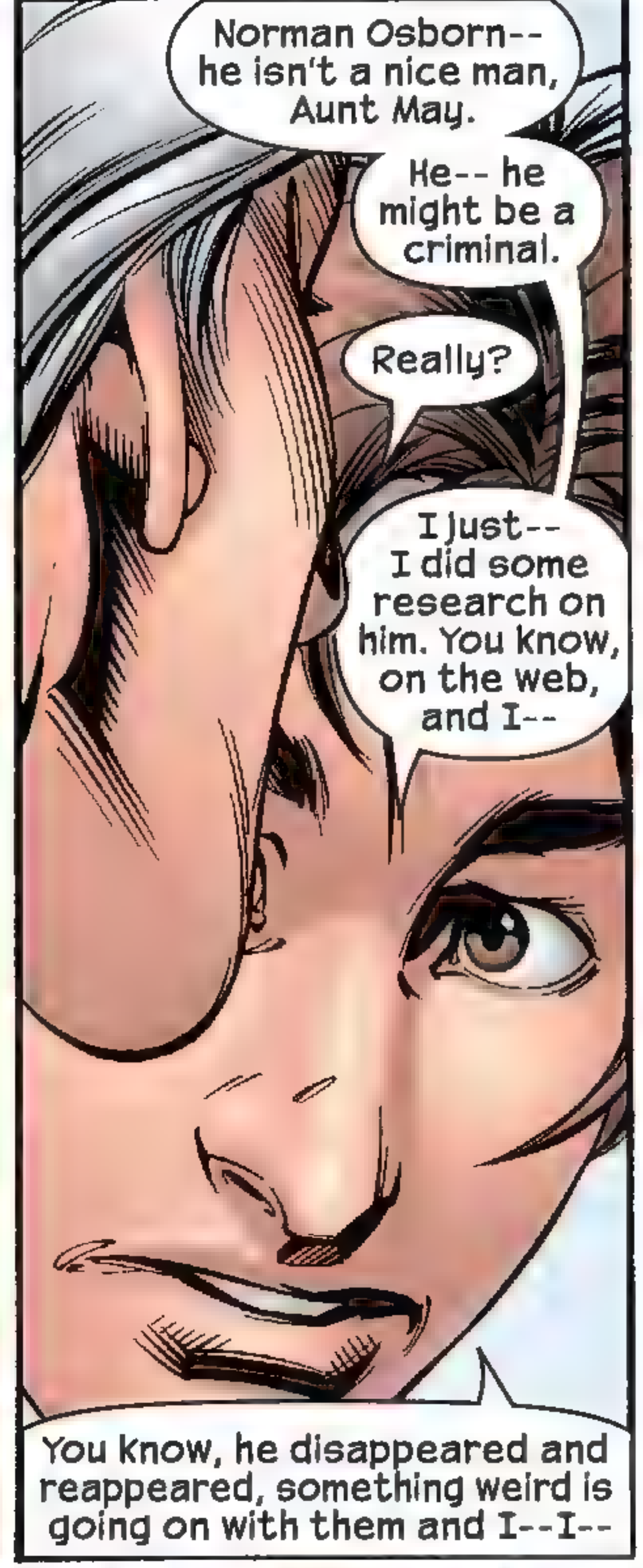
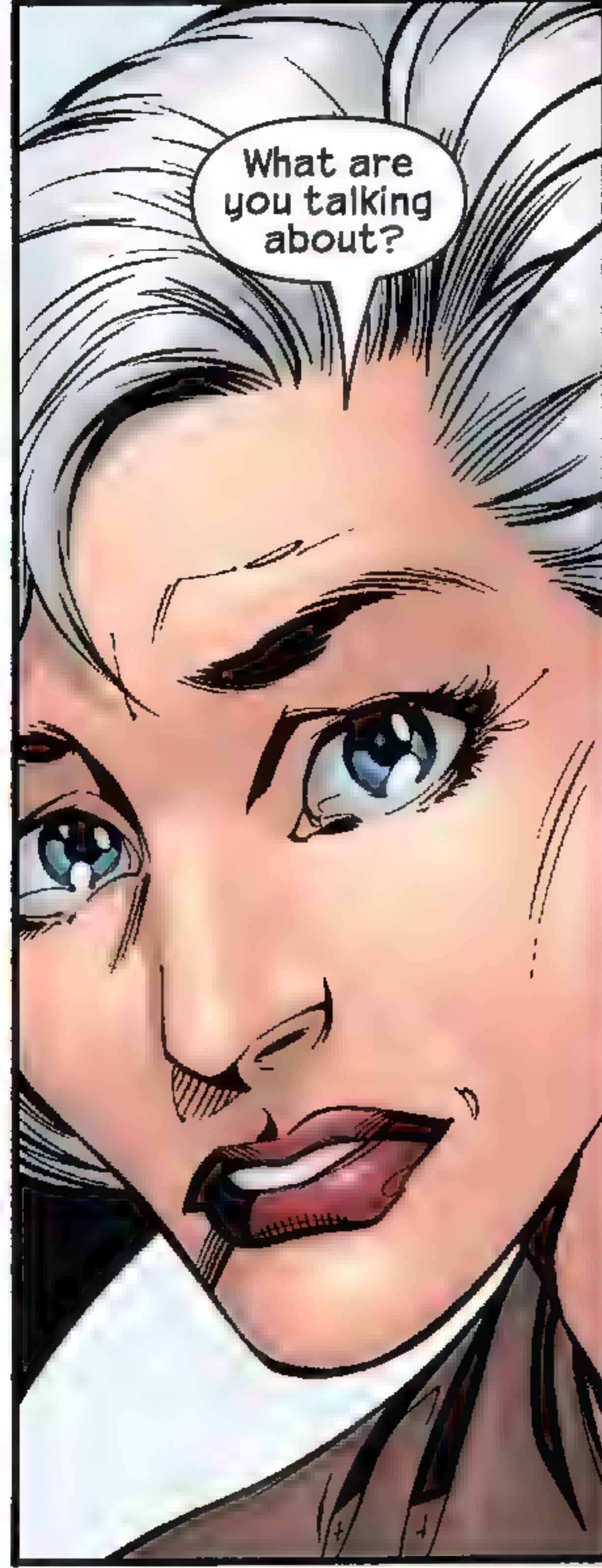
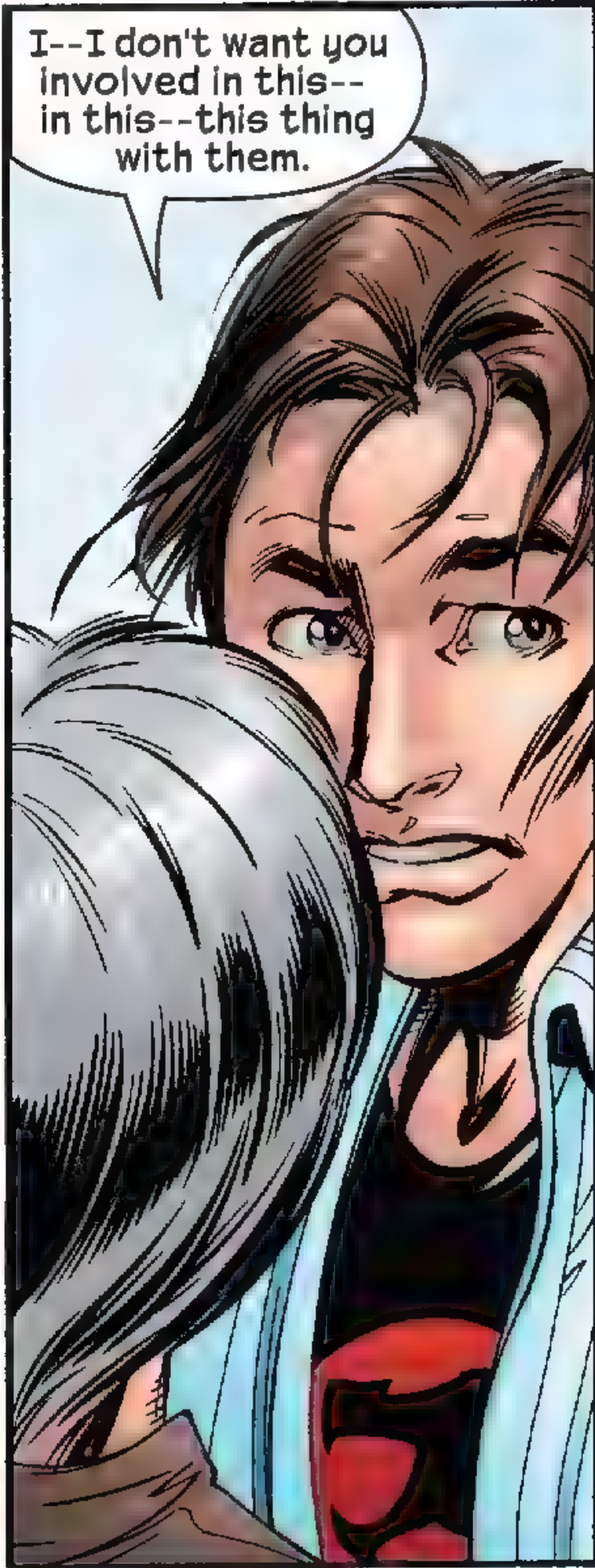
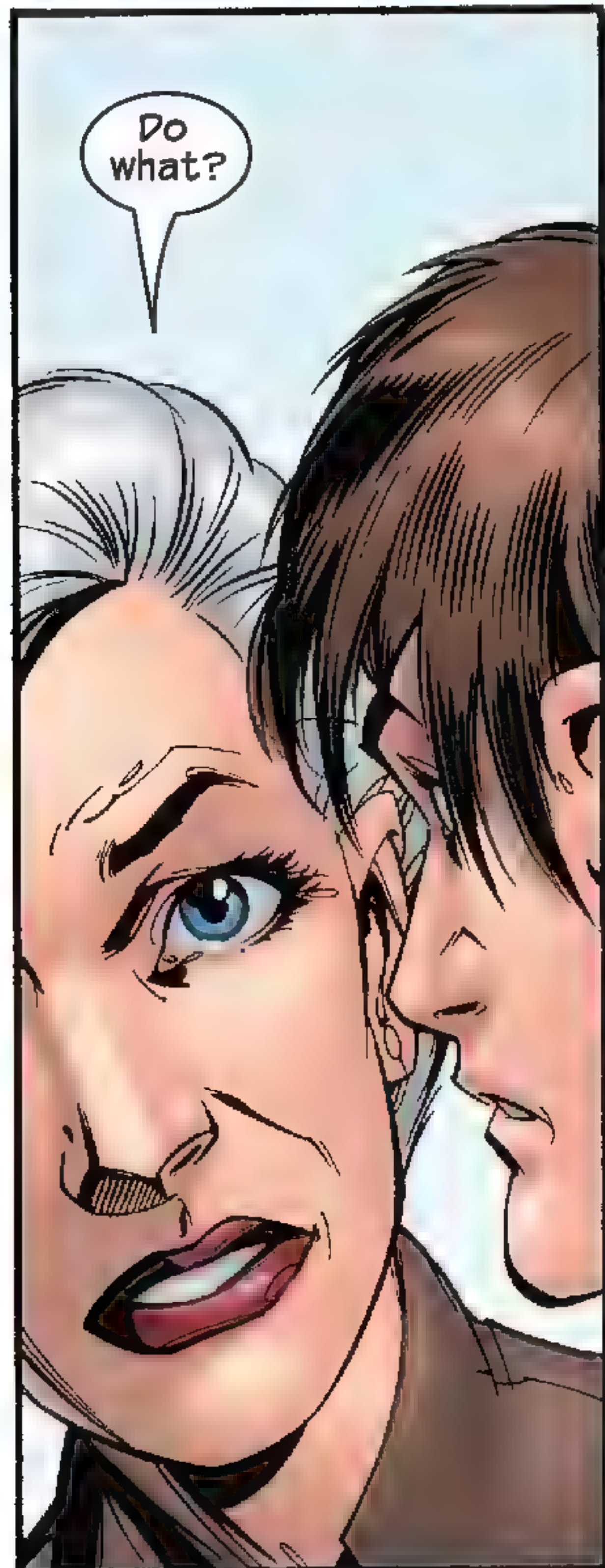
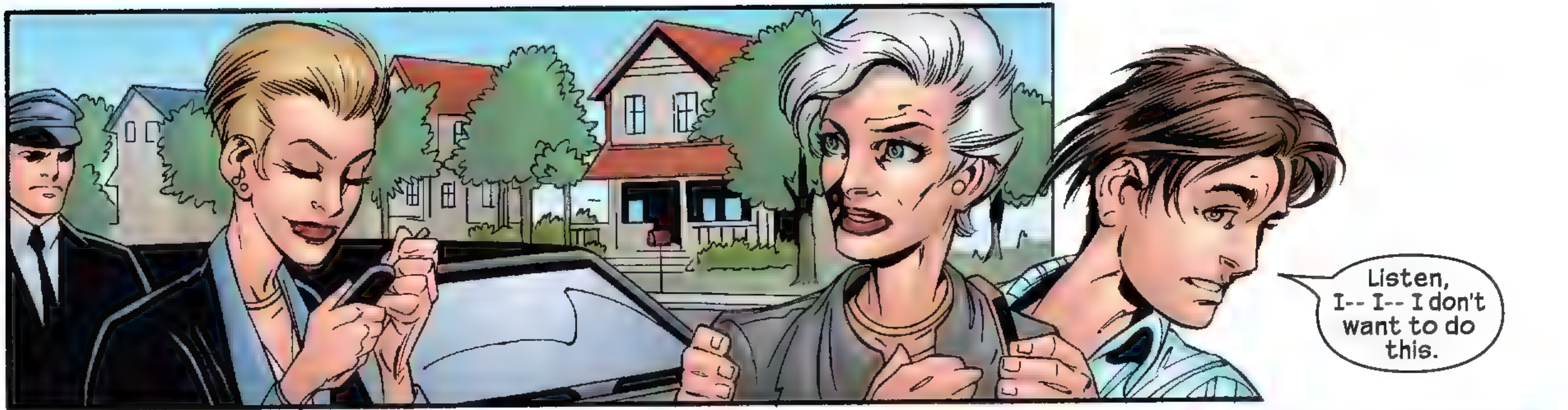
Sorry.

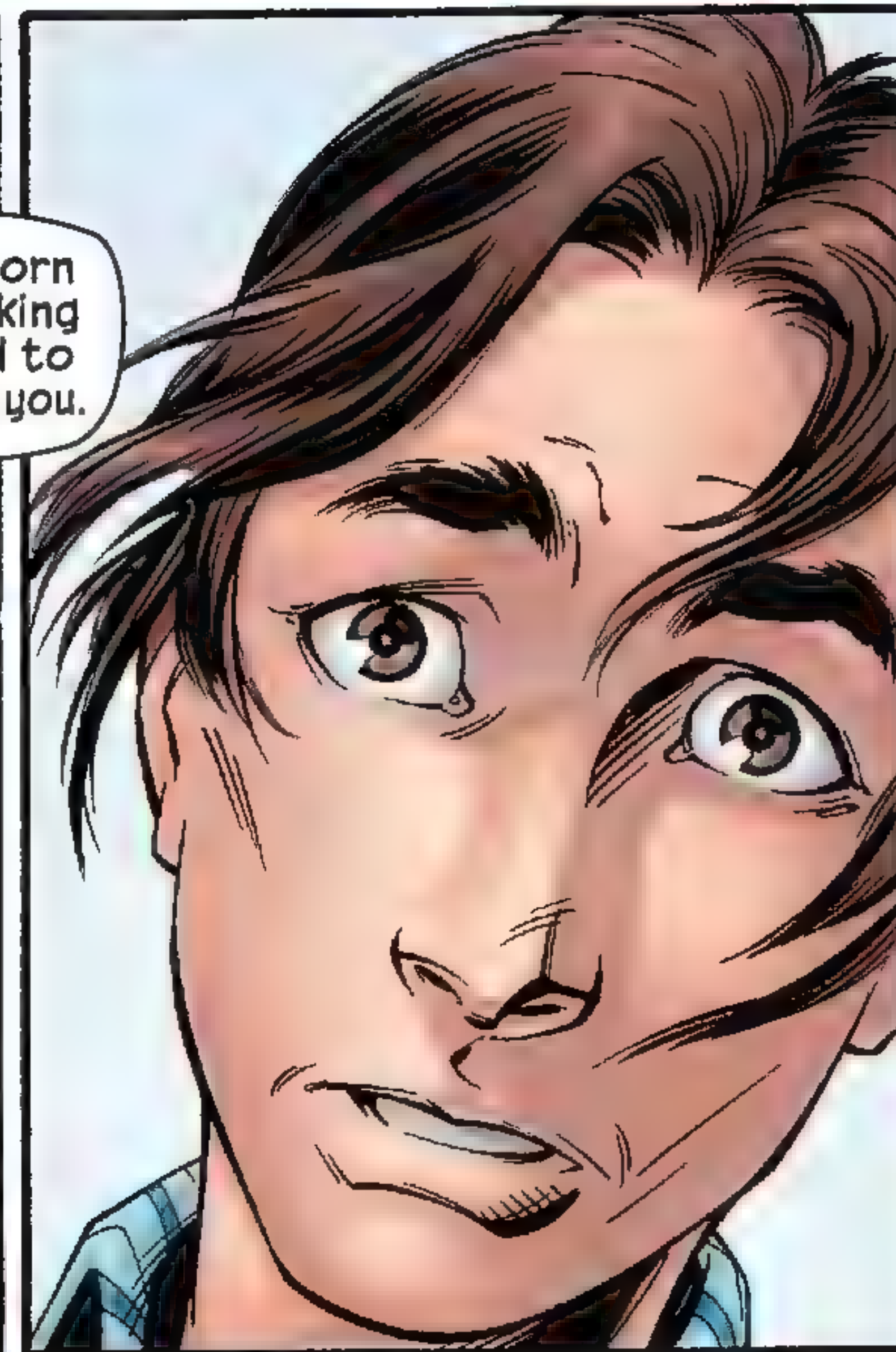
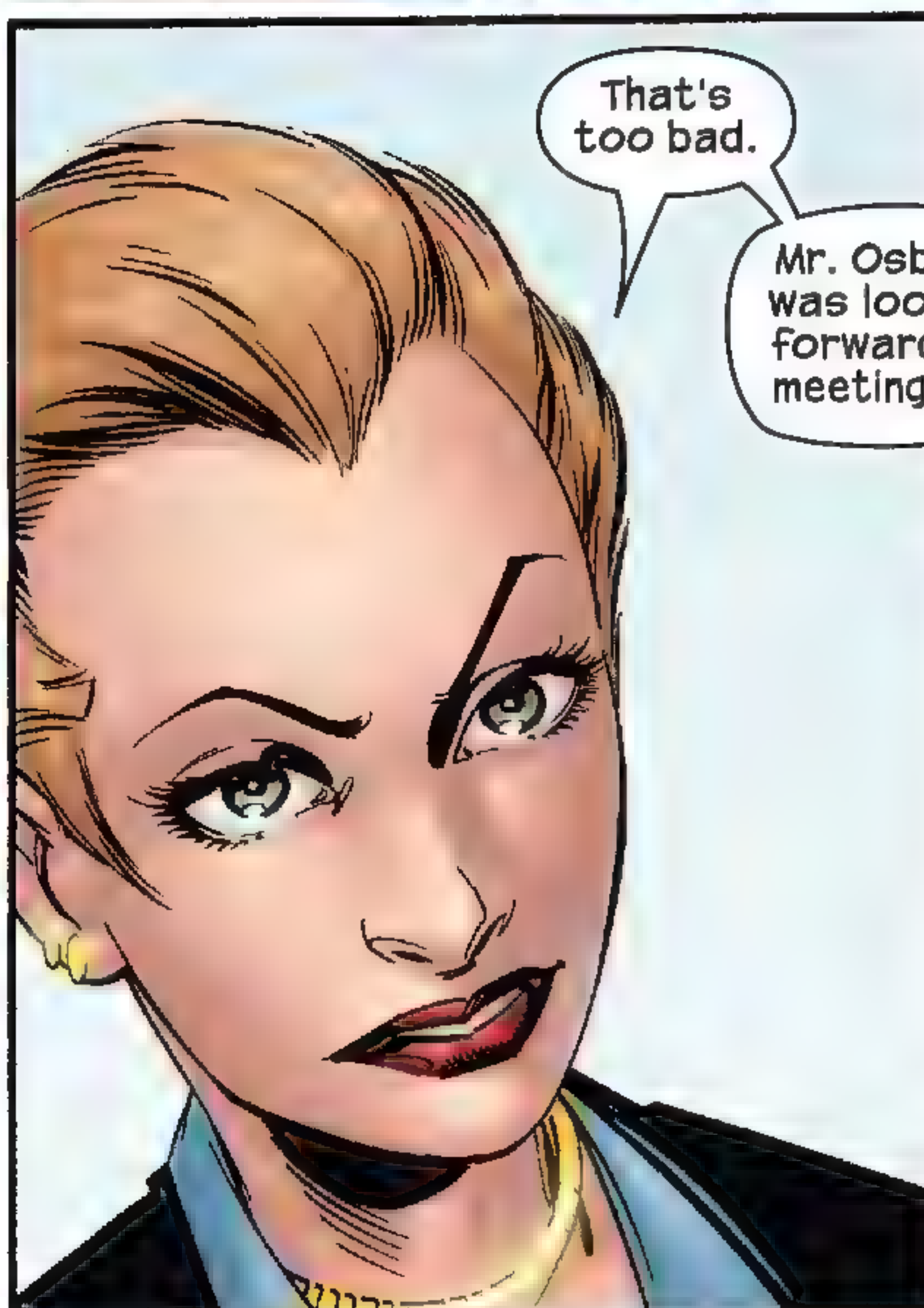
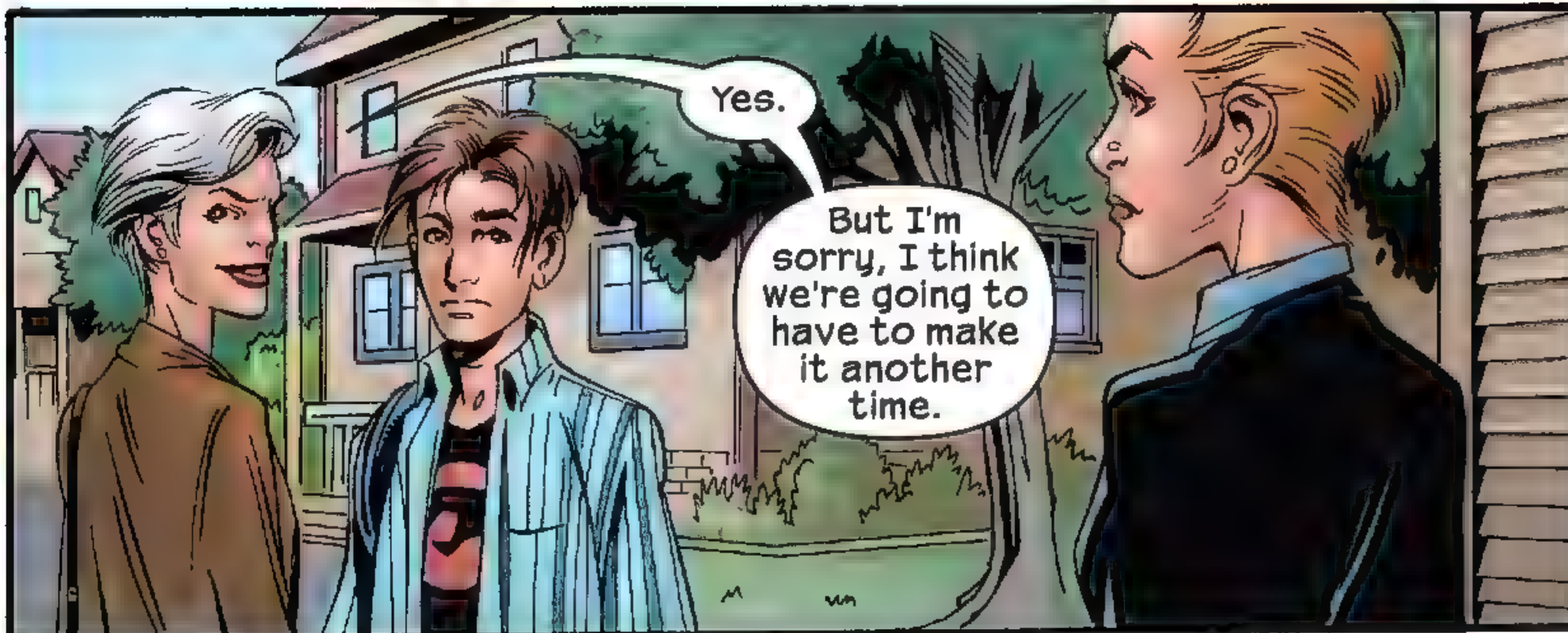


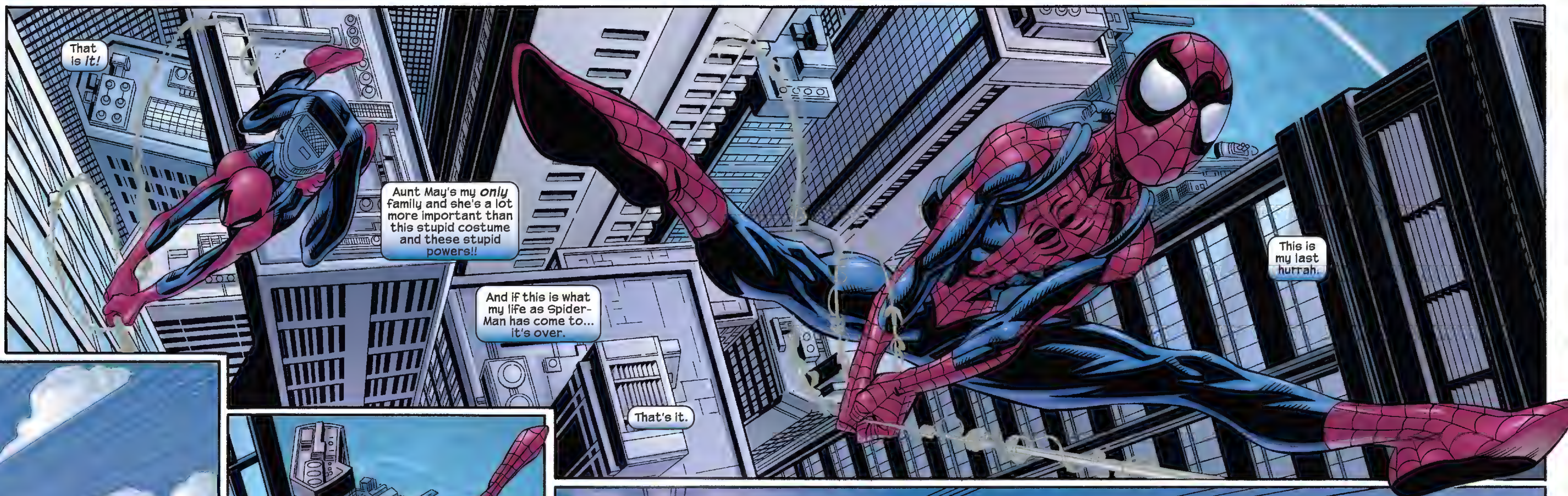
Don't worry about it.











That
is it!

Aunt May's my *only*
family and she's a lot
more important than
this stupid costume
and these stupid
powers!!

And if this is what
my life as Spider-
Man has come to...
it's over.

That's it.

This is
my last
hurrah.



And screw
that Nick
Fury guy!



My Aunt's
being loaded
up into that
maniac's limo
and where
is he?

And I
don't see
him now!

I'll run to
the cops-- I'll
run to the FBI.

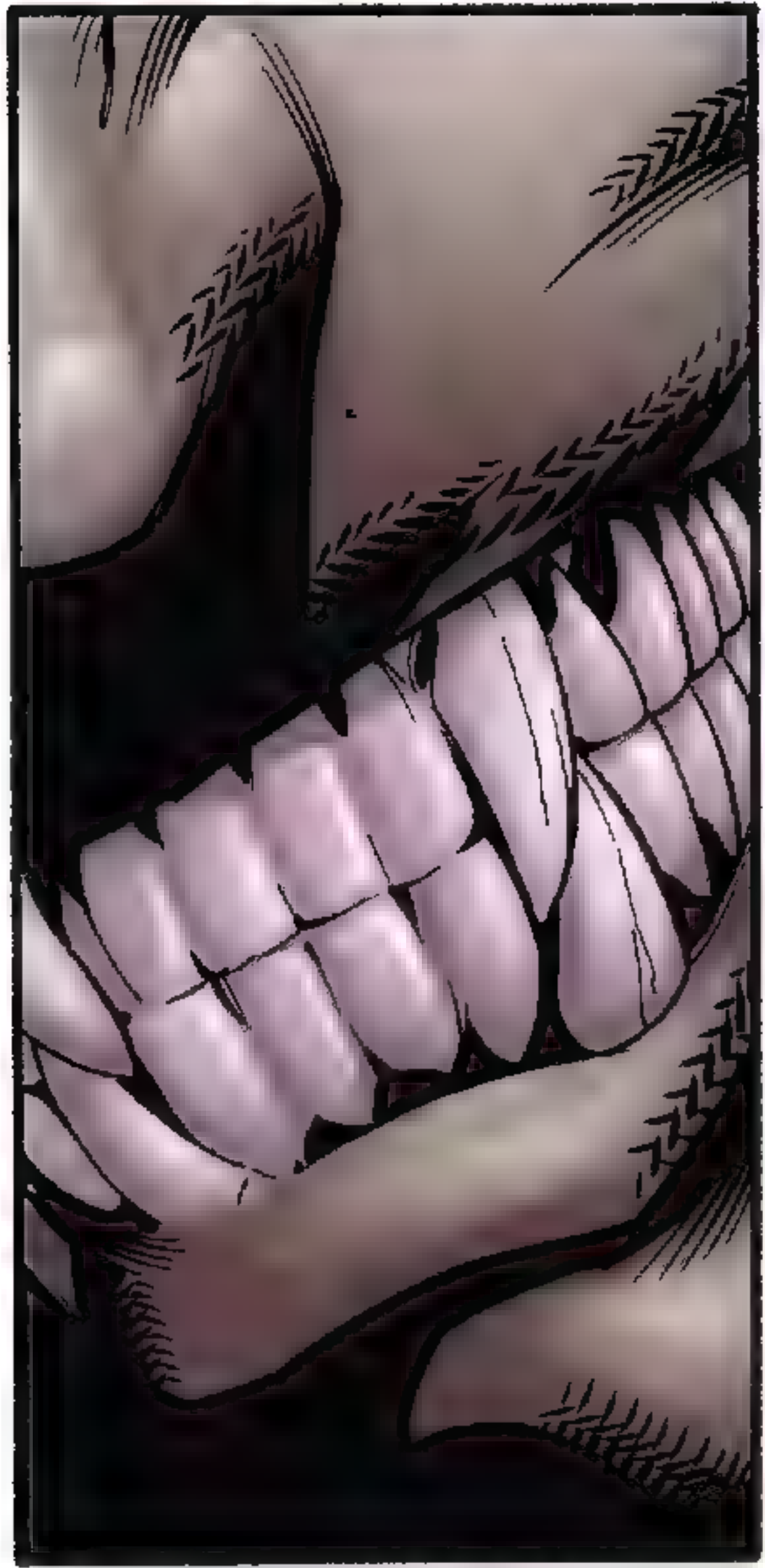


I'll pull off my mask
and I'll say or do
whatever it takes
to get Osborn away
from me and my Aunt.

And if I go to jail
for it, fine. If I get
publicly crucified
for it...fine!

I'll do whatever
it takes, but I
won't let another
maniac hurt...

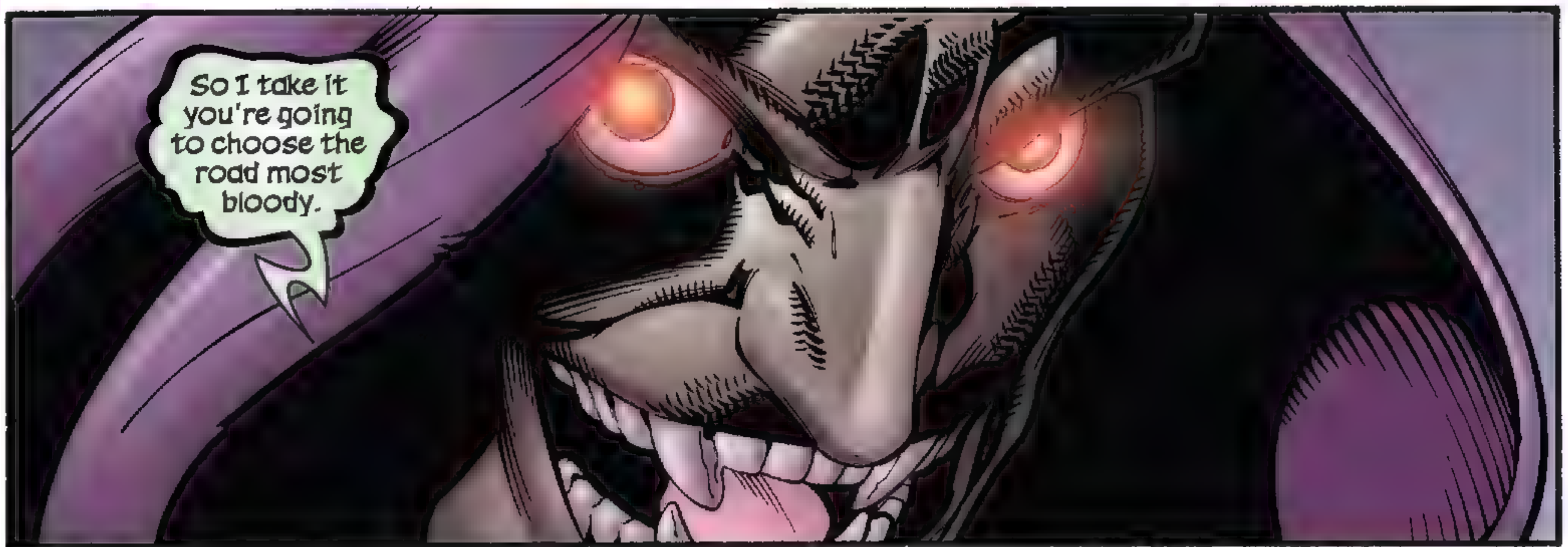
...my family...



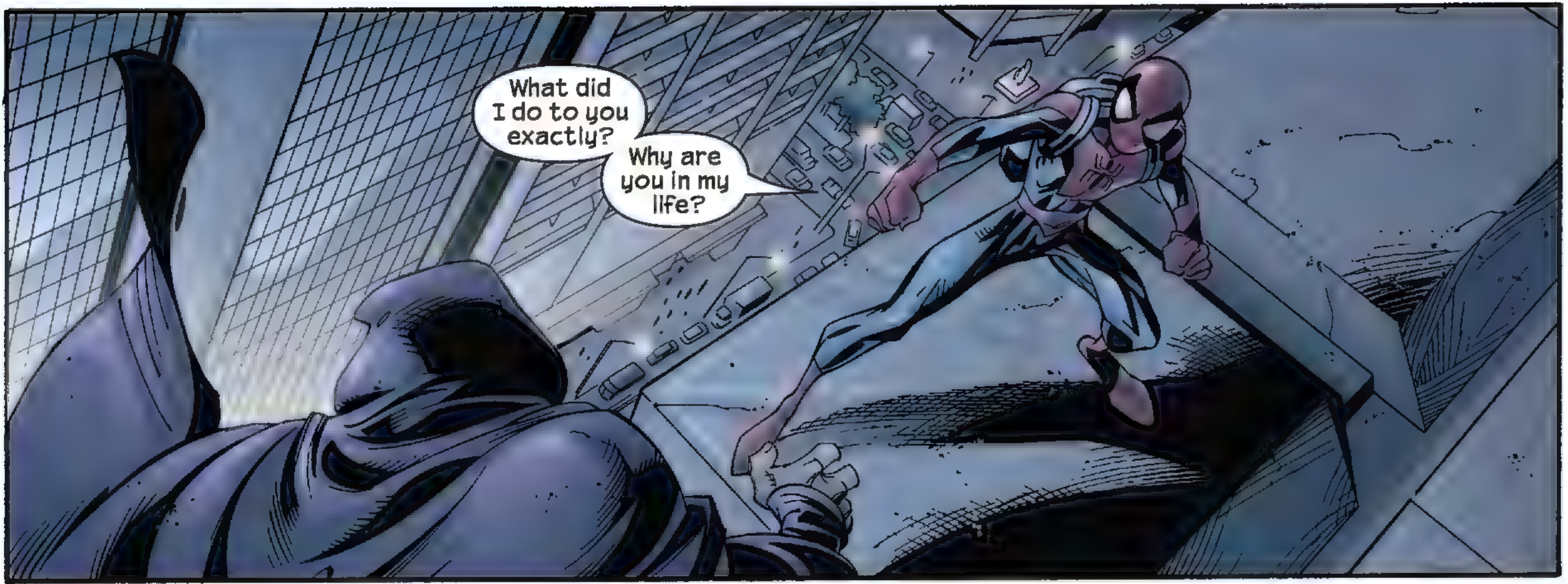
I thought I told you to throw that costume away.

I thought you drowned in the East River.

Guess we're not as bright as we think we are, huh?



So I take it you're going to choose the road most bloody.



What did I do to you exactly?

Why are you in my life?



What did you do to me?!

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA



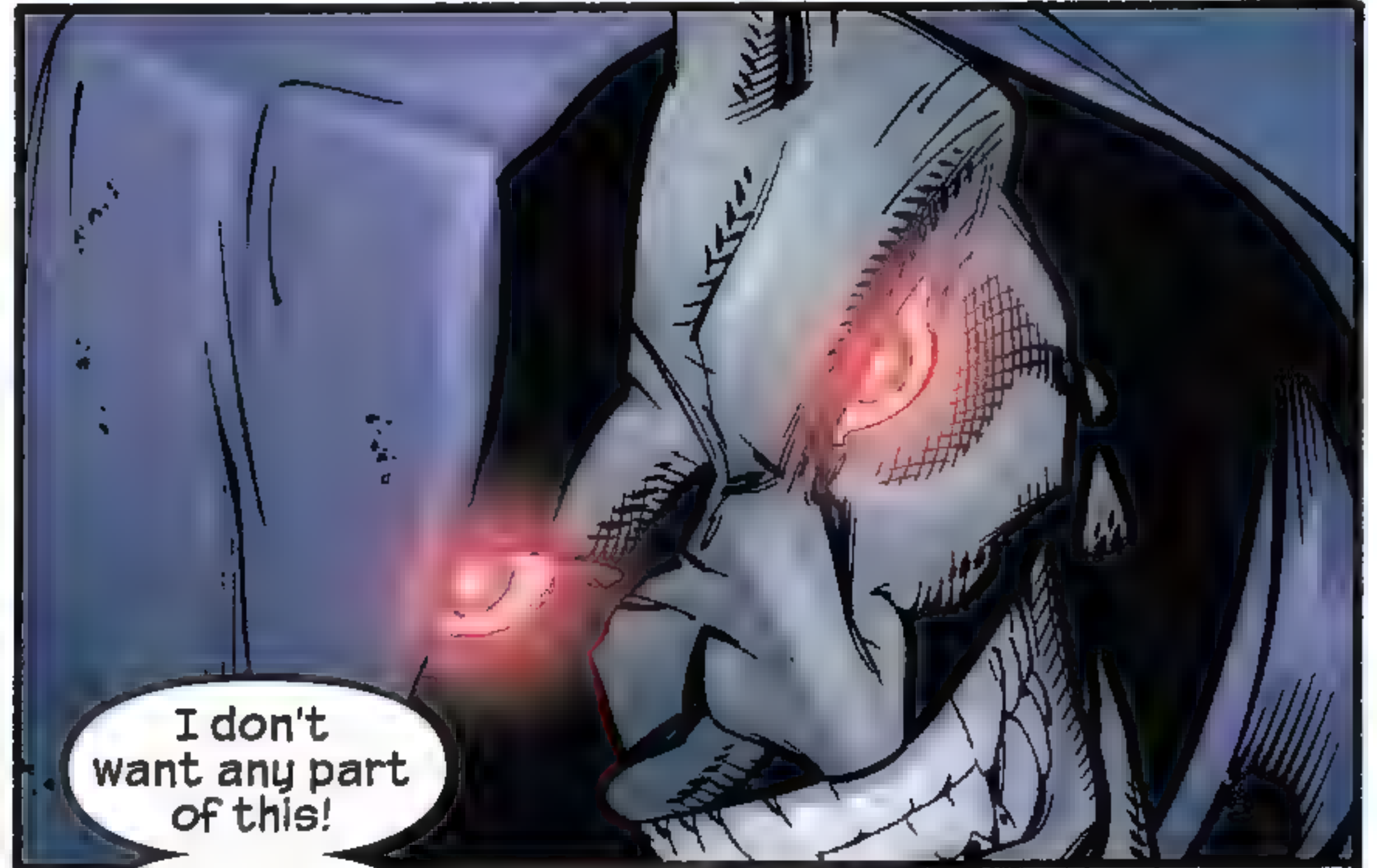
Man, you did this to yourself!!

Hello? I had nothing to do with *this* thing you turned yourself into-- and I have nothing to do with *you*.

If anybody should be mad at anybody I think I should be mad at *you*.

It was *your* spider!

I should sue the crap out of you! What do you think of that?



I don't want any part of this!



I don't want to be a part of whatever it is you are up to.

Do you even *know* what it is you're up to?

Do you even know why you're picking on me?



Circles!!

Circles of life.

Circles of death.

Circles of Hell.

Circles of pain.

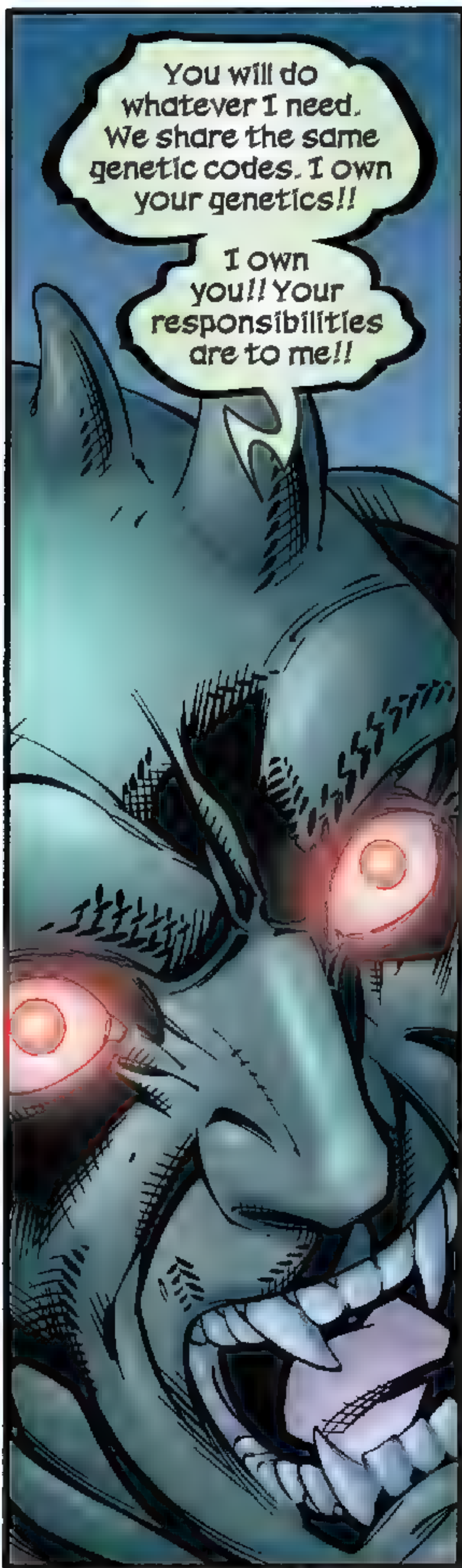
Circles of responsibility.



Oh man, whatever!

You're such a jackass.

All that crap you've injected into yourself has made you nuttier than a fruitcake!

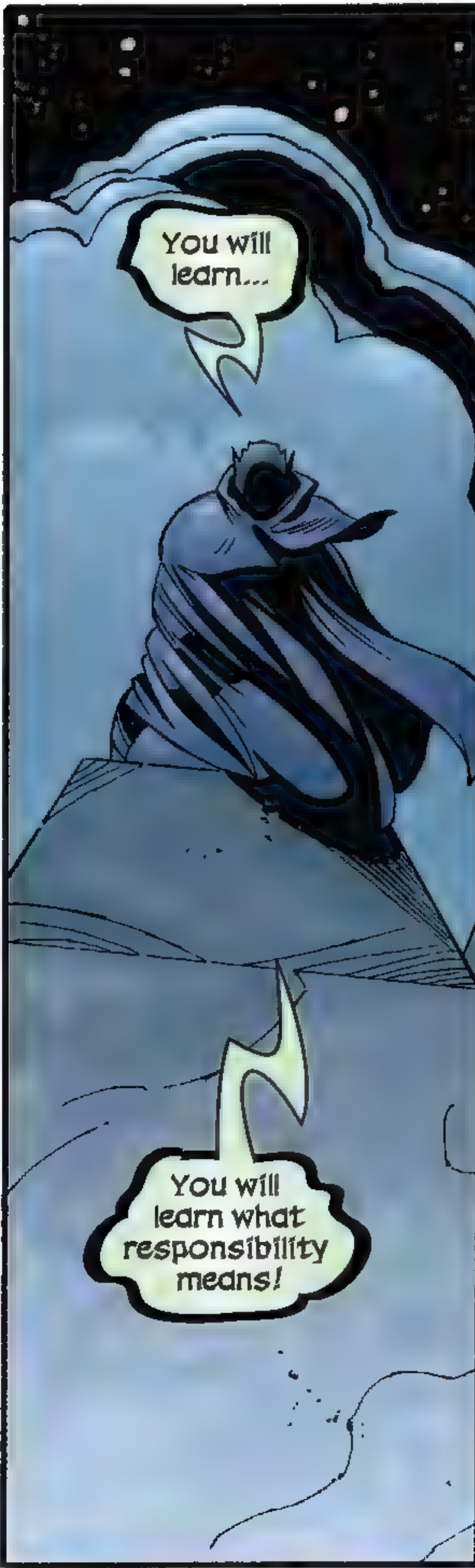


You will do whatever I need. We share the same genetic codes. I own your genetics!!

I own you!! Your responsibilities are to me!!



That's all I need-- a lecture in responsibility from *you*!



You will learn...

You will learn what responsibility means!



Let me make this clear!

I don't work with you. I won't get on your team! I won't kill for you!

It's not going to happen!

And so we are *perfectly* clear, I'm not scared of you and if you come near my family I will fight you till one of us isn't able to fight anymore.

I'm serious!

I have lost more people in this life than-- than one person should!

I didn't ask for any of this. But I won't let you do this. I won't!!

Leave me alone!



So be it.

The same genes run through your blood as mine!

You must learn your responsibilities to me.

You will learn what responsibility means!

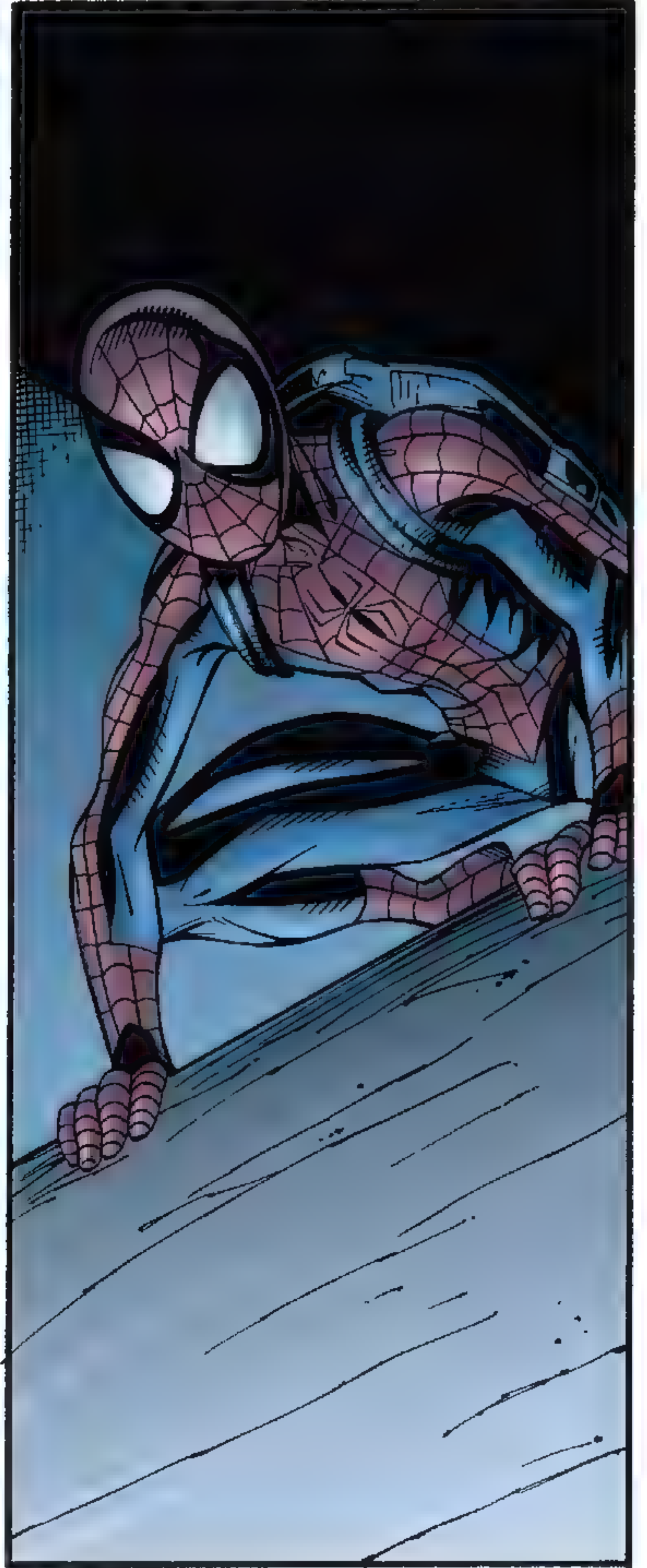


What are you talking about?

I don't even know you.



You will learn...





Wow!

Haha! Harry, that was so awesome.



Now I know why people want to be rich and famous-- I can get used to that.

Money doesn't buy everything, MJ.

But you can lease it with an option to buy.



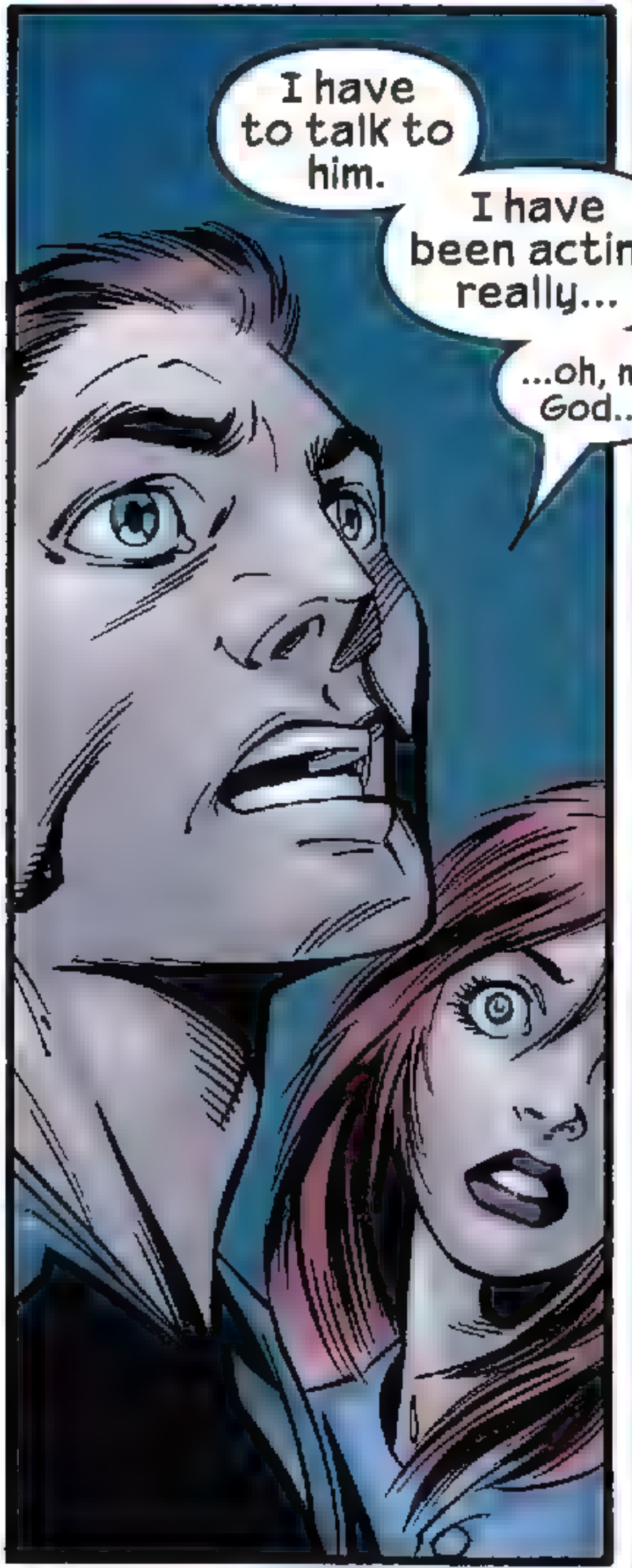
Did you just make that up?

(I stole it from somewhere.) Hey, is Peter here yet?

Not yet.

He's coming, right?

My dad sent the car for him. Guess he'll be here soon.



I have to talk to him.

I have been acting really...

...oh, my God...



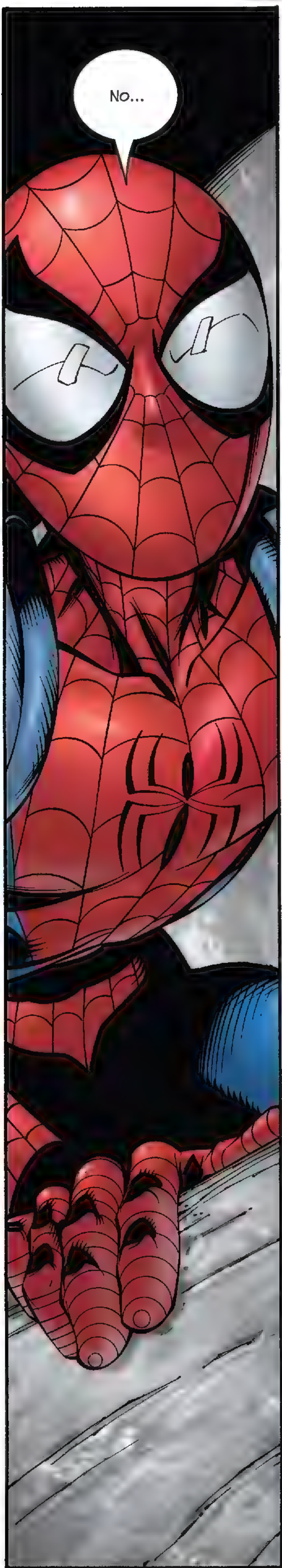
AAGGHH!!



AAAAAIIIEEEEE!!

No...





Twenty minutes ago...

What is your name?

Harry Osborn.

Who is your father?

Norman Osborn.

What does your father do for a living, Harry?

He is a scientist and a biochemical engineer.

Do you know what that means?

Not really.

But we're rich.

Does your father love you?

I think so.

He does, Harry.

He loves you very much.

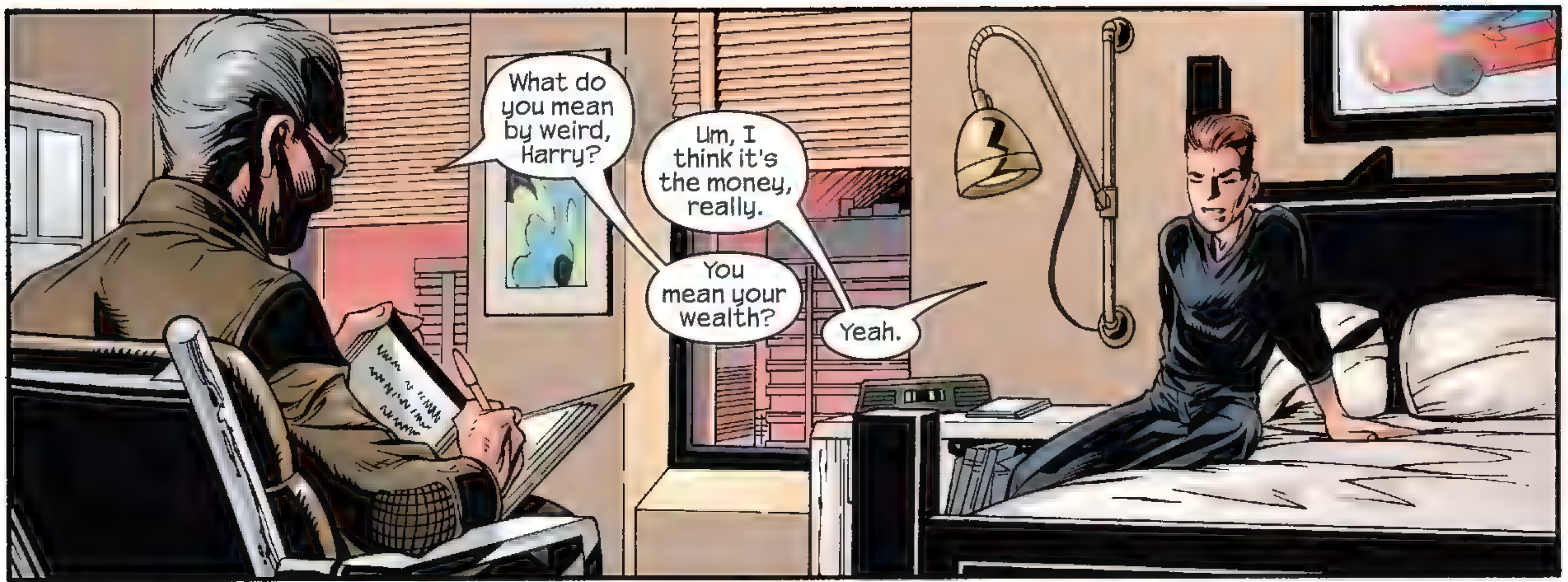
How did your mother die, Harry?

In a fire.

Did you see it happen?

Could you have saved her, Harry?



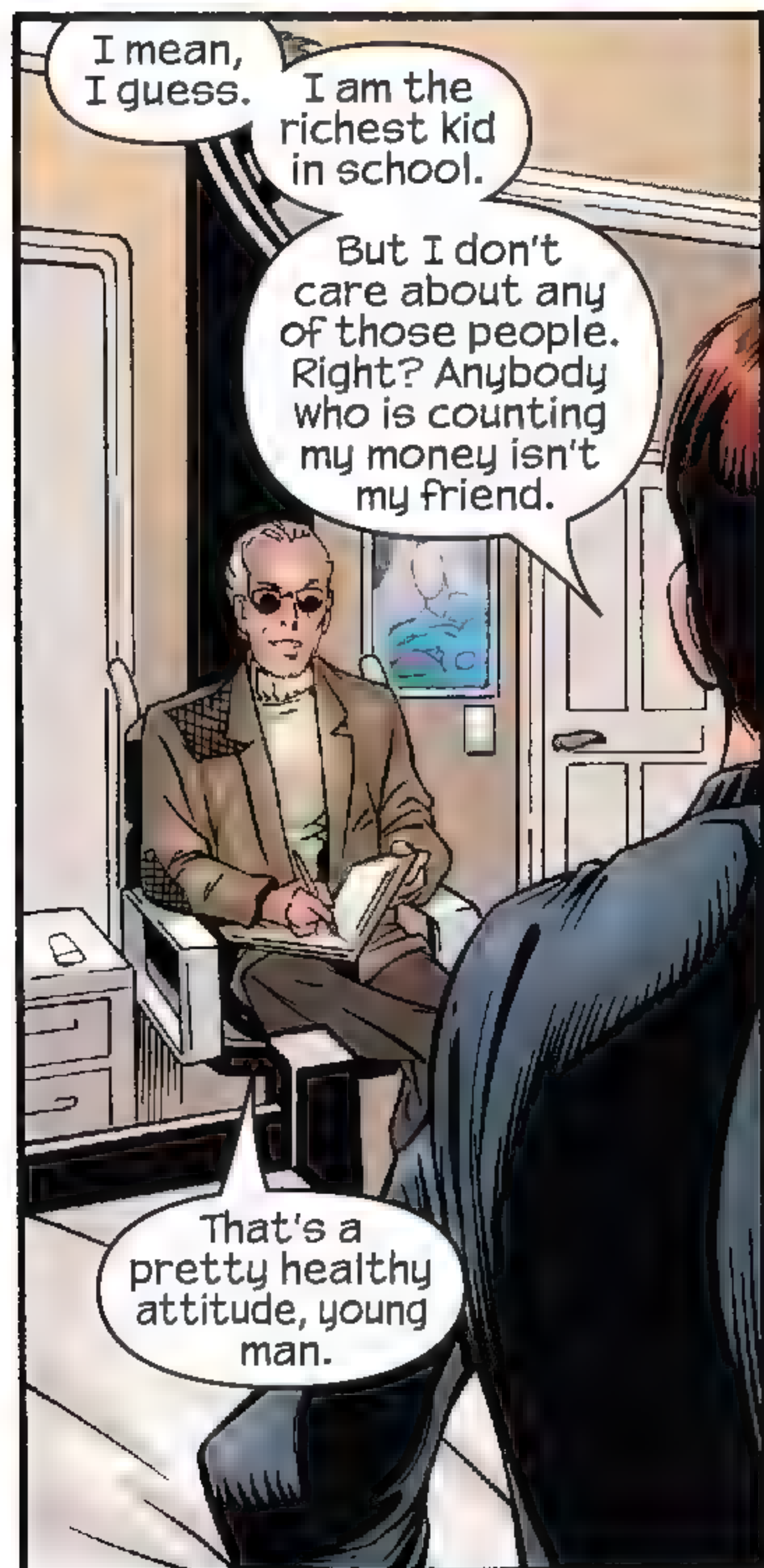


What do you mean by weird, Harry?

Um, I think it's the money, really.

You mean your wealth?

Yeah.

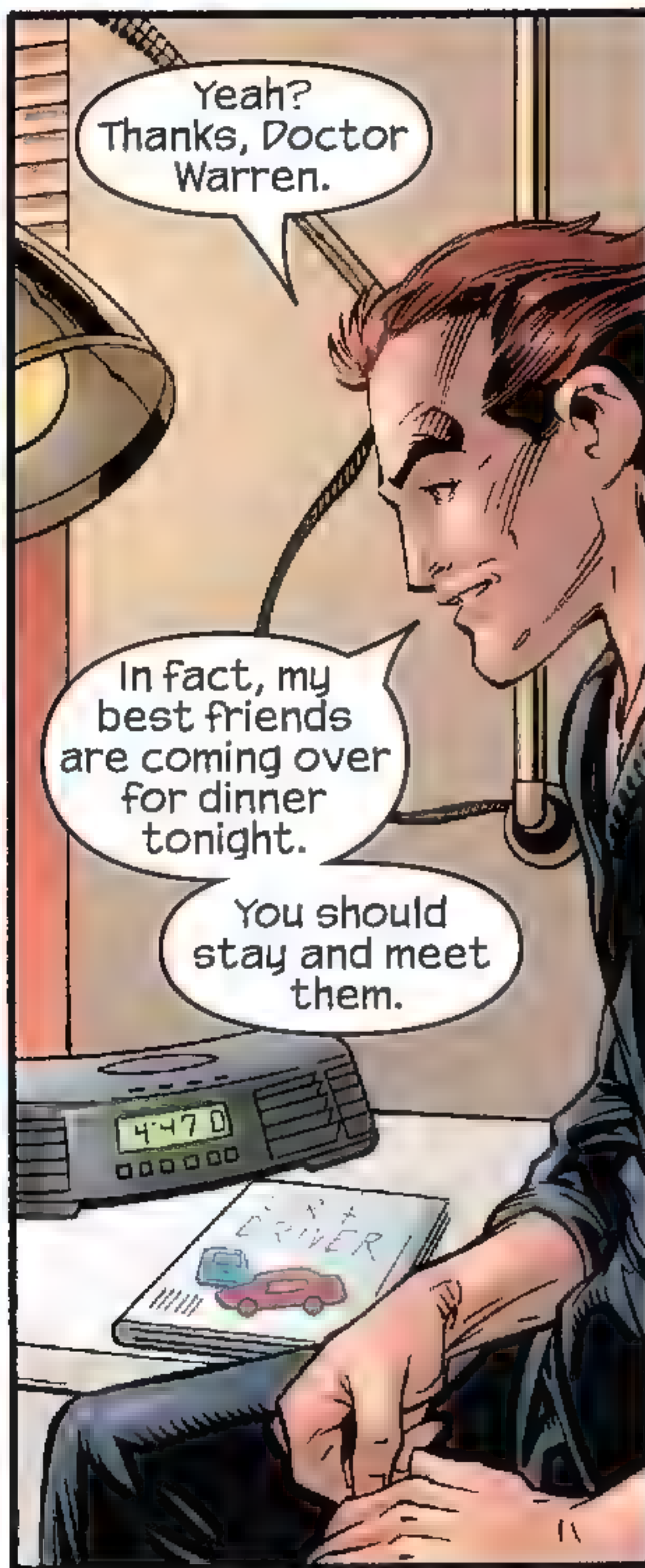


I mean, I guess.

I am the richest kid in school.

But I don't care about any of those people. Right? Anybody who is counting my money isn't my friend.

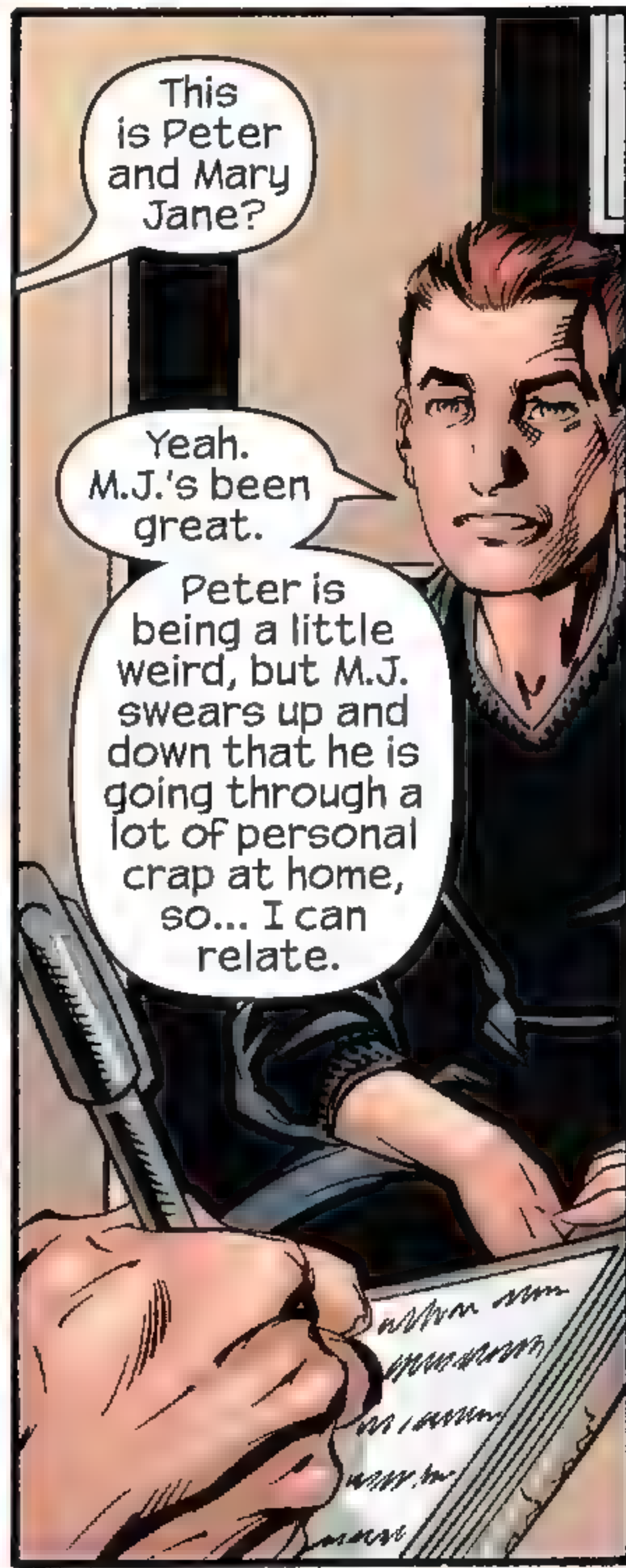
That's a pretty healthy attitude, young man.



Yeah? Thanks, Doctor Warren.

In fact, my best friends are coming over for dinner tonight.

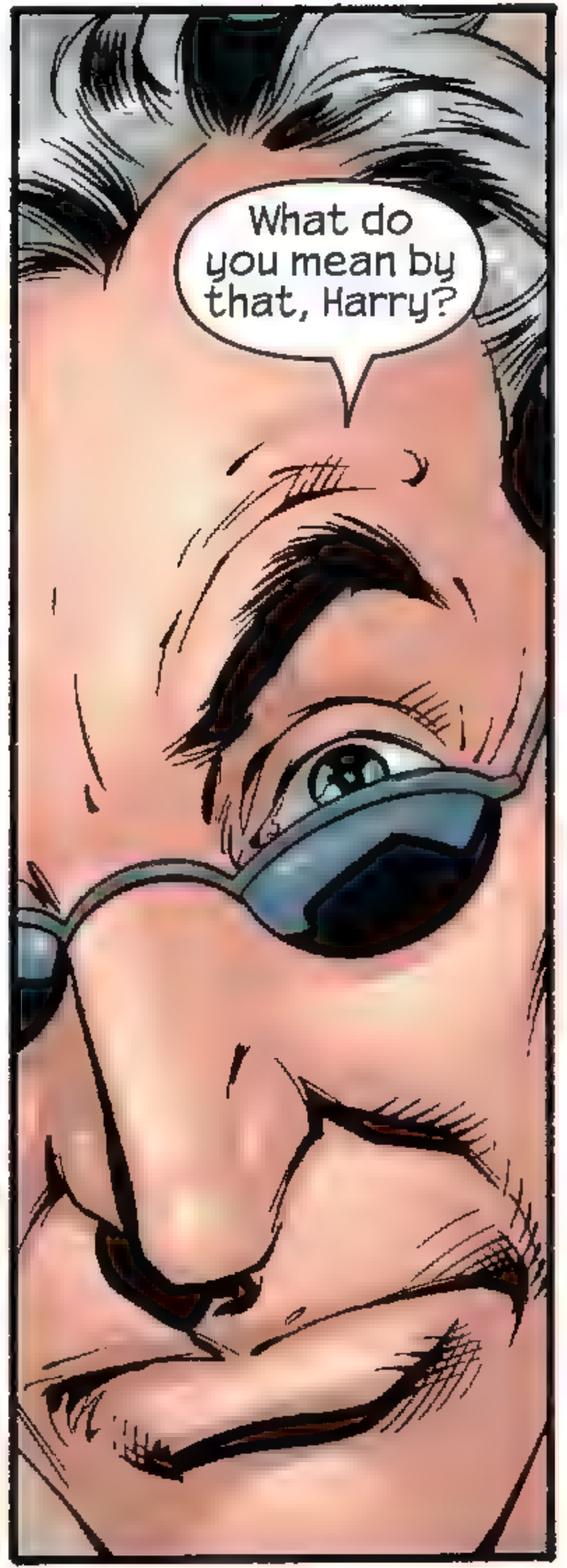
You should stay and meet them.



This is Peter and Mary Jane?

Yeah. M.J.'s been great.

Peter is being a little weird, but M.J. swears up and down that he is going through a lot of personal crap at home, so... I can relate.



What do you mean by that, Harry?



Joke.



Man, is that the time?

The hour blew right by.

It always does.

That's a sign of a good session.

And you always say that.

My friends will be here any minute, so can I--?

Go have fun.



Harry is doing very well, Mr. Osborn.

The suggestions are holding. He hasn't had a nightmare in two weeks.

He is settling into school very well.

His friends are of great comfort to him.

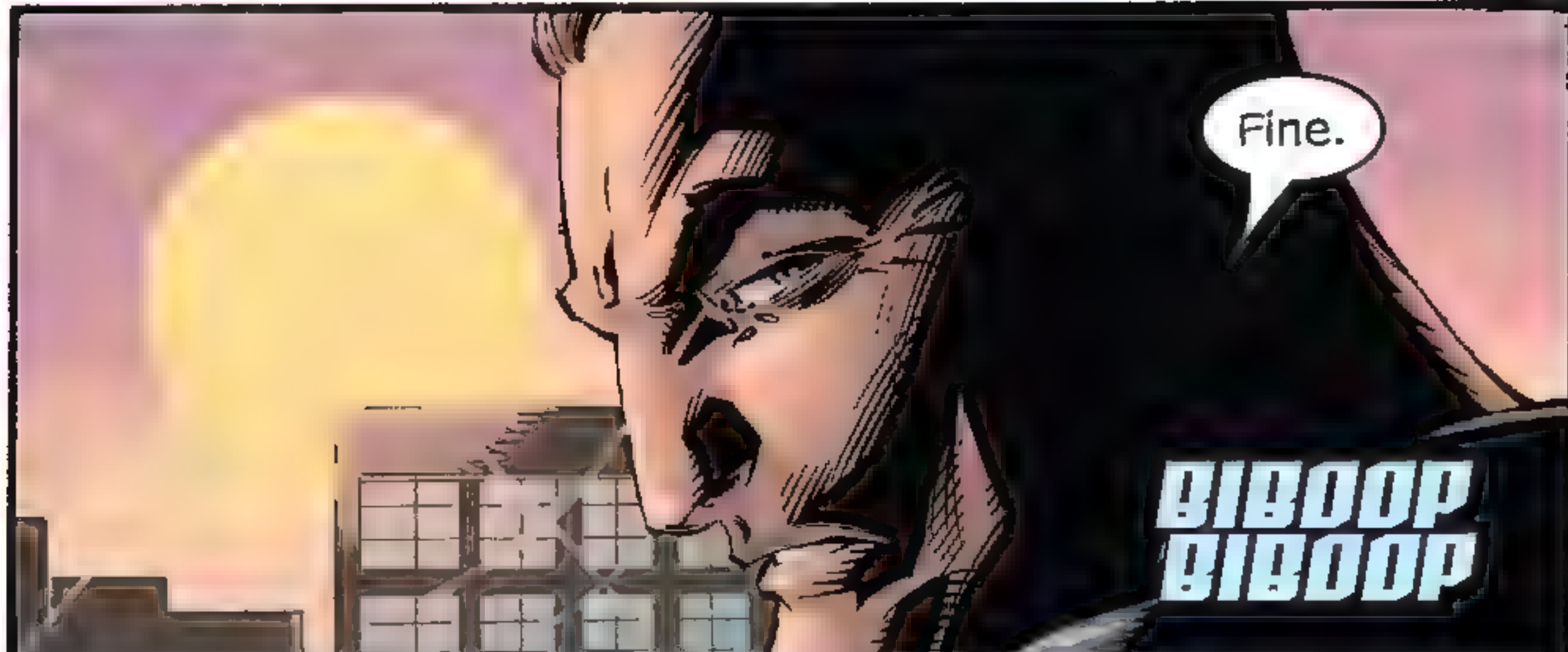


And the program words?

They're still there, but...

Did you test them?

No, I wanted to discuss...



Fine.

**BIBOOP
BIBOOP**



Excuse me, Doctor.

What's happening? Uh-huh. Uh-huh.

What is the Parker boy doing now?

Uh-huh.

No, just come back here without them.

Okay.

BOOP

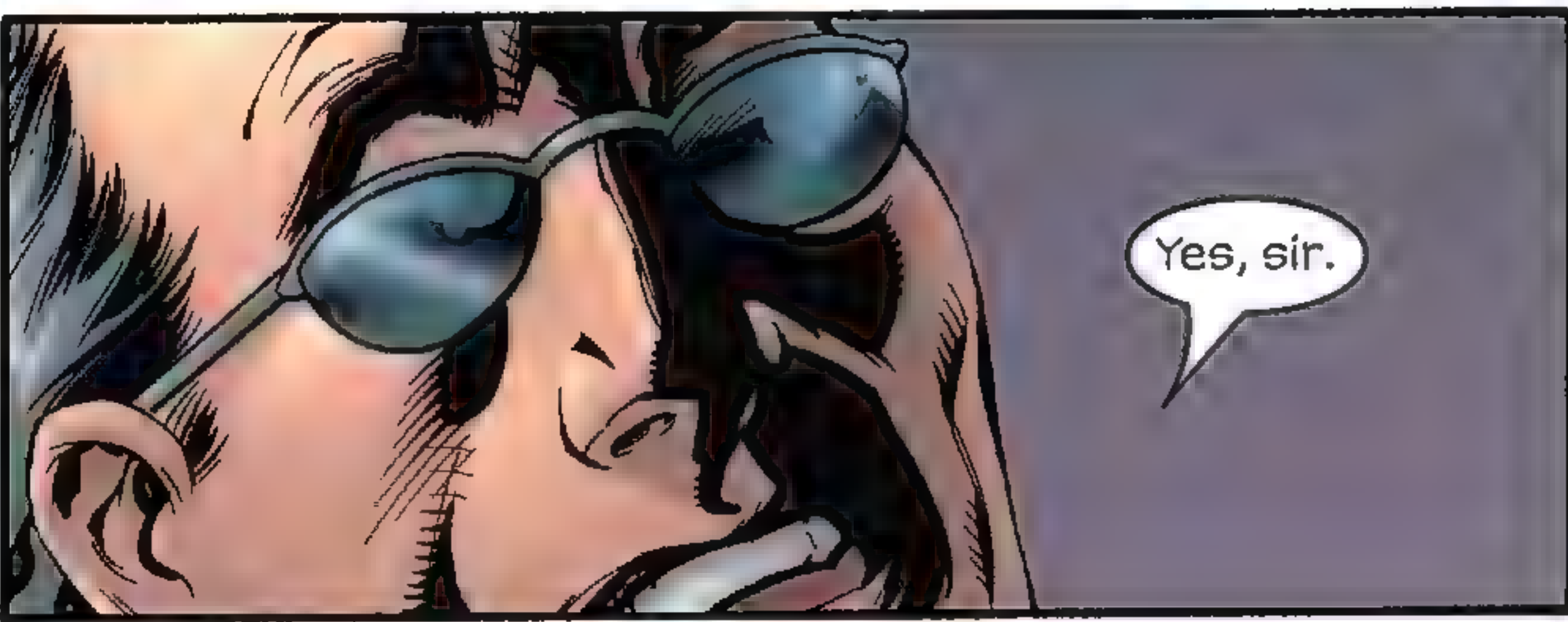


At some point we'll have to discuss the long term effects of Harry's--

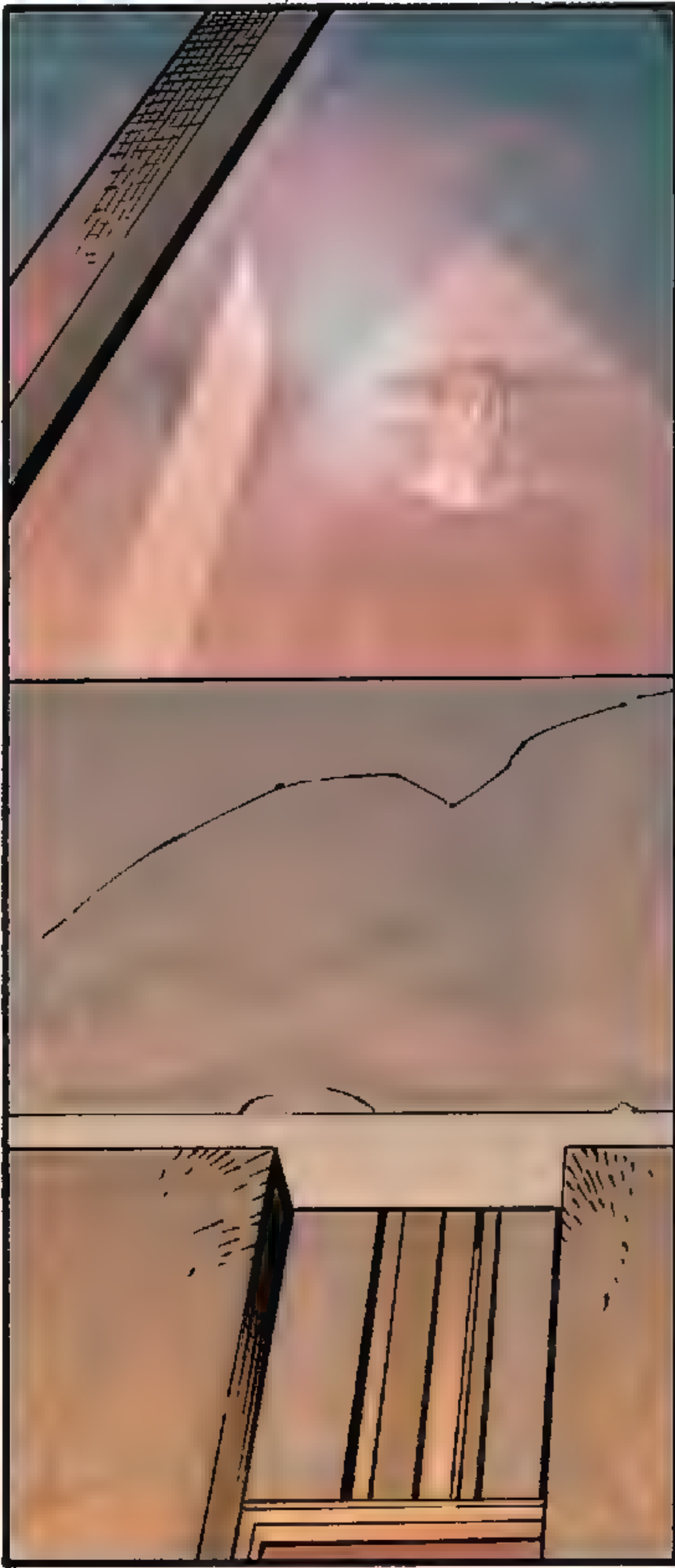
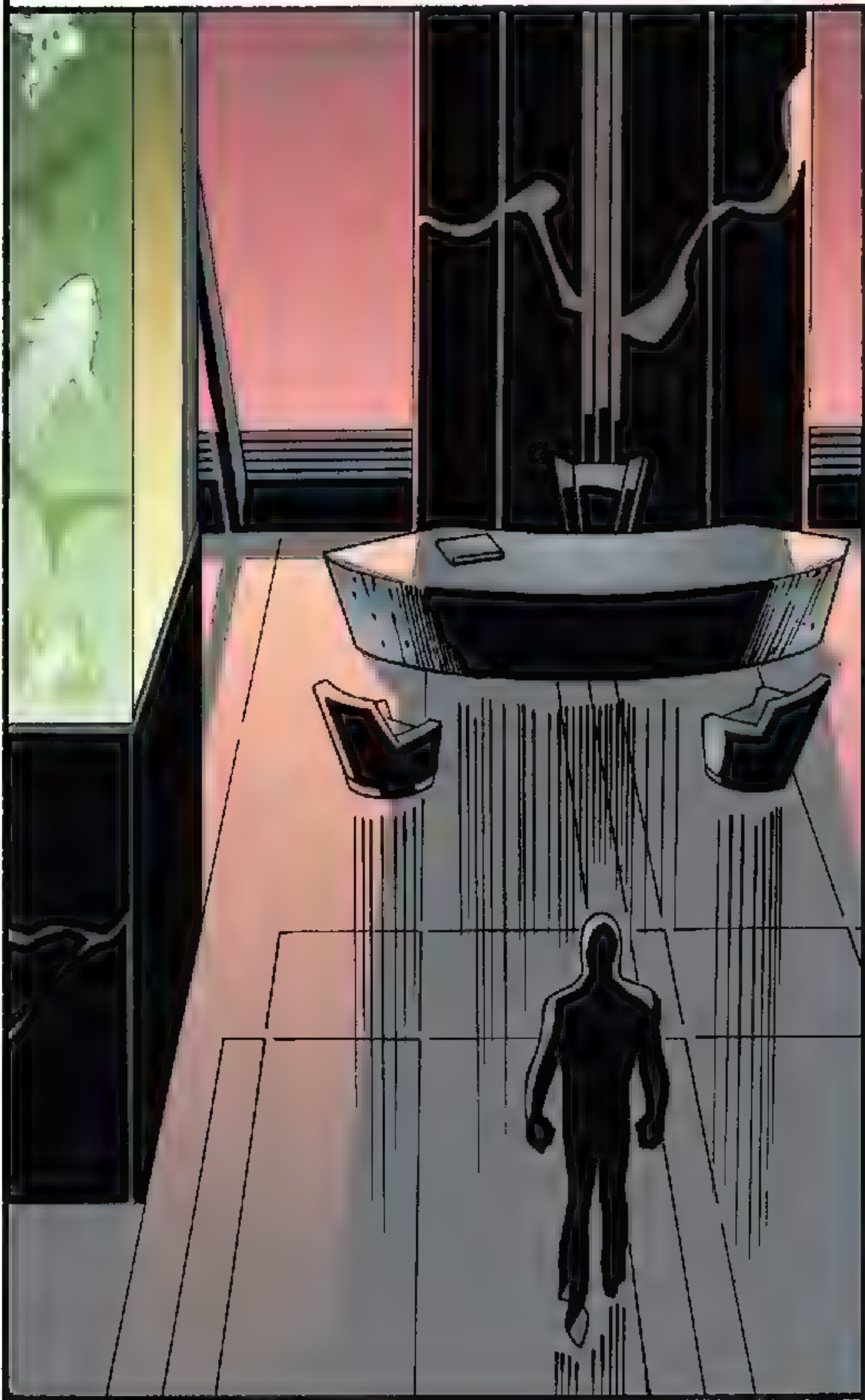
Will you excuse me, doctor?

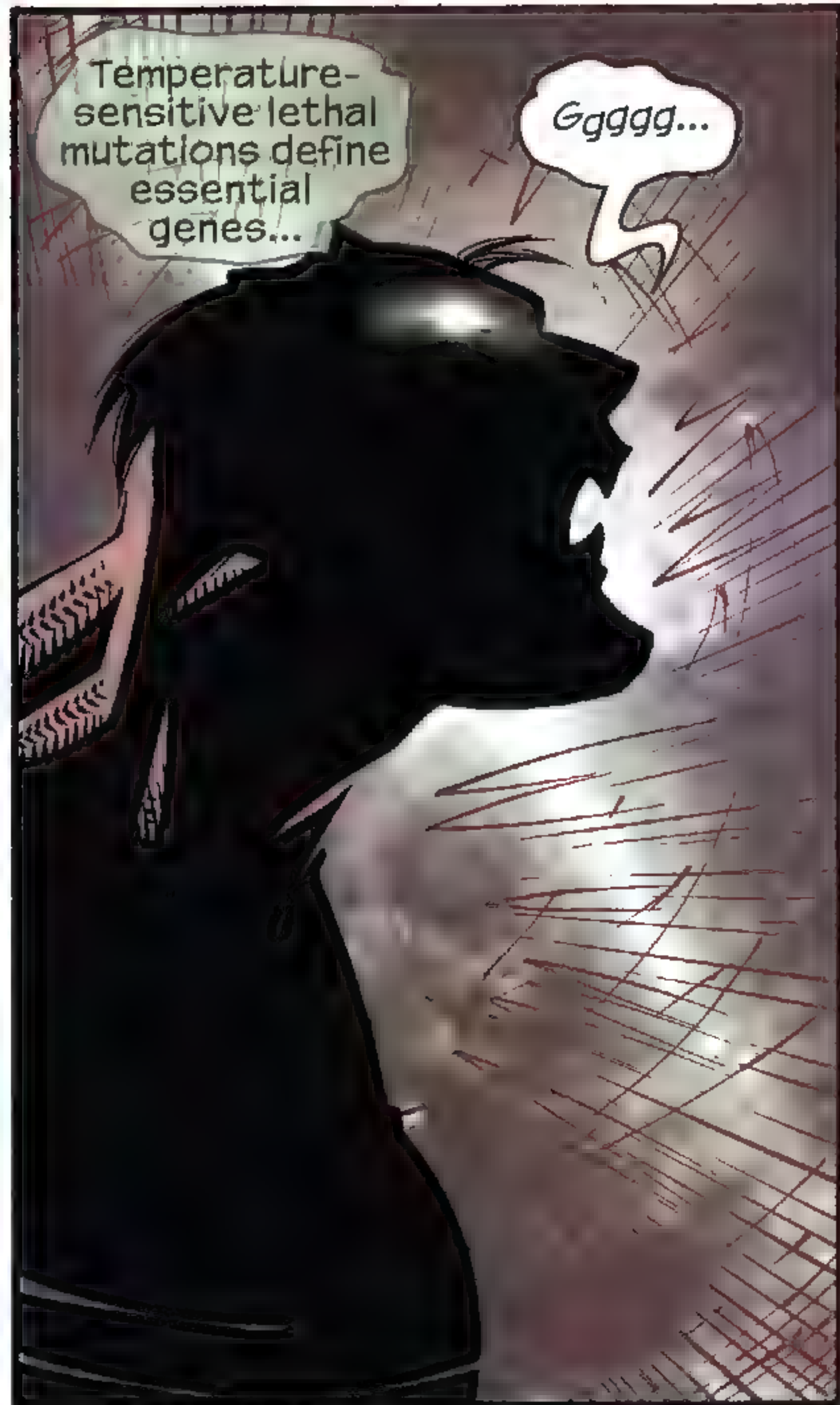
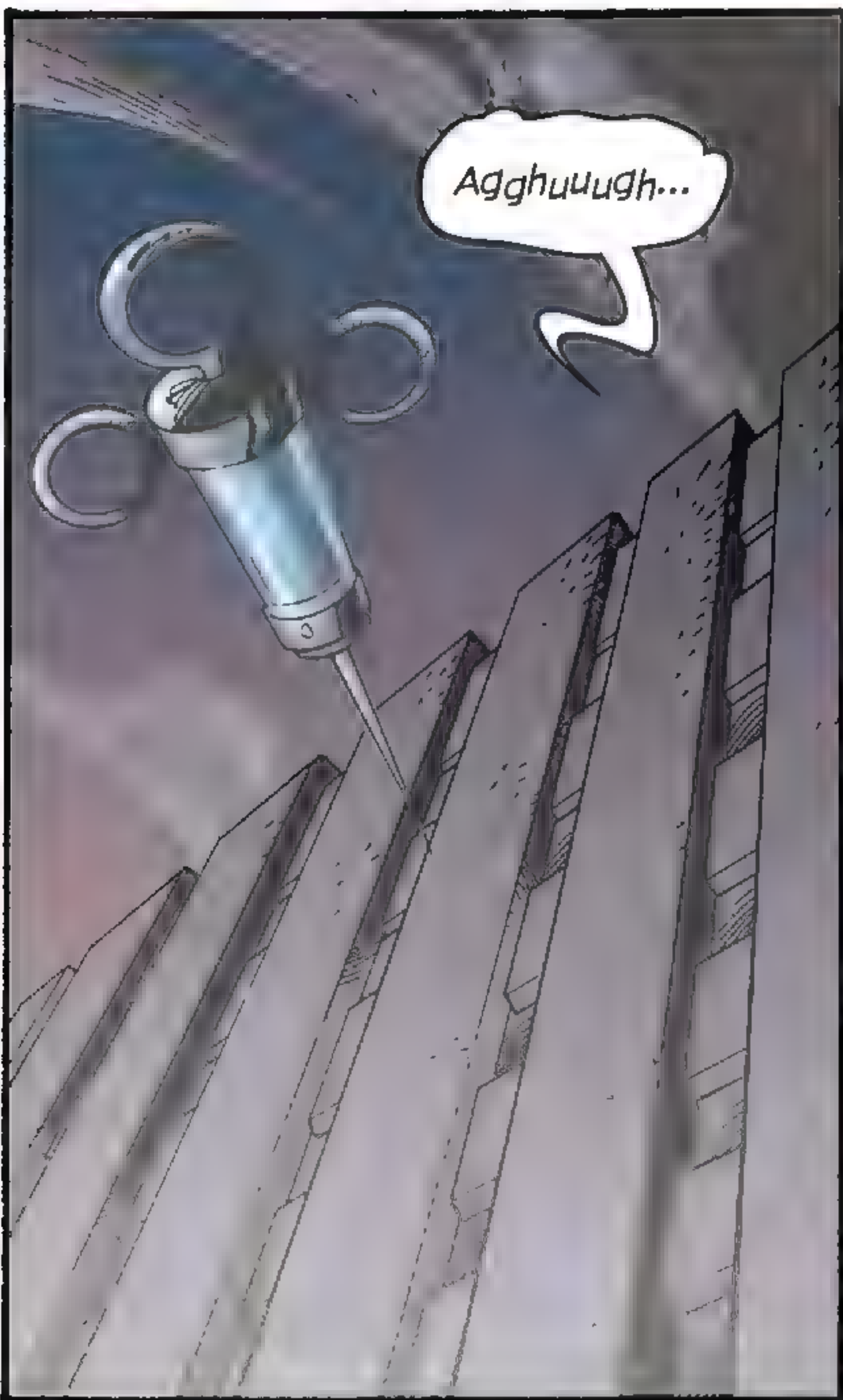
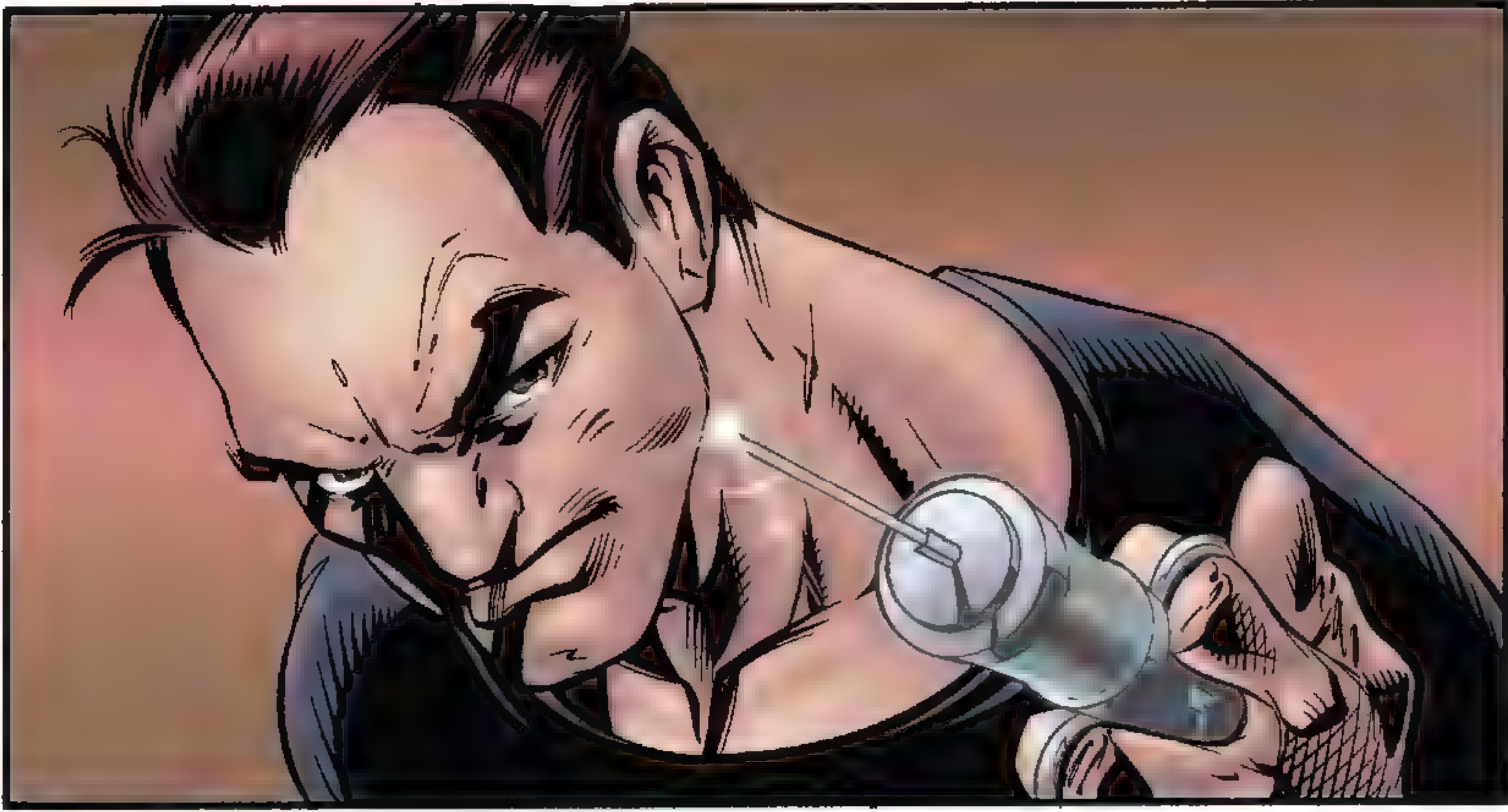
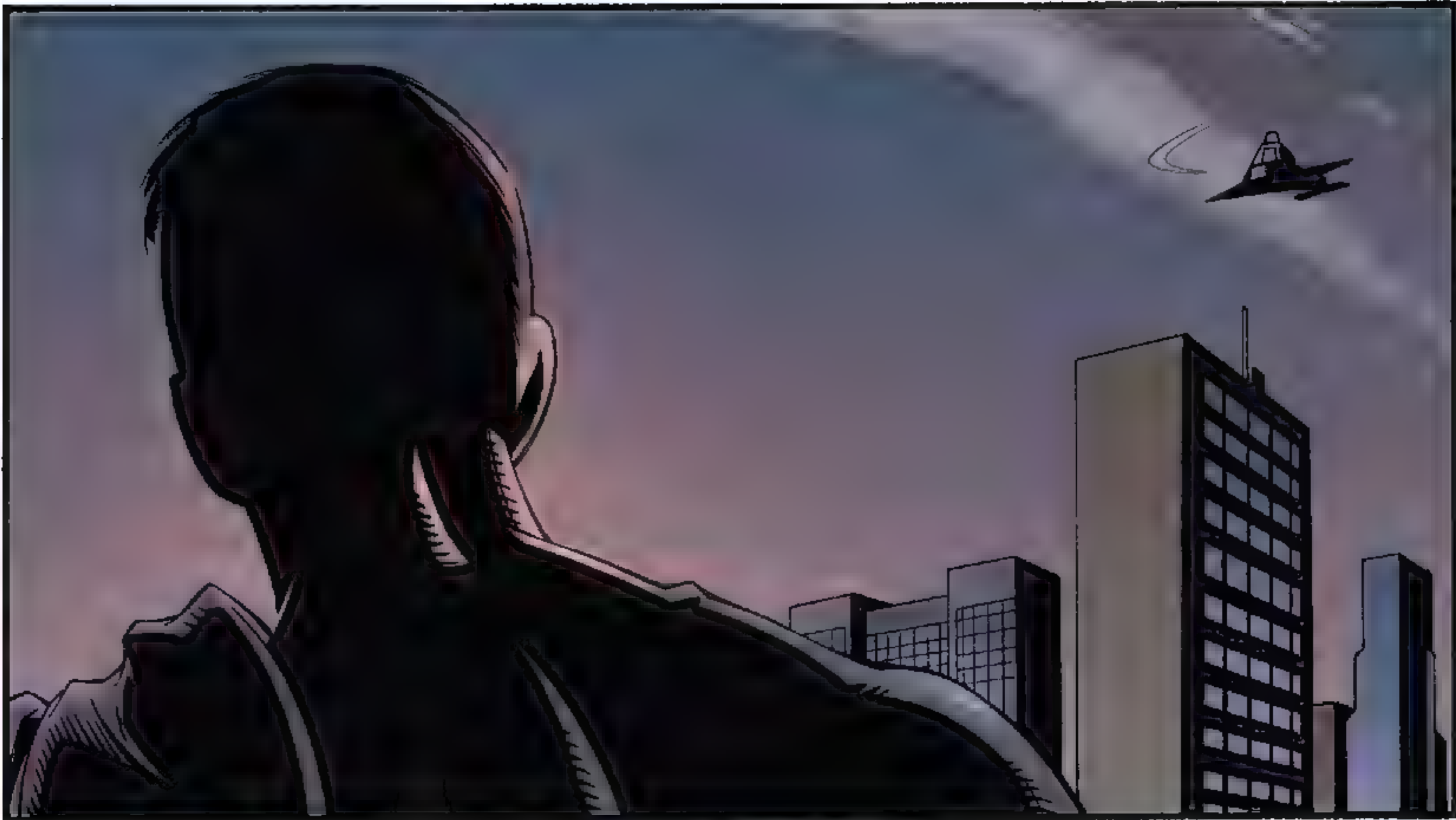
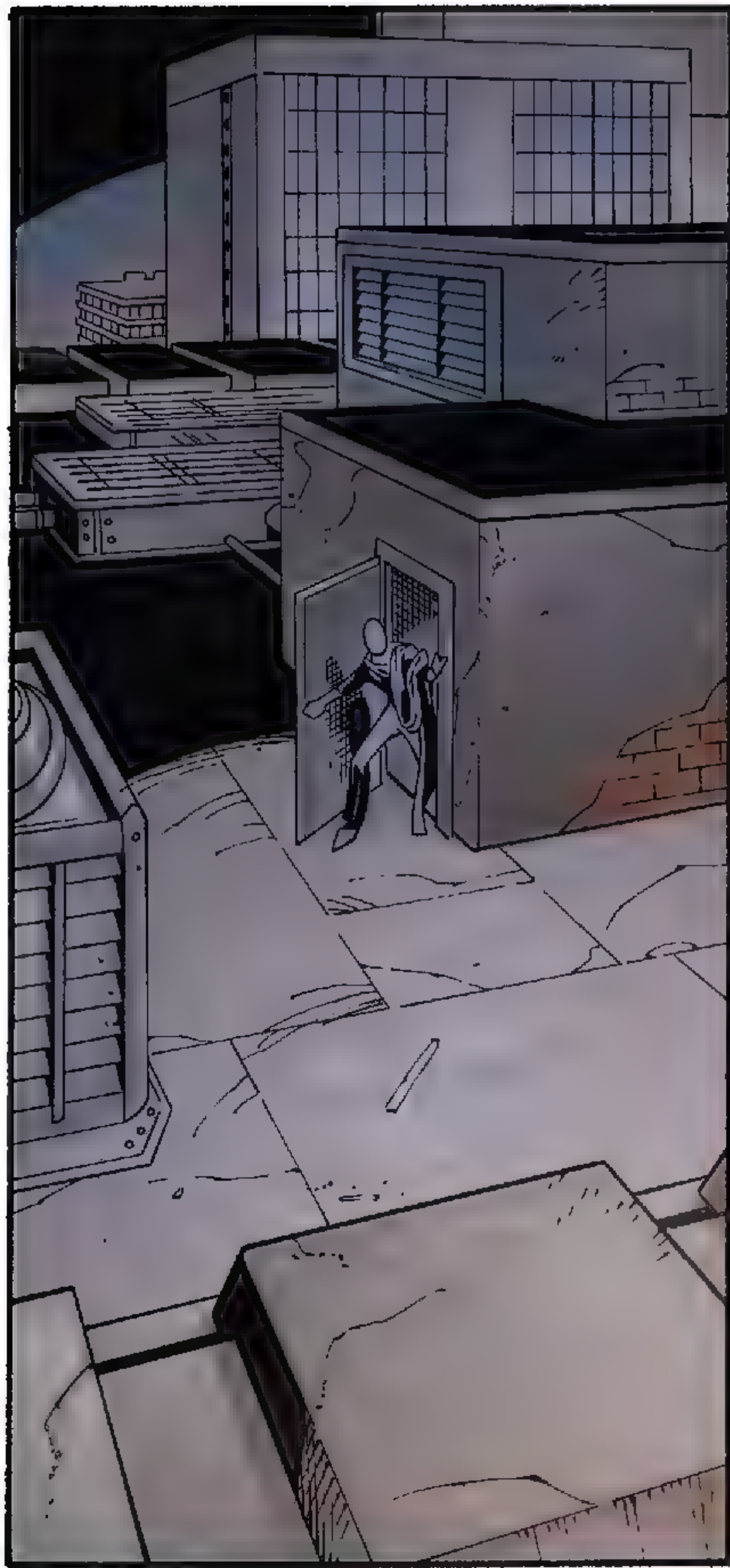
Mr. Osborn, I really feel that your son should...

Doctor, you are paid handsomely for a specific service.



Yes, sir.







The null mutant will be inactive at all temperatures.

Get dressed.

Cellar door.



Get dressed.

My eyes are itching.

Melting rock.

A second problem may be that lysis of cells in the cultures.

Nice. Rice. Vice. Tice.



My eyes itch.

You're a god.

Cellar door.

You are death.

Replica plating on minimal medium + or - fatty acids.

Get dressed.

Chemical mutagenesis!



Fatty acid auxotrophs will not be able to grow...

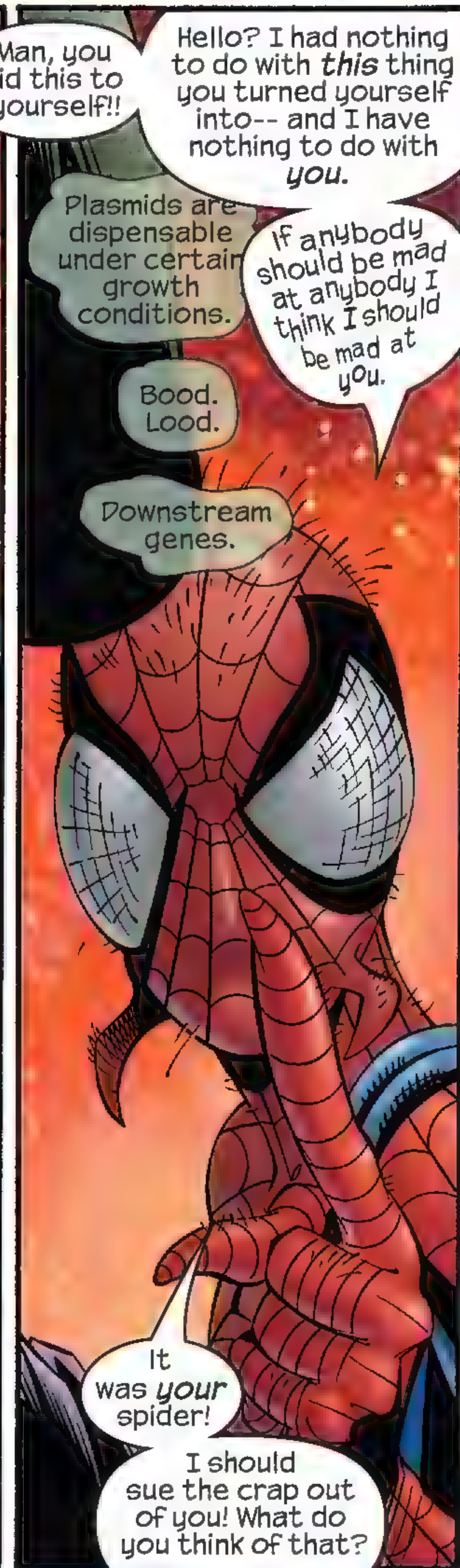
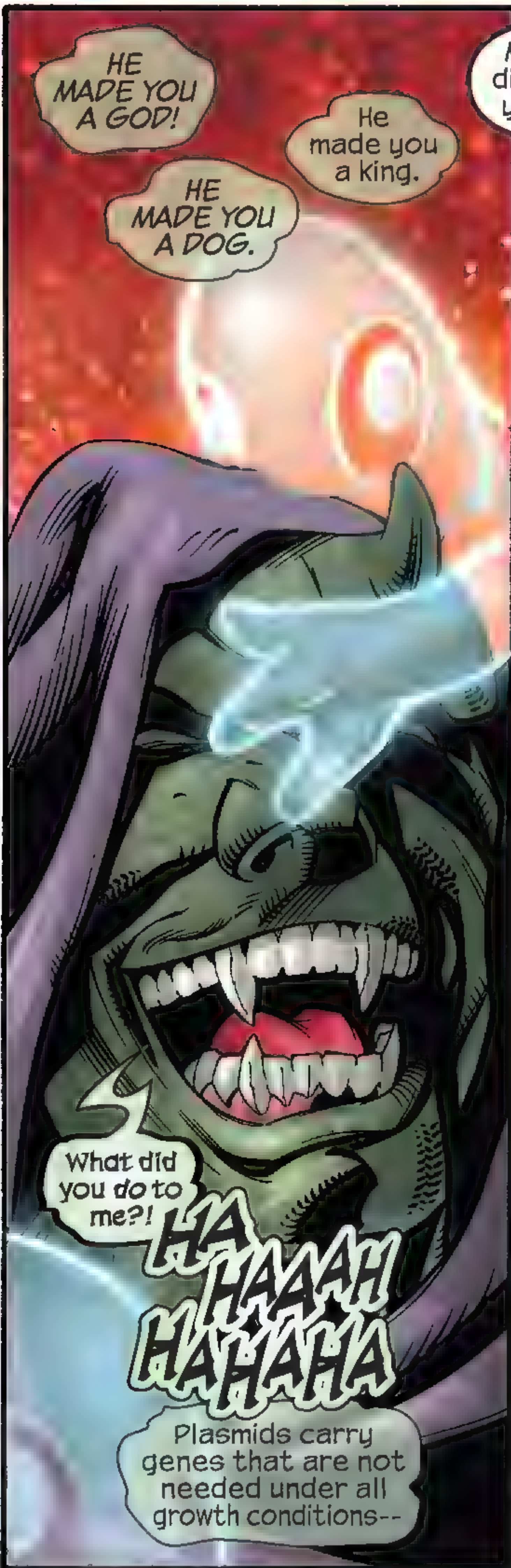
Death becomes you.

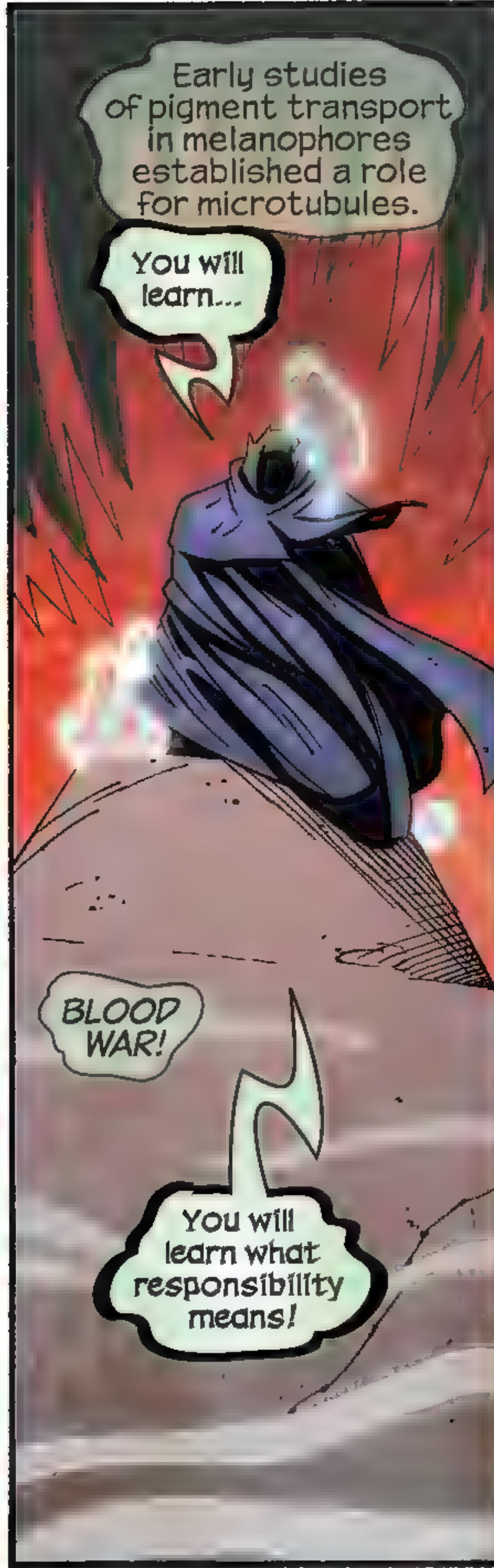
He's here.

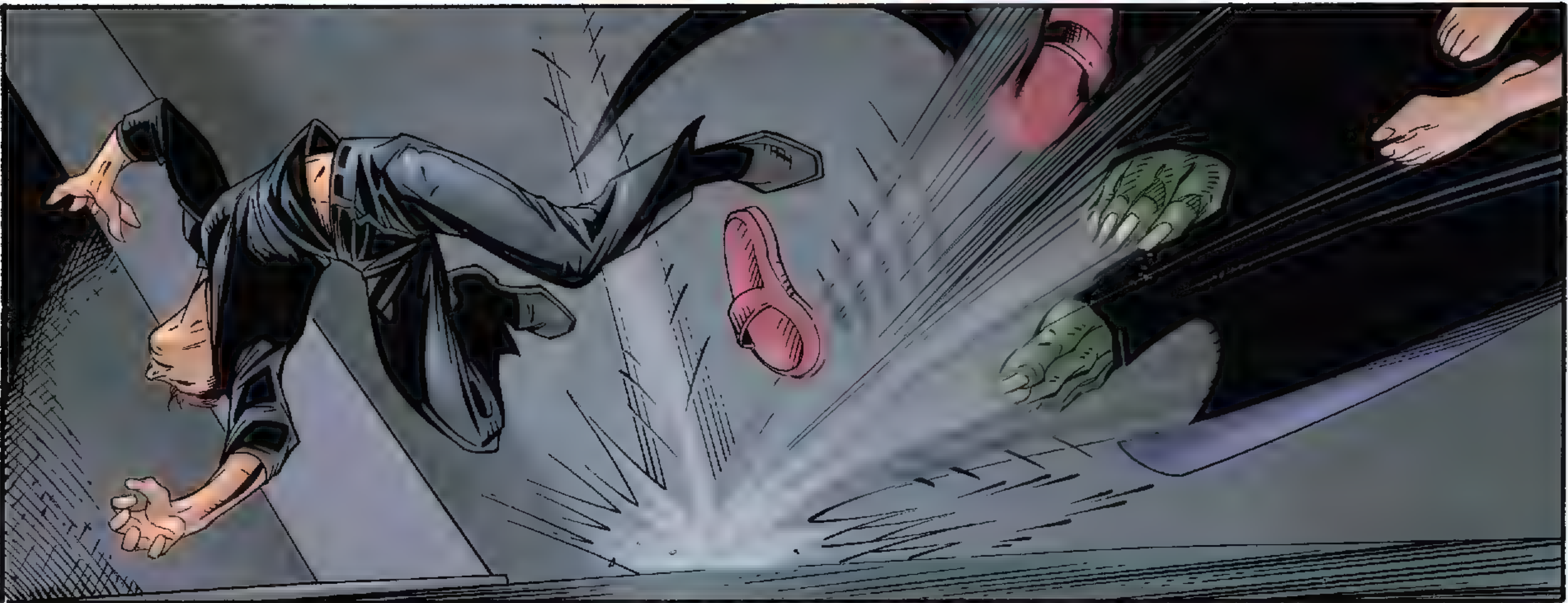
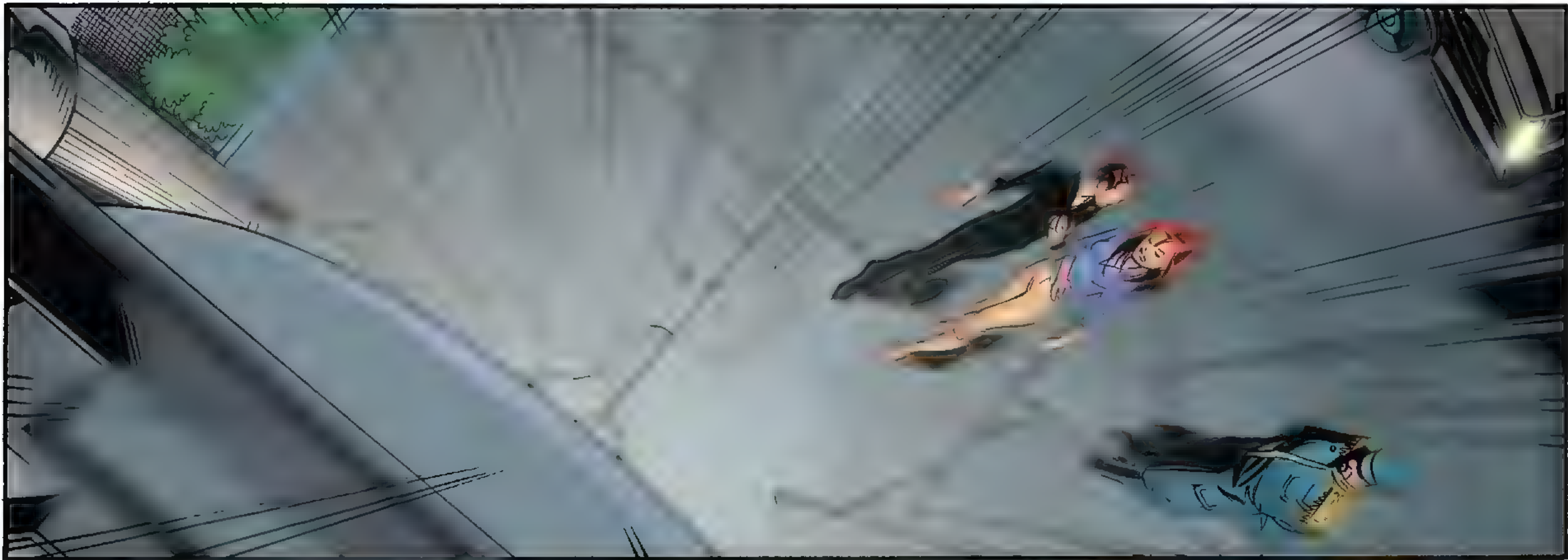
He's here.

Fire eyes.



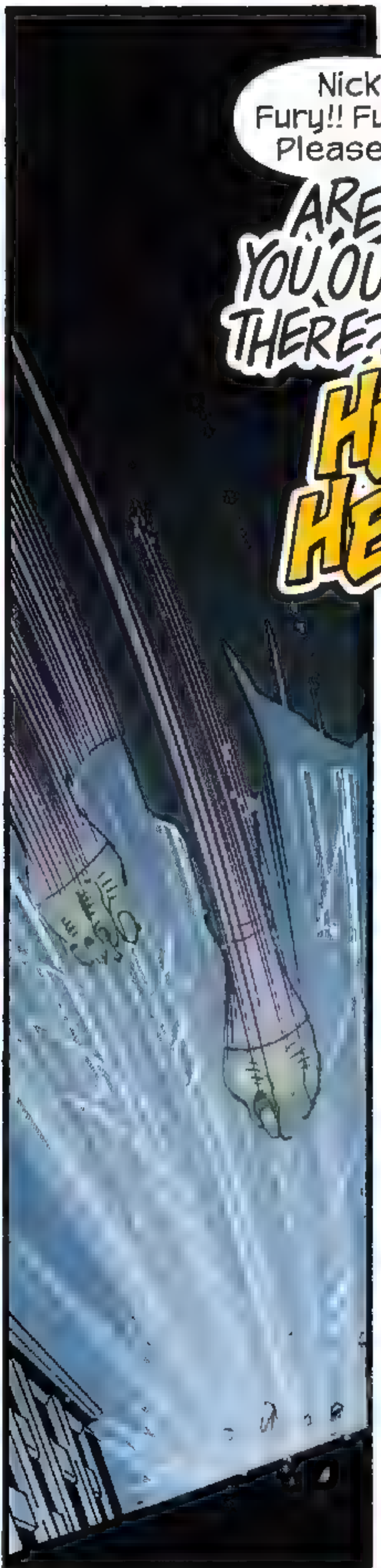








Somebody!!
Somebody help
me!! Please!!
Somebody
help!!!



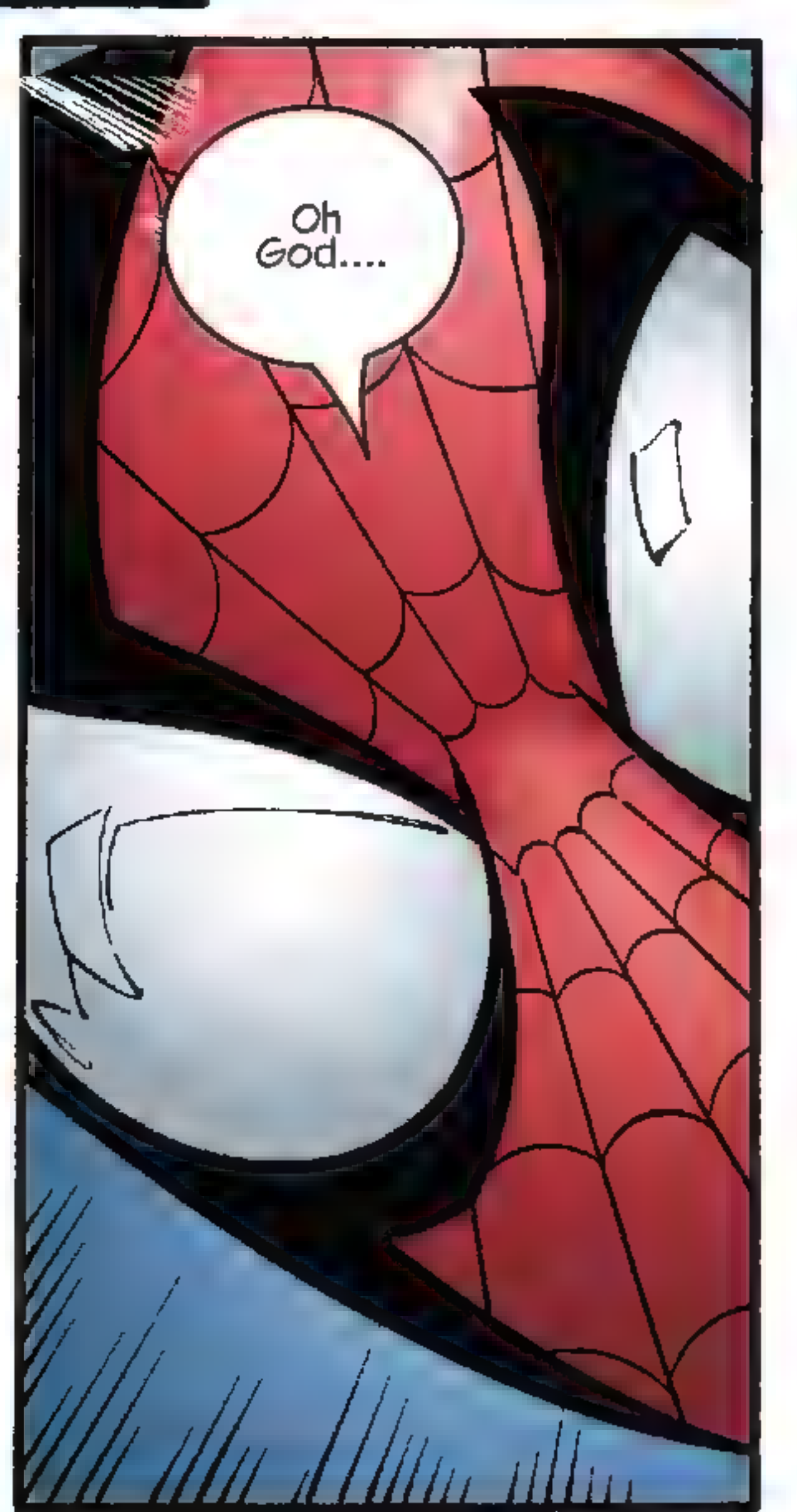
Nick
Fury!! Fury!!
Please!!!

ARE
YOU OUT
THERE?!

HELP
HER!!



AAAAAIIIEEEEE!!



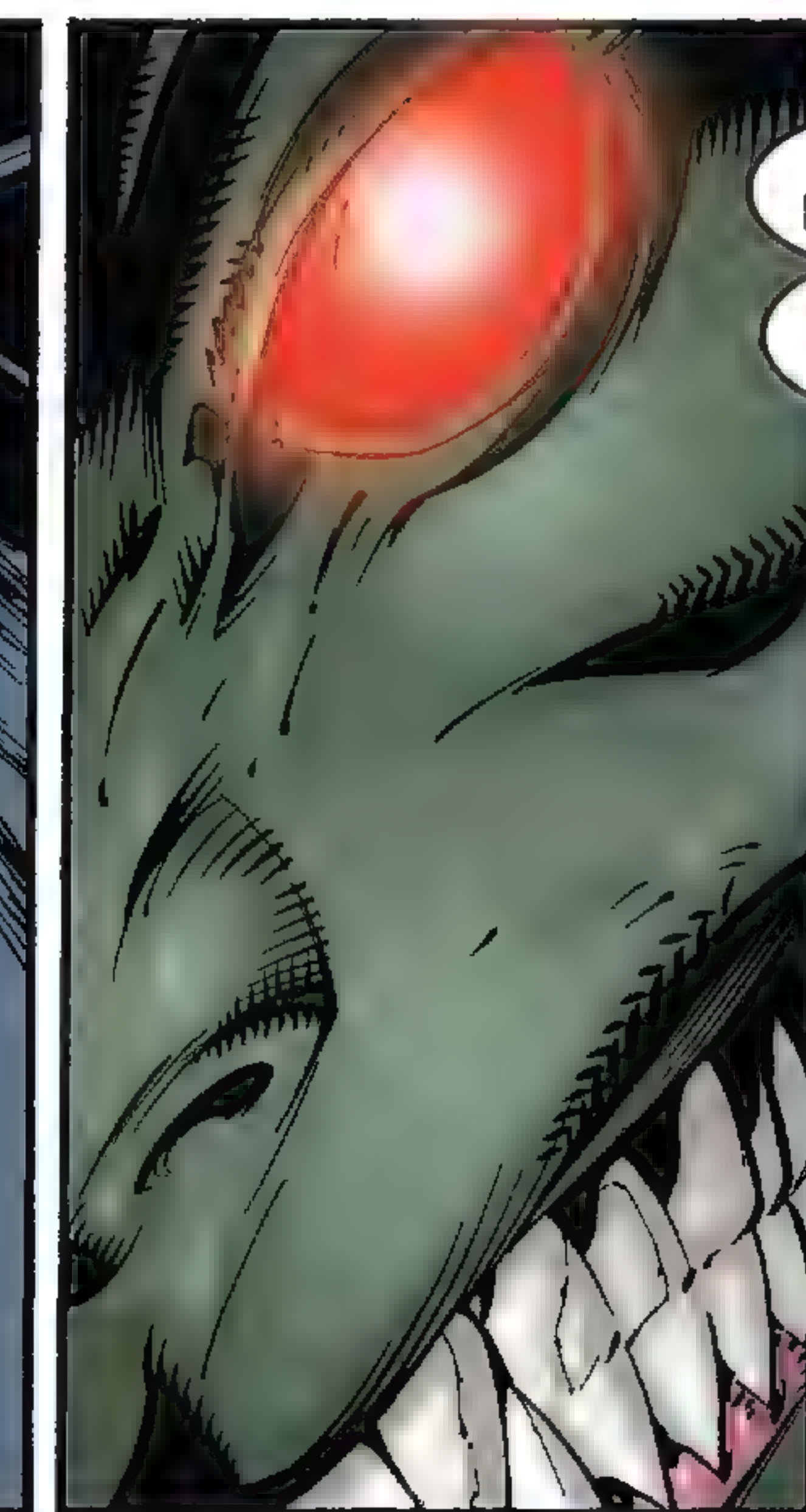
Oh
God....



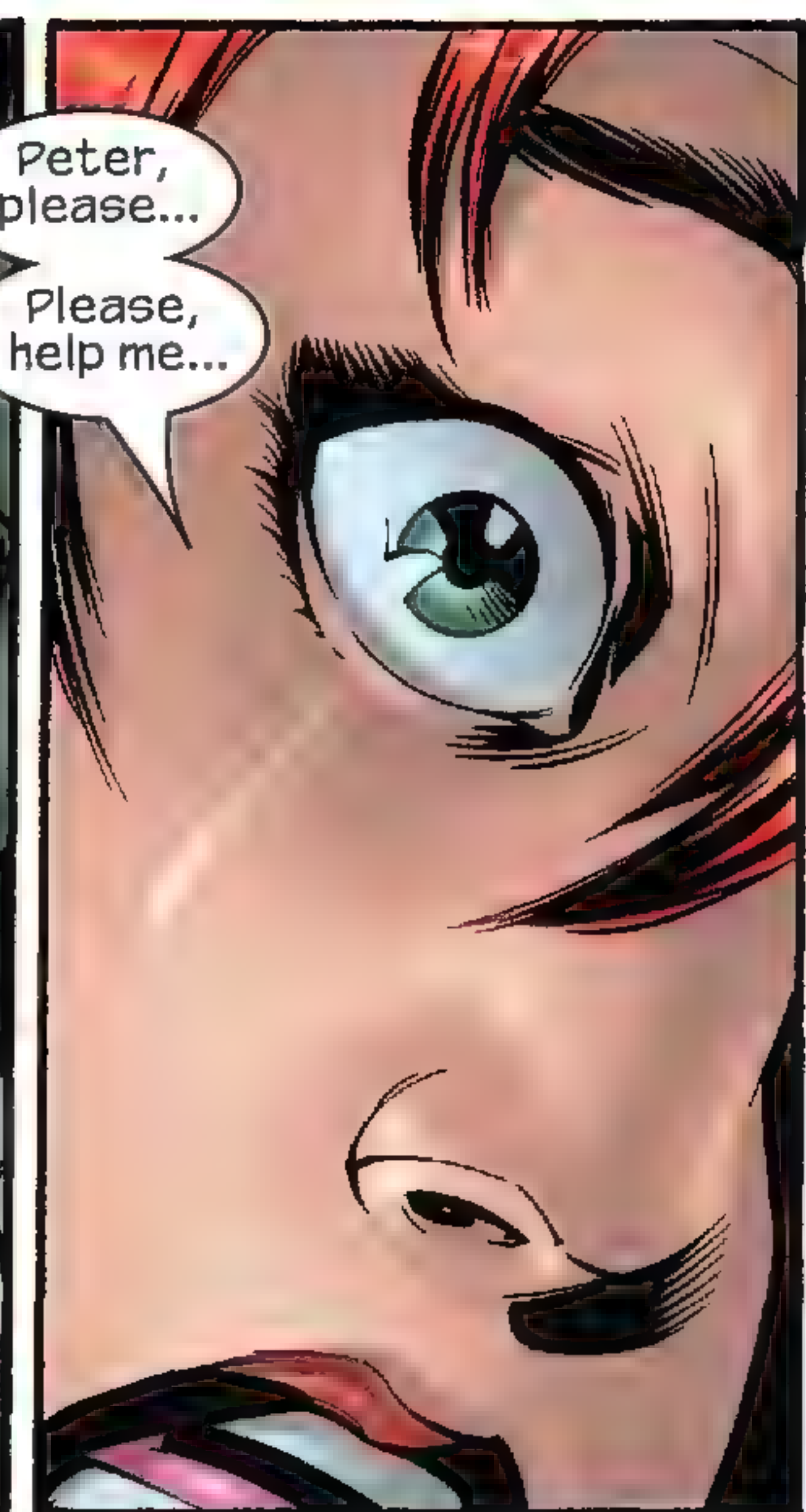
You've got to stop this. You've got to stop!

Why-- Why are you doing this?

M- Mary, are you okay?



Peter, please... Please, help me...

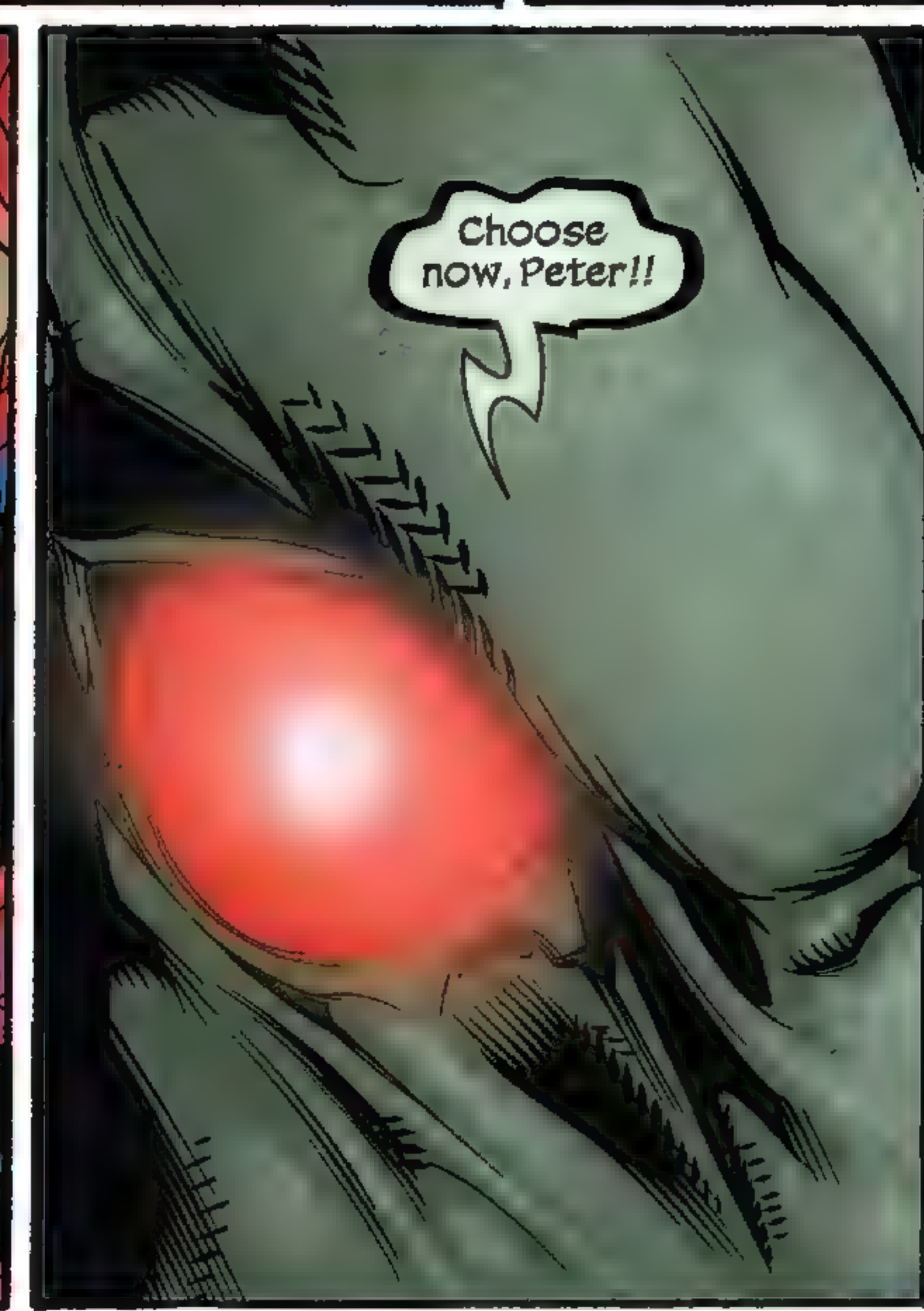


Circles, Parker!!! There they are!

They would choose to destroy us both so my secrets die.

Choose now, little Peter. Choose!

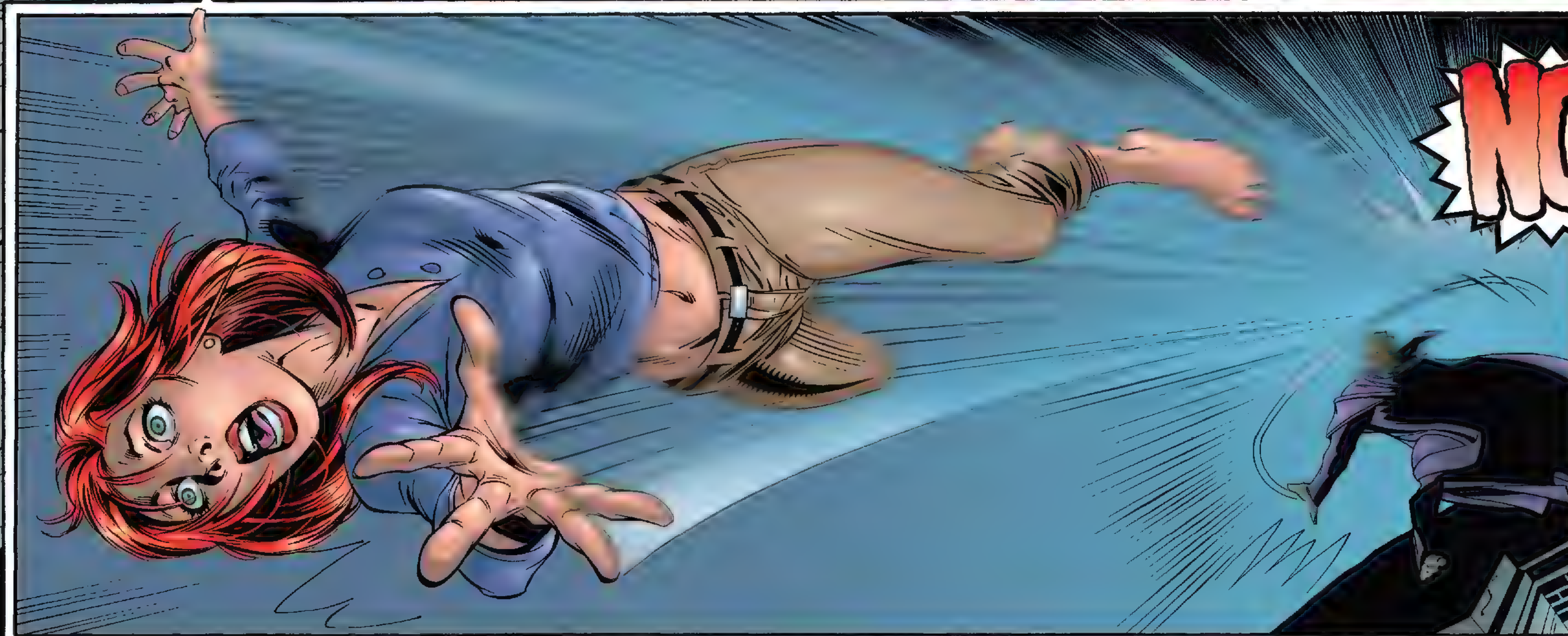
Just let the girl-- just-- I'll do whatever you want...



Choose now, Peter!!

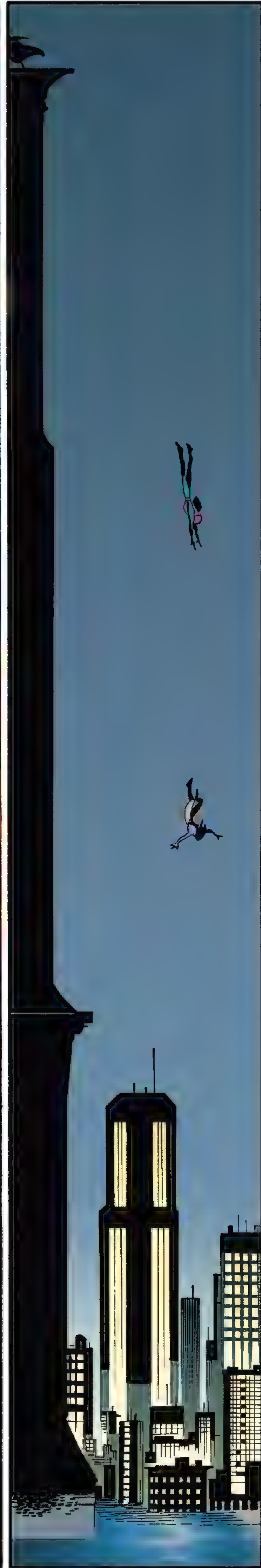
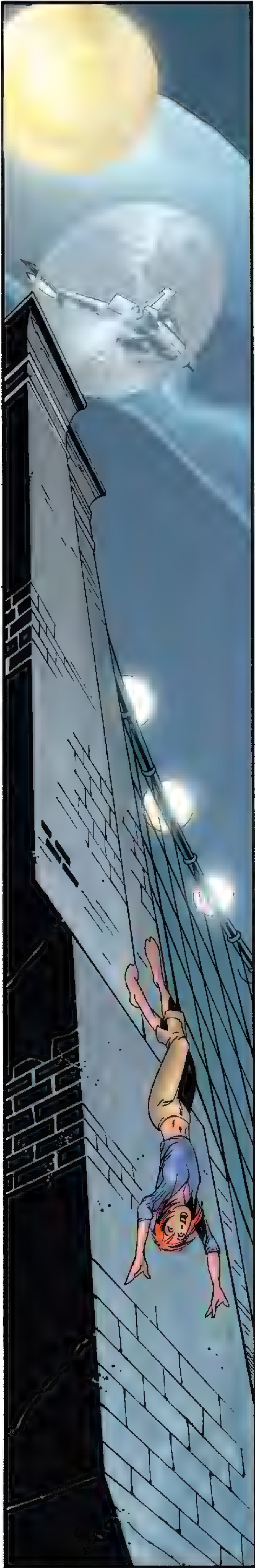


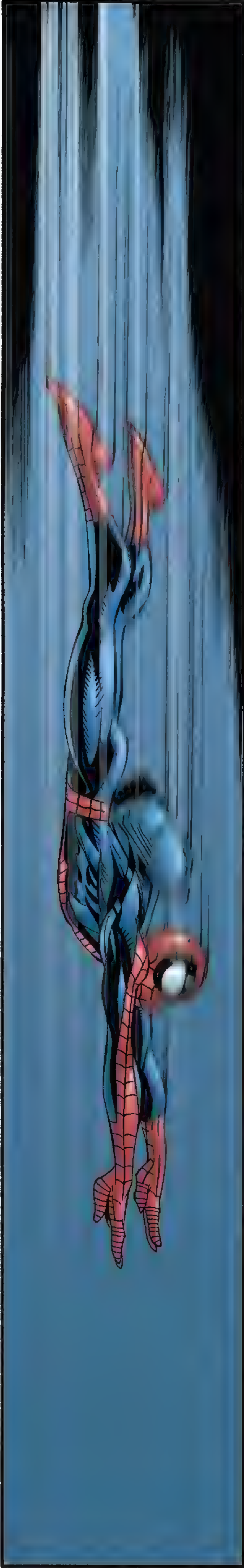
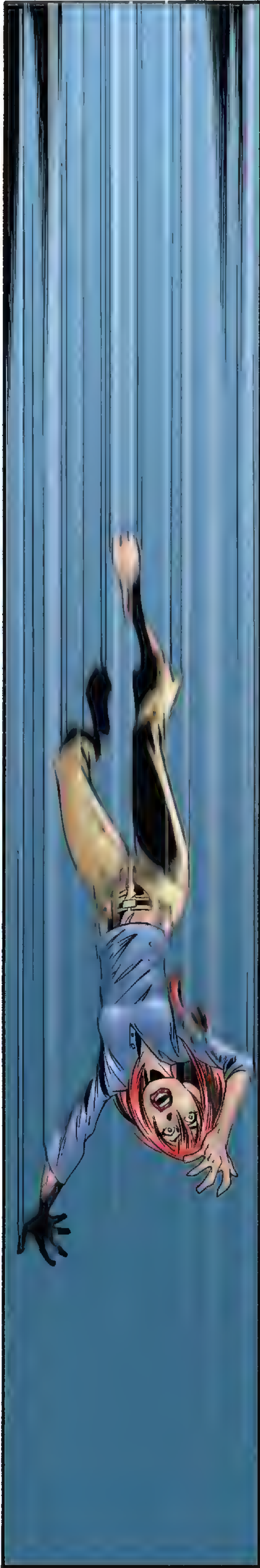
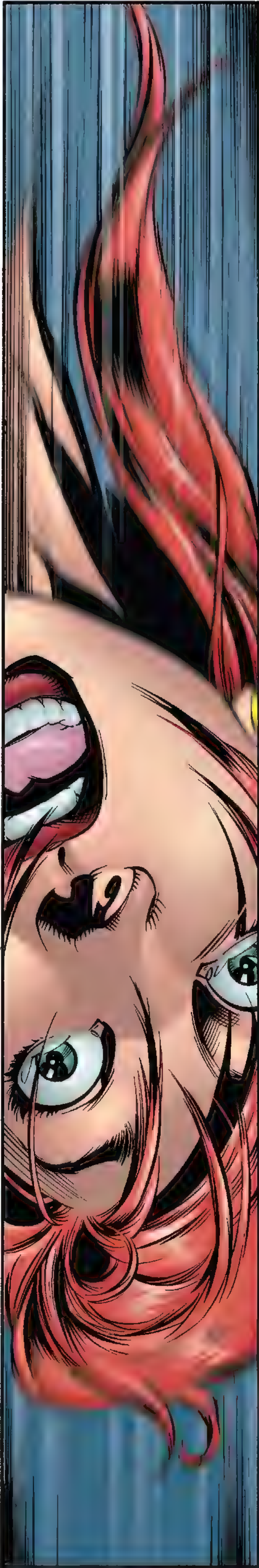
Just-- Just give me the girl...

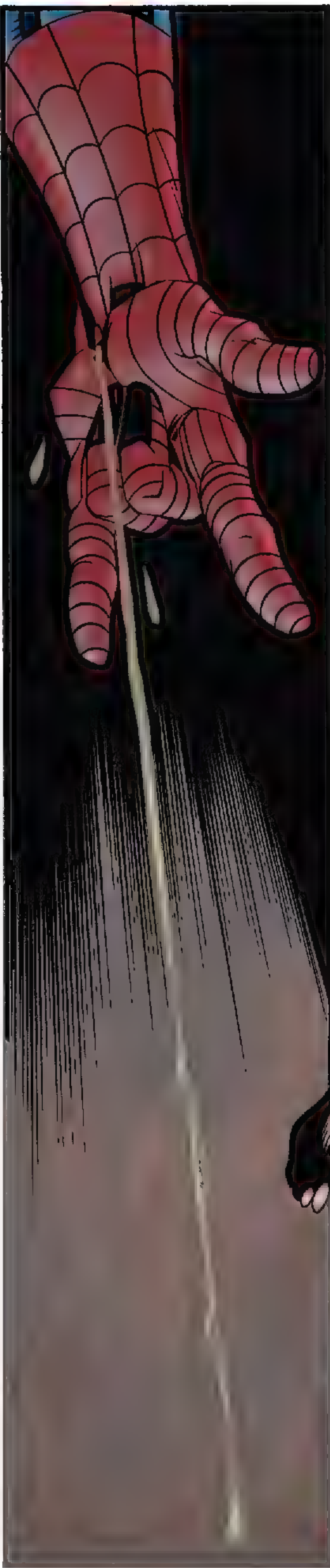


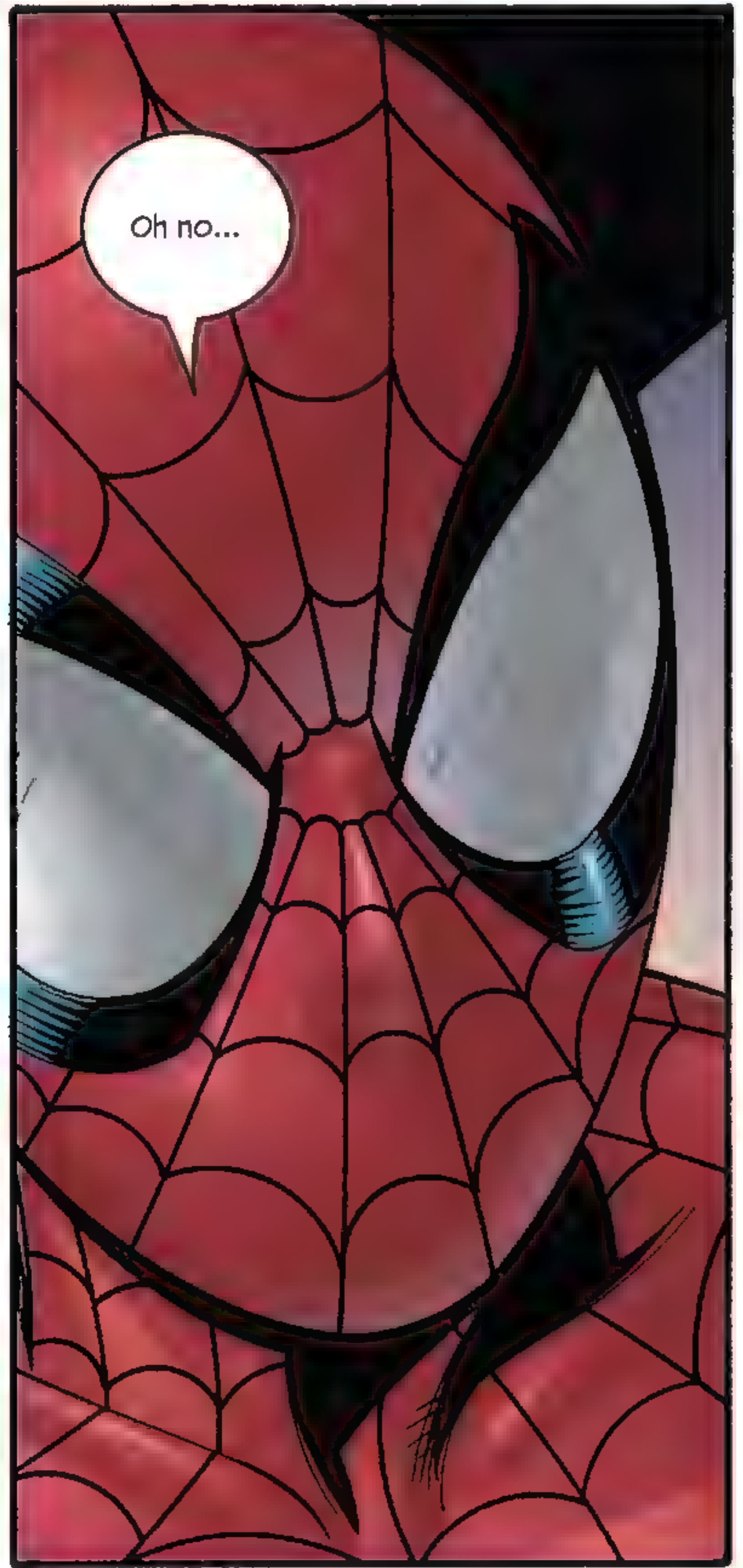
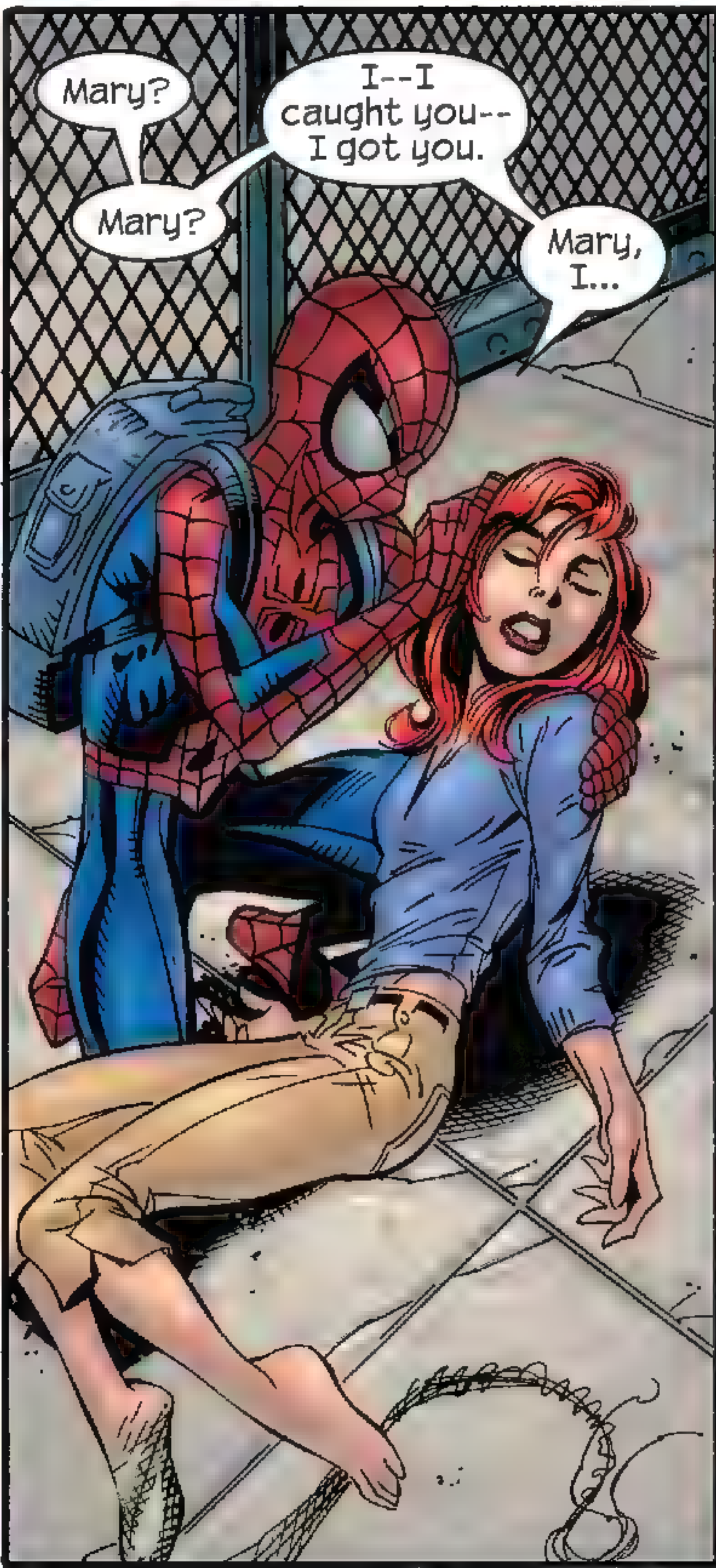
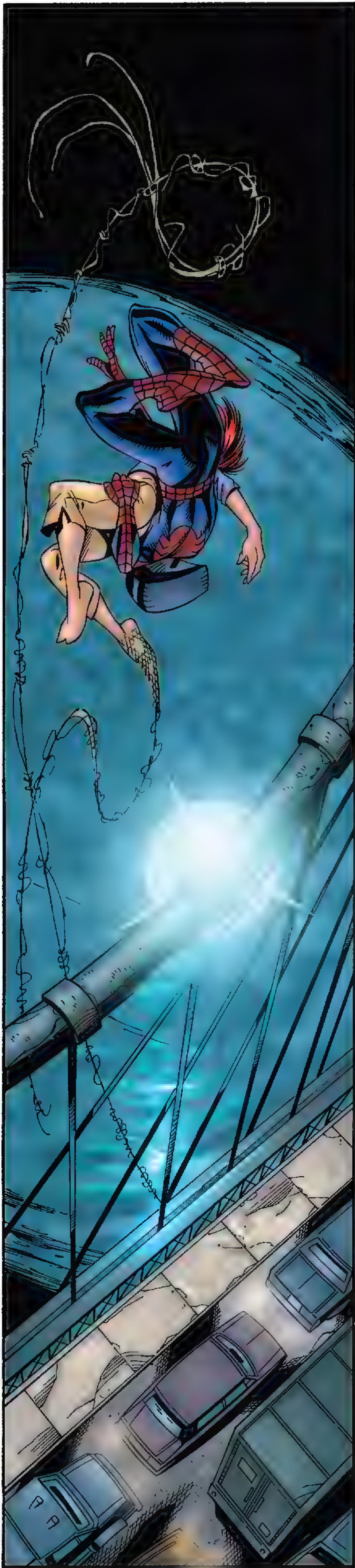
NO!!

















The Triskelion--

The Ultimates floating headquarters
five miles outside New York City.

Quartermain,
this is One Eye
Eagle, over.

I read
you, General
Fury.

I said I want
constant updates
on the Osborn
situation and what
am I getting?

Sir, as you can
see, Osborn has
taken his hostage to
the Queensboro
Bridge.

The Watson
girl is being
held out by
her neck.

Is
she still
alive?

I
think--
yes.

What's the
Spider-Man
kid doing?

He-- it
looks like he
is pleading with
Osborn.

As you
can see,
sir, he...

Aaah!! I
can't see
#\$@!!!

Can you
take the
shot?

Not
without
risking the
girl.

Osborn is
holding her
out by the
head.

Your call,
General.

Wait-- oh--
oh my God!
He dropped
her!!

The scum
dropped her off
the bridge and
Spider-Man is
diving after
her.

Take the
shot!!

The Queensboro Bridge...

HYAARGH!!

BRACKA BRACKA BRACKA BRACKA

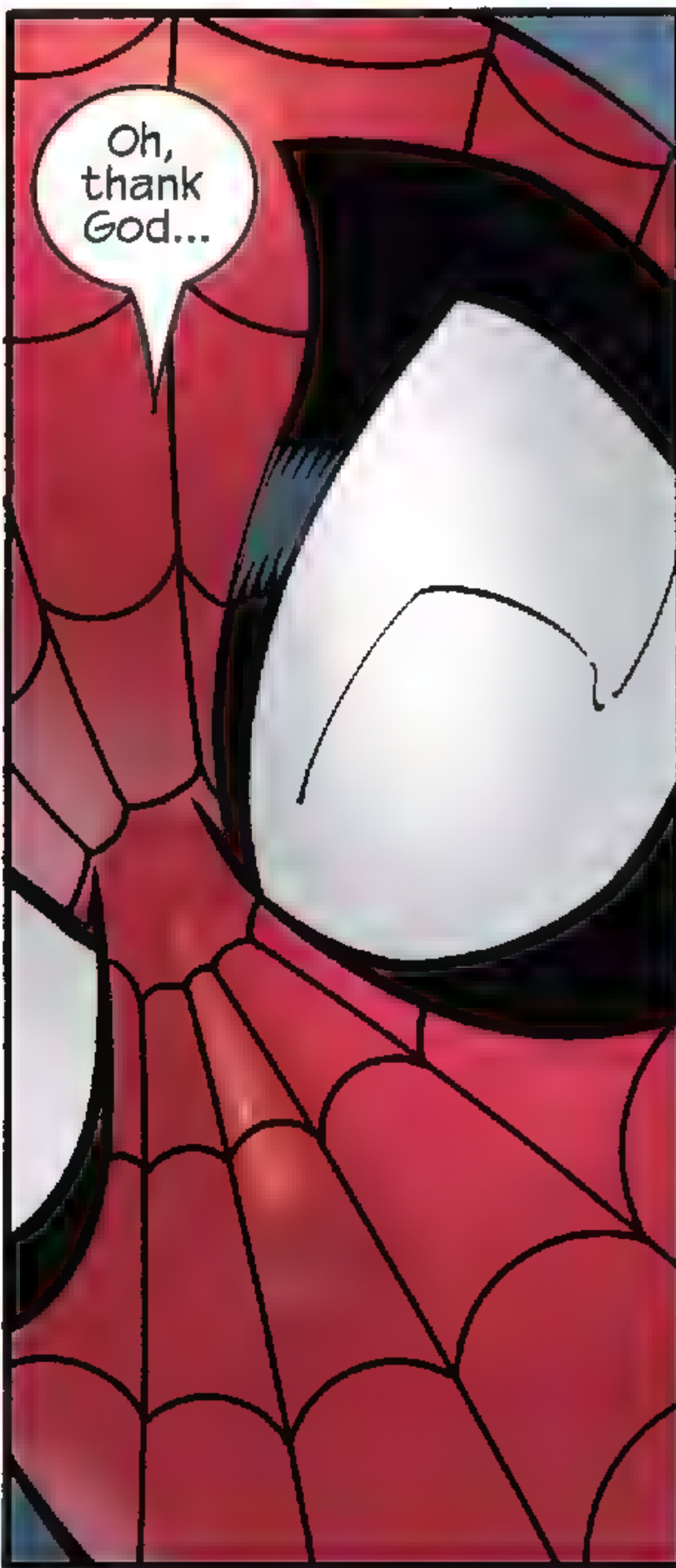
Copter one, confirm hit?

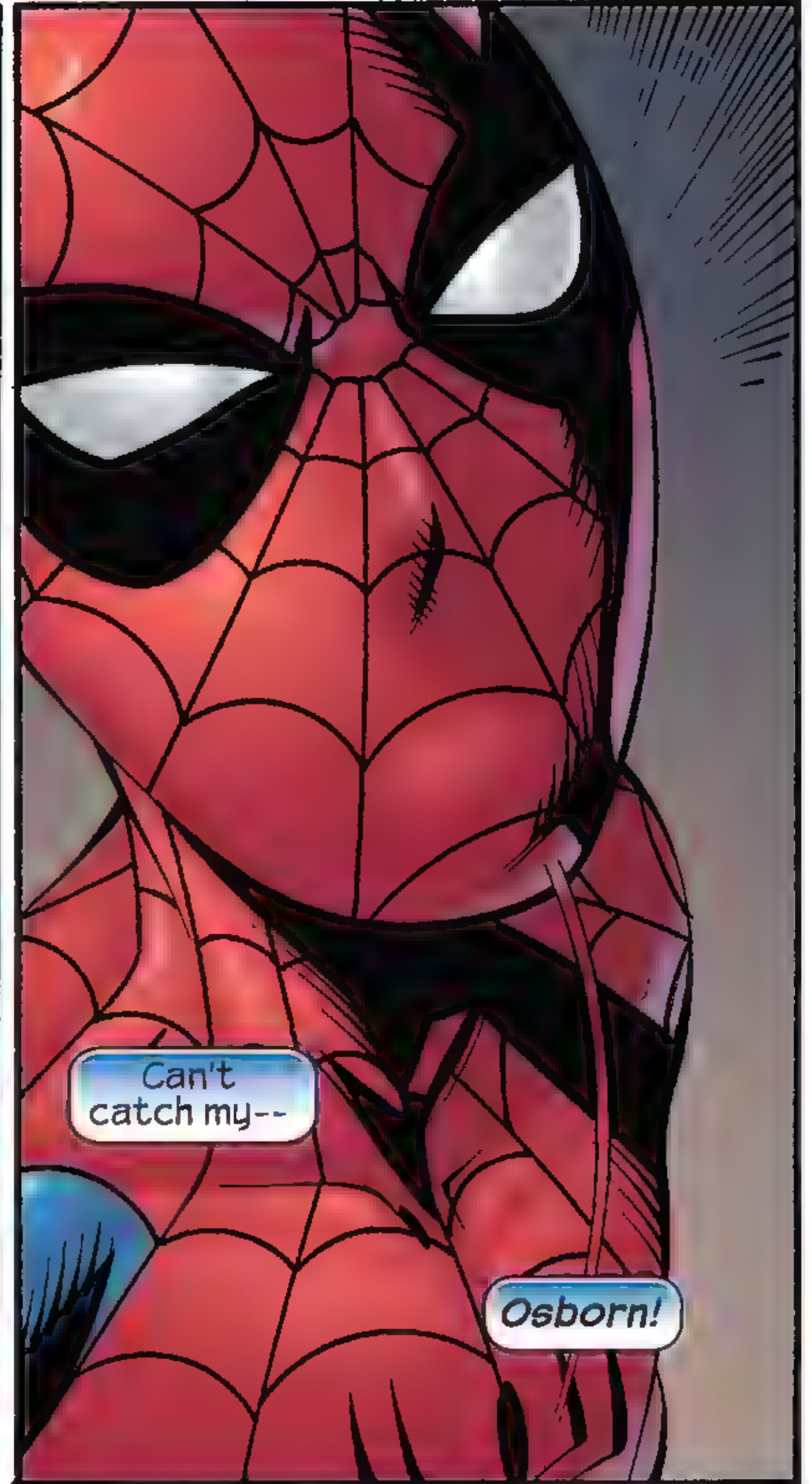
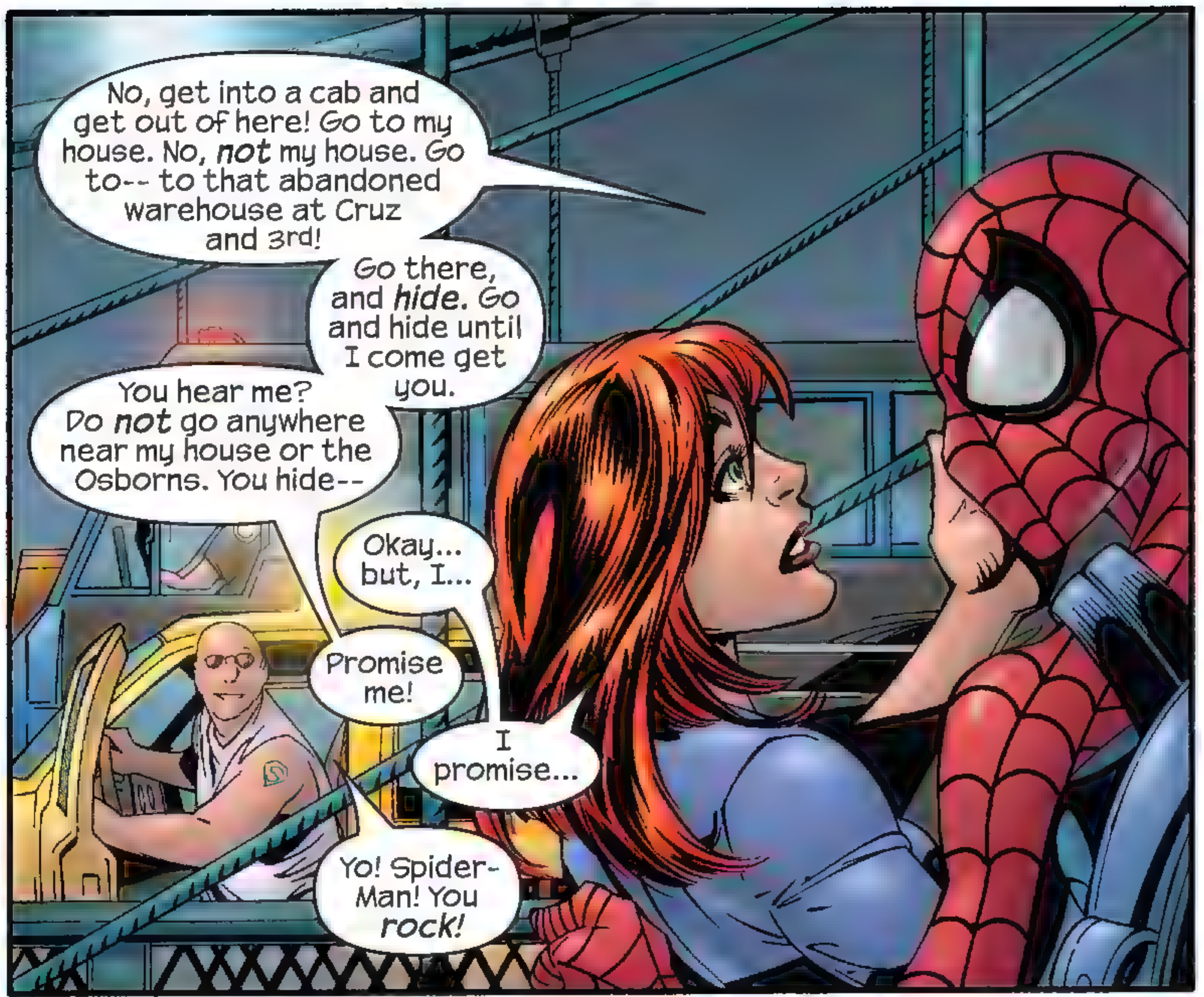
Second round?

Hit confirmed!

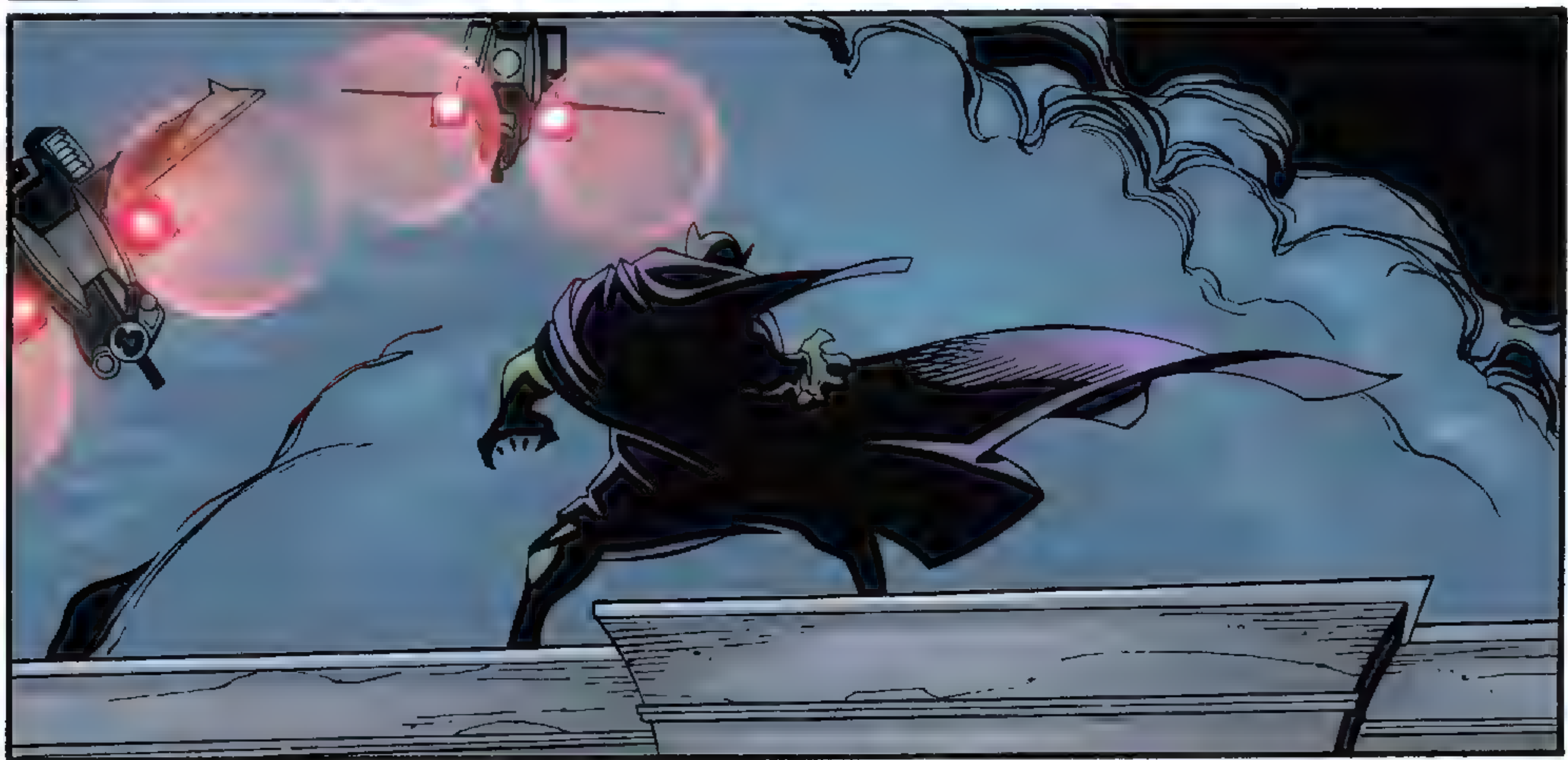
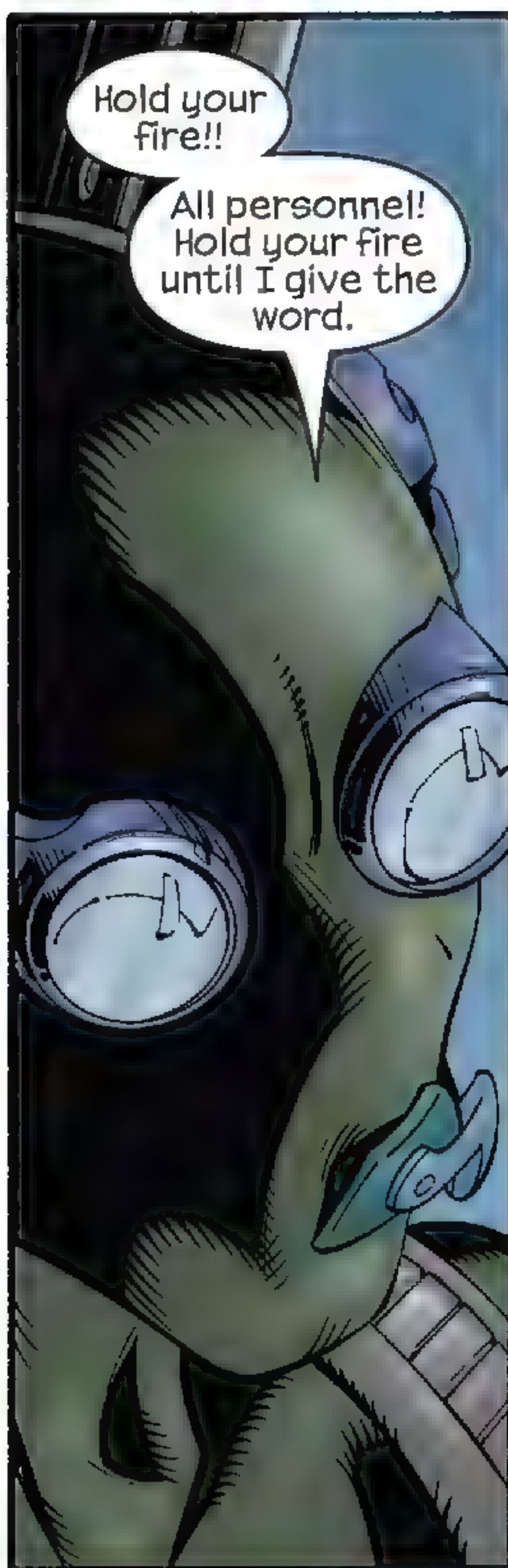
Hold your fire-- suspect is down.

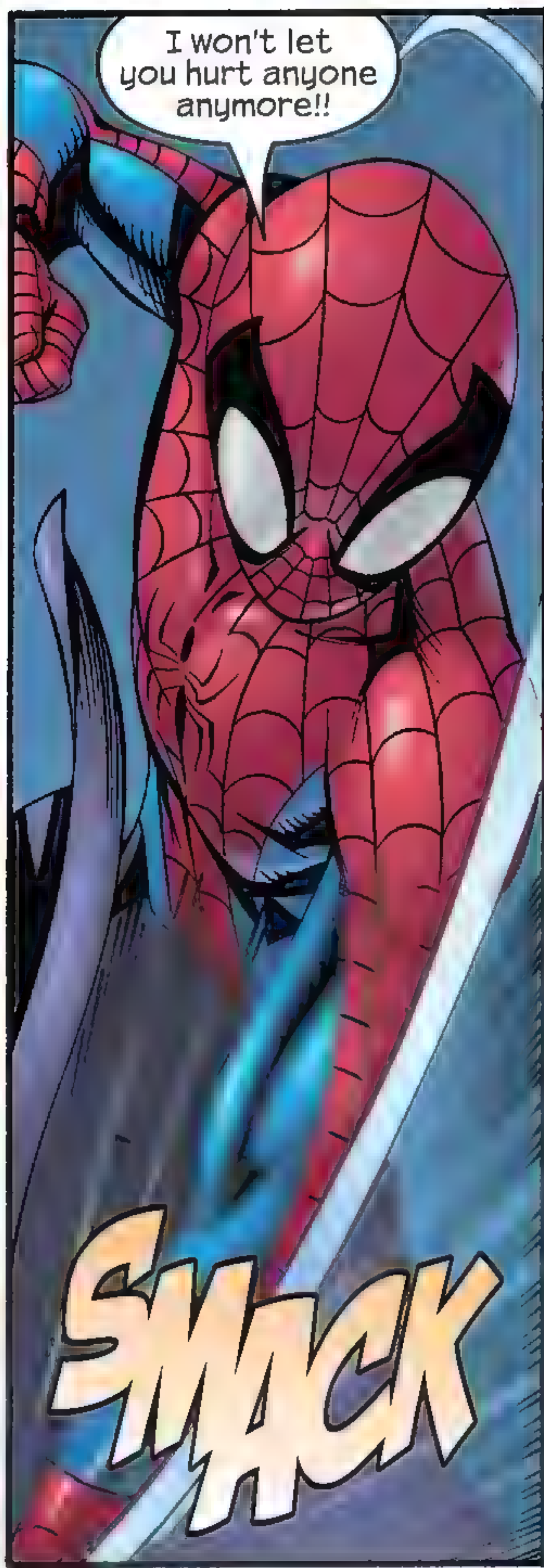
A comic book panel featuring a green-skinned, horned demon with glowing orange eyes and a purple cloak. The demon is breathing fire from its mouth and has a speech bubble that says "FURY!!" and "It'll take a lot more than that!!". The demon is crouching on a cracked, grey surface with small insects nearby.

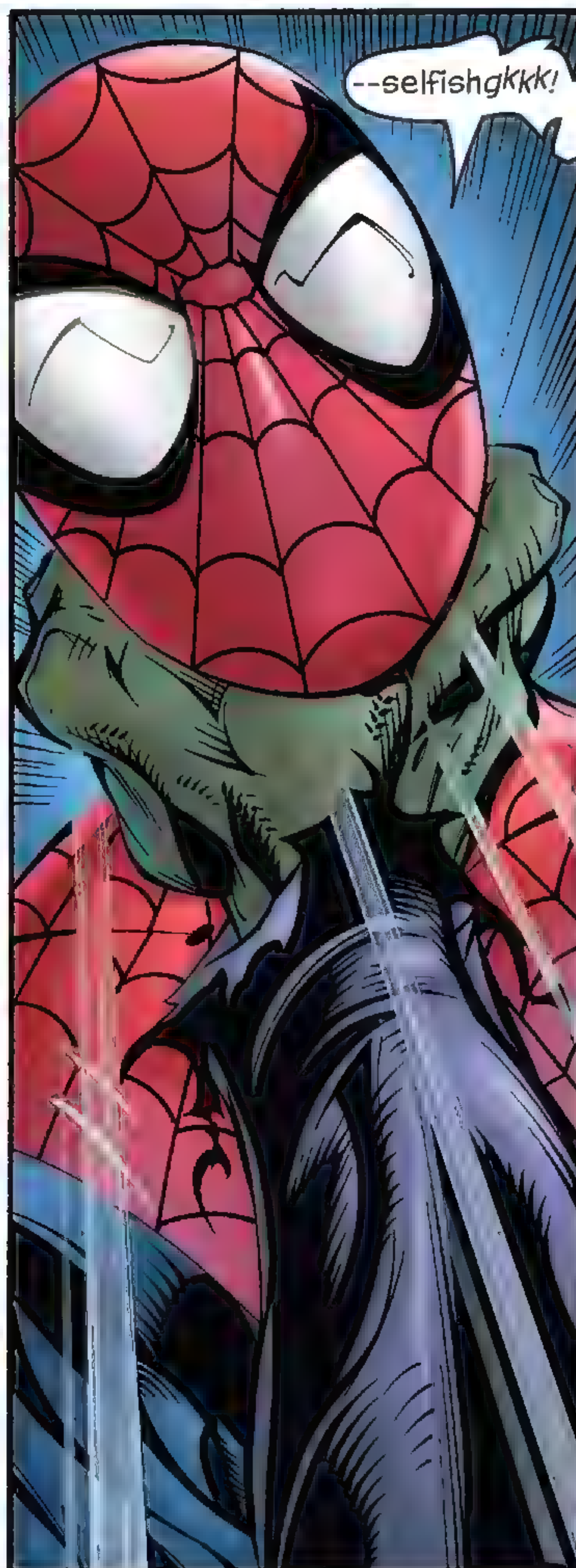
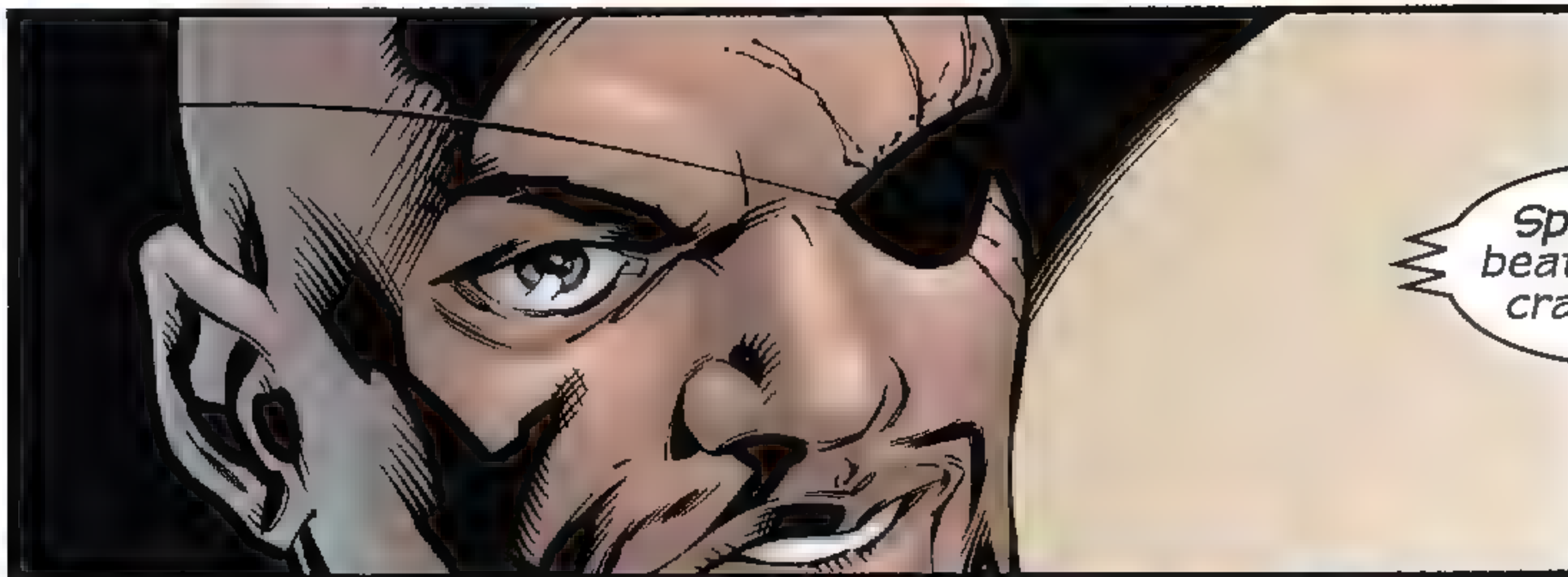
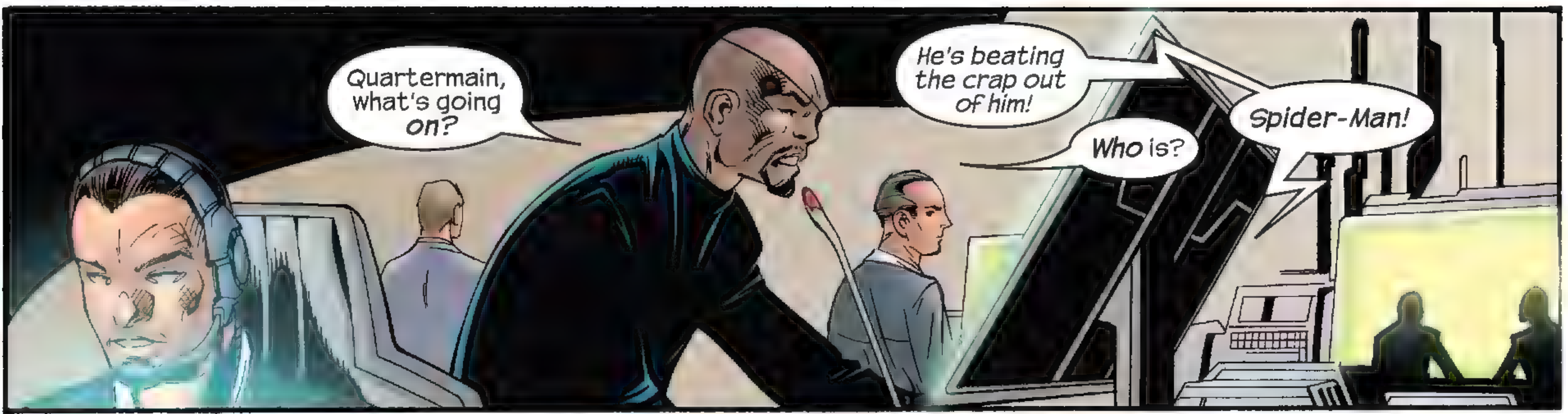






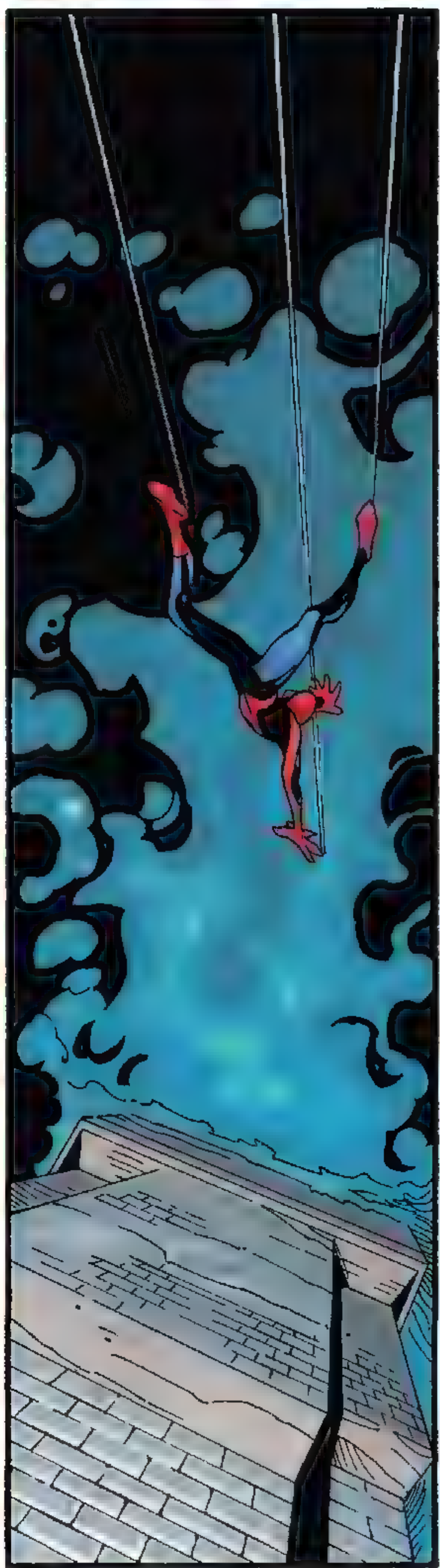
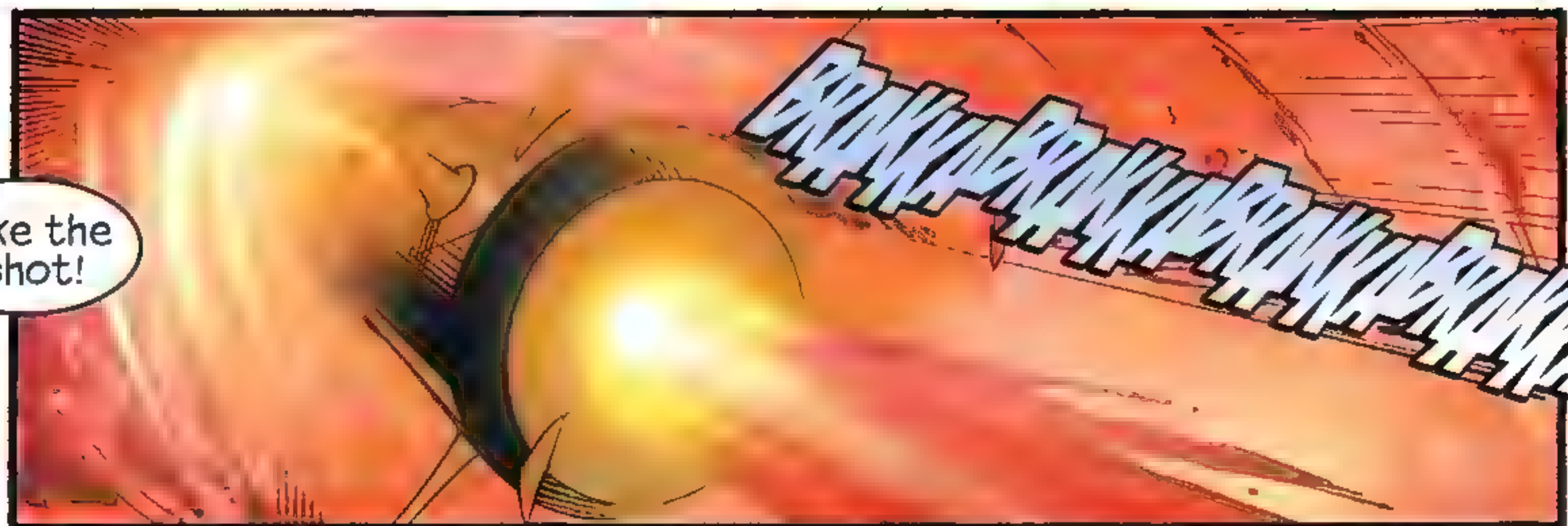


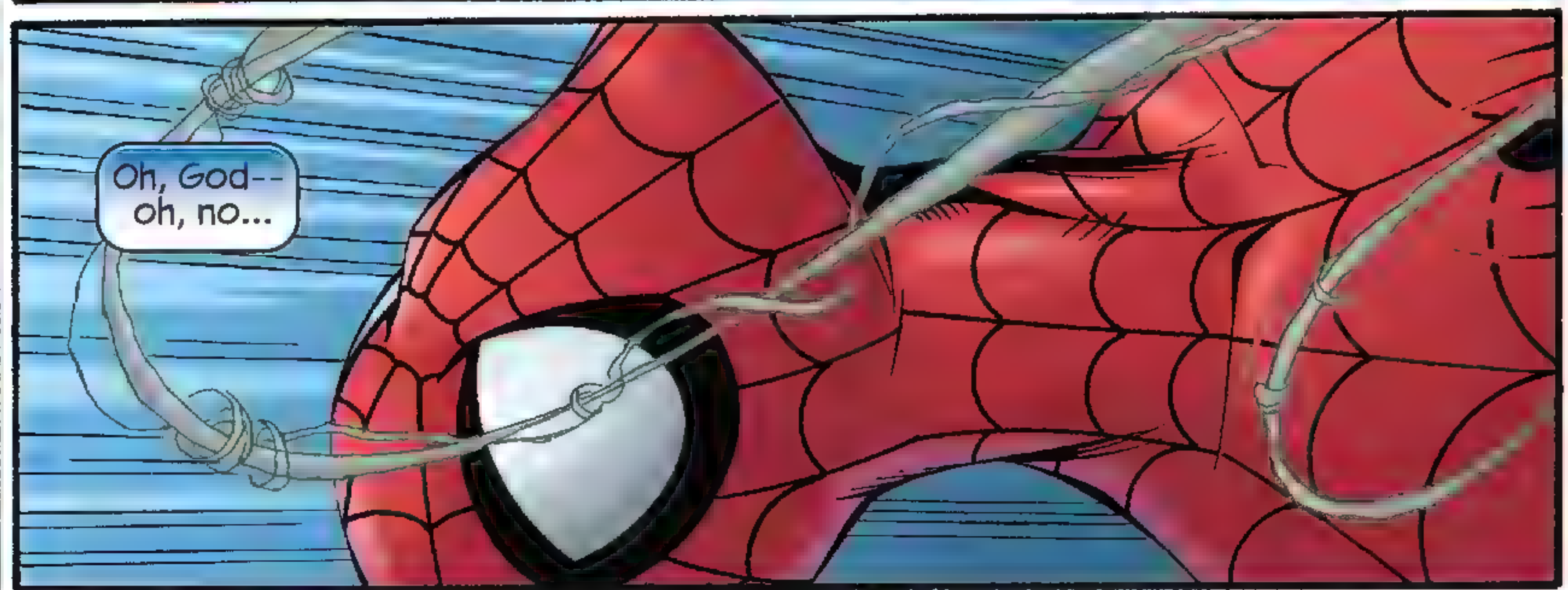
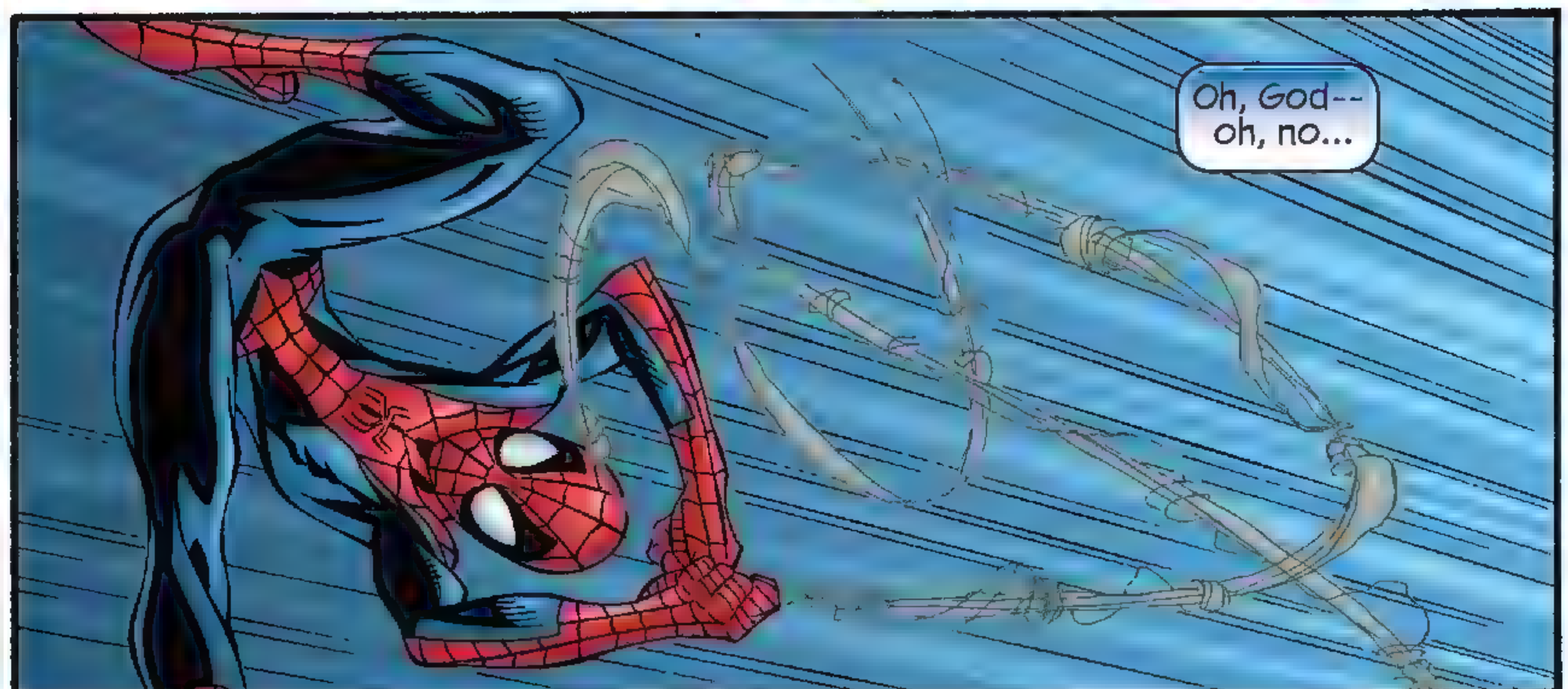
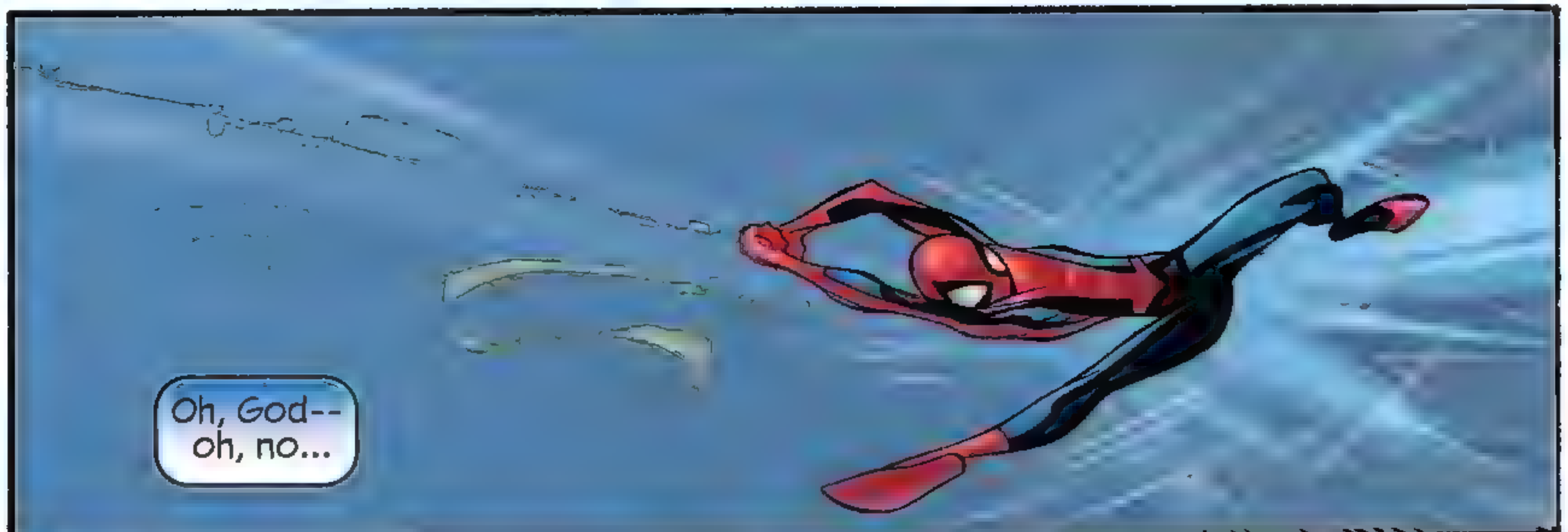
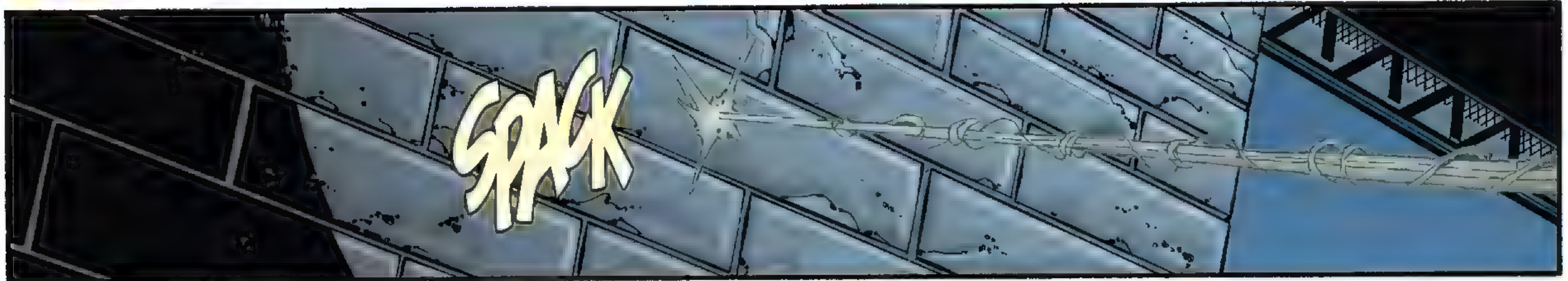
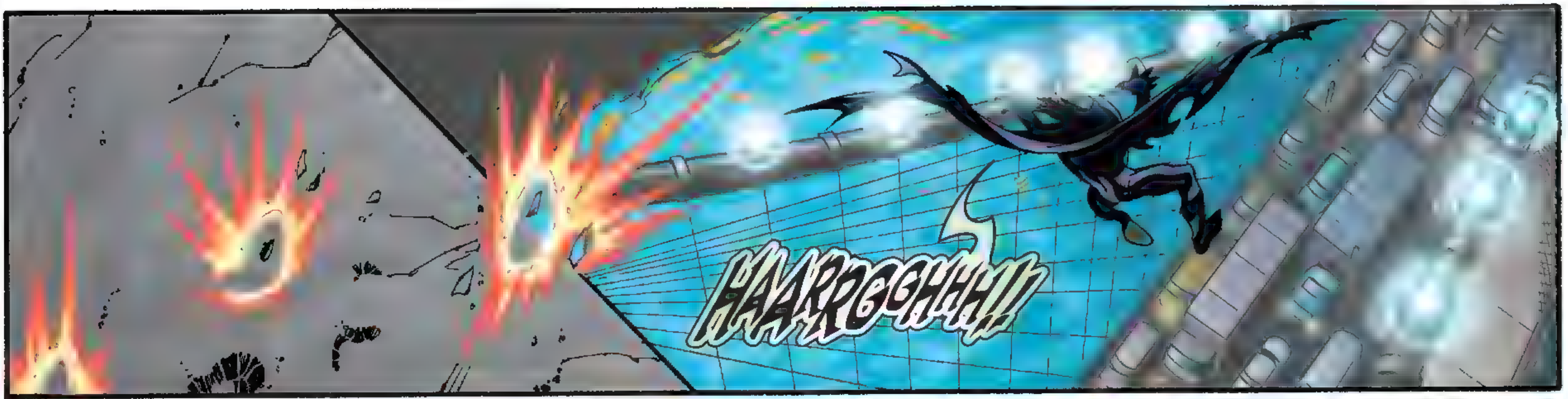


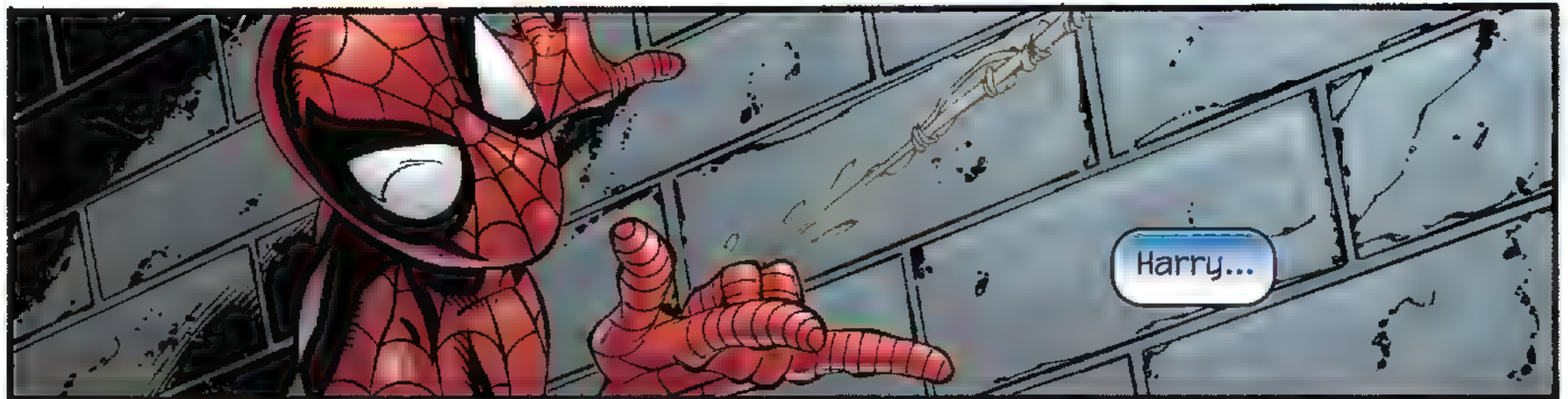
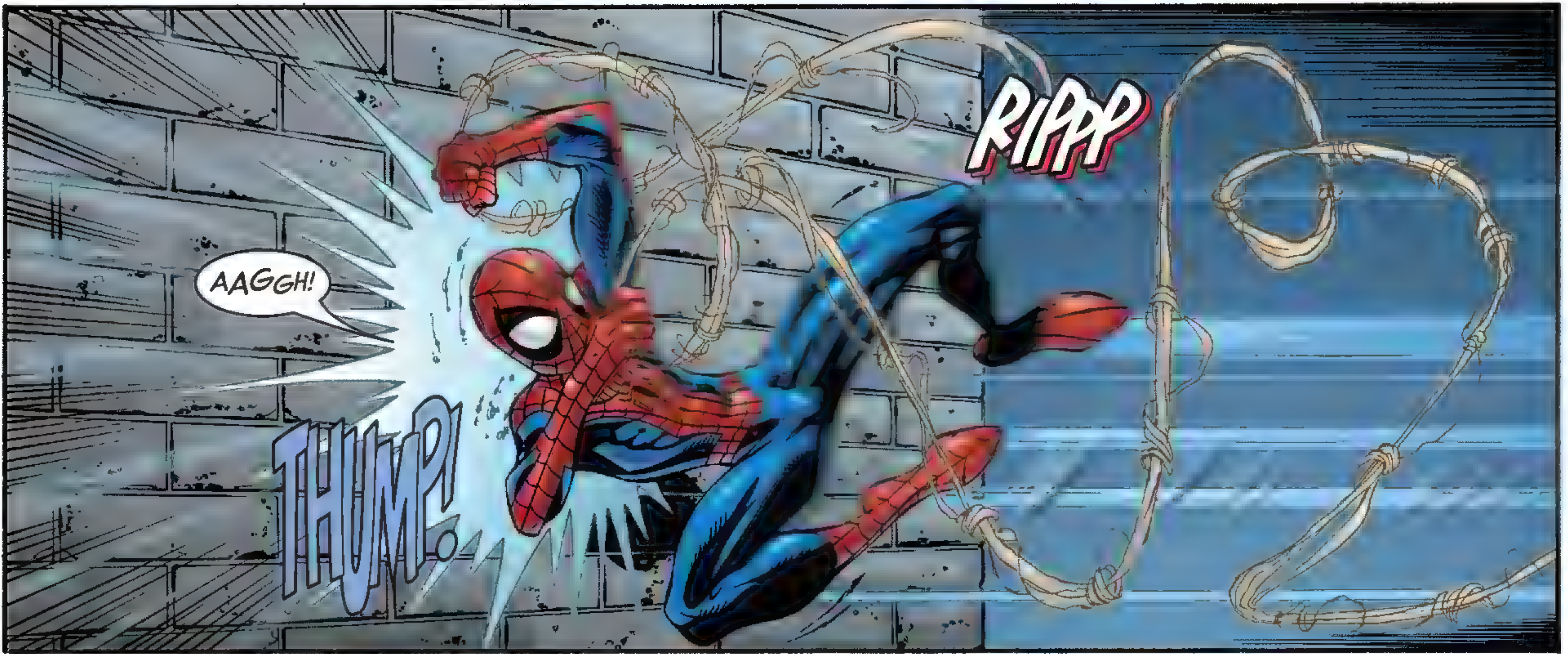


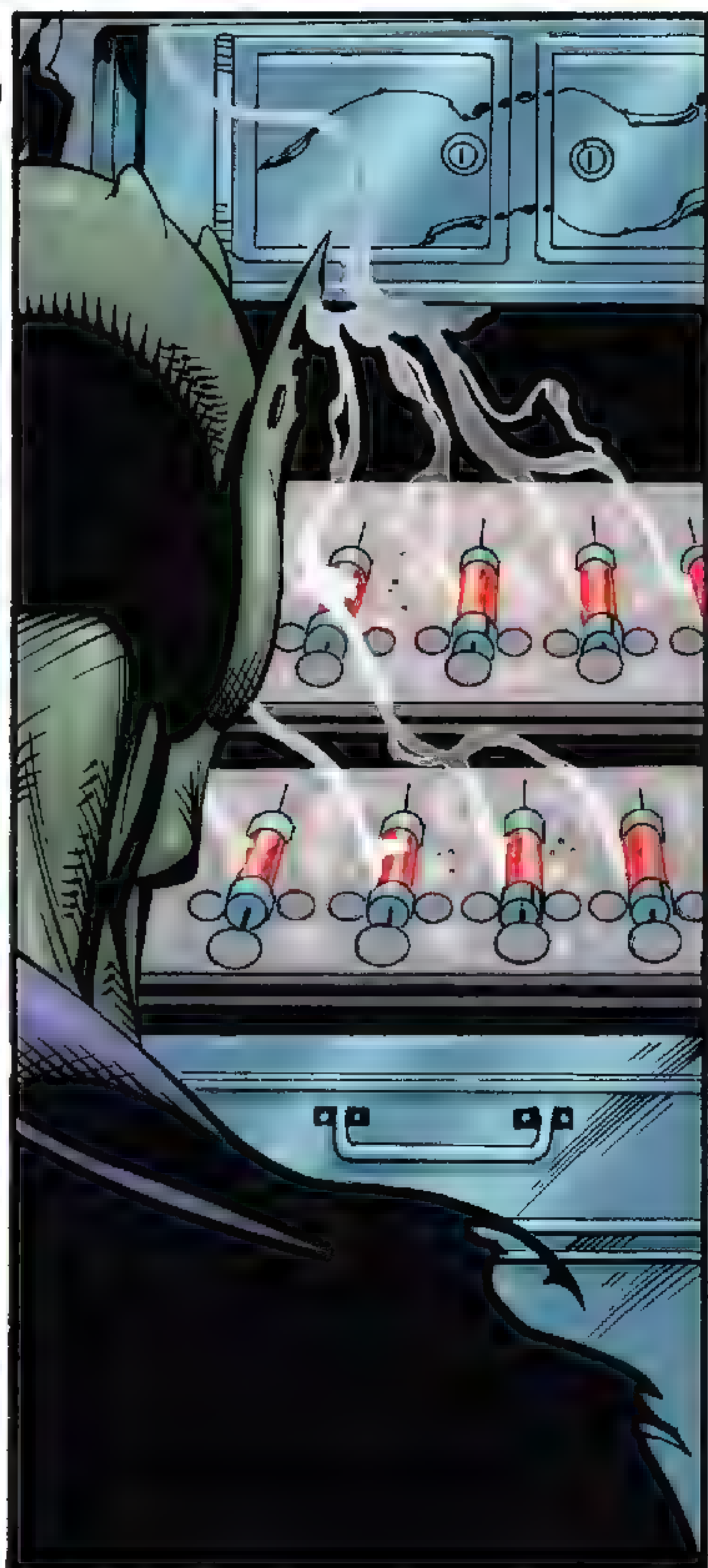
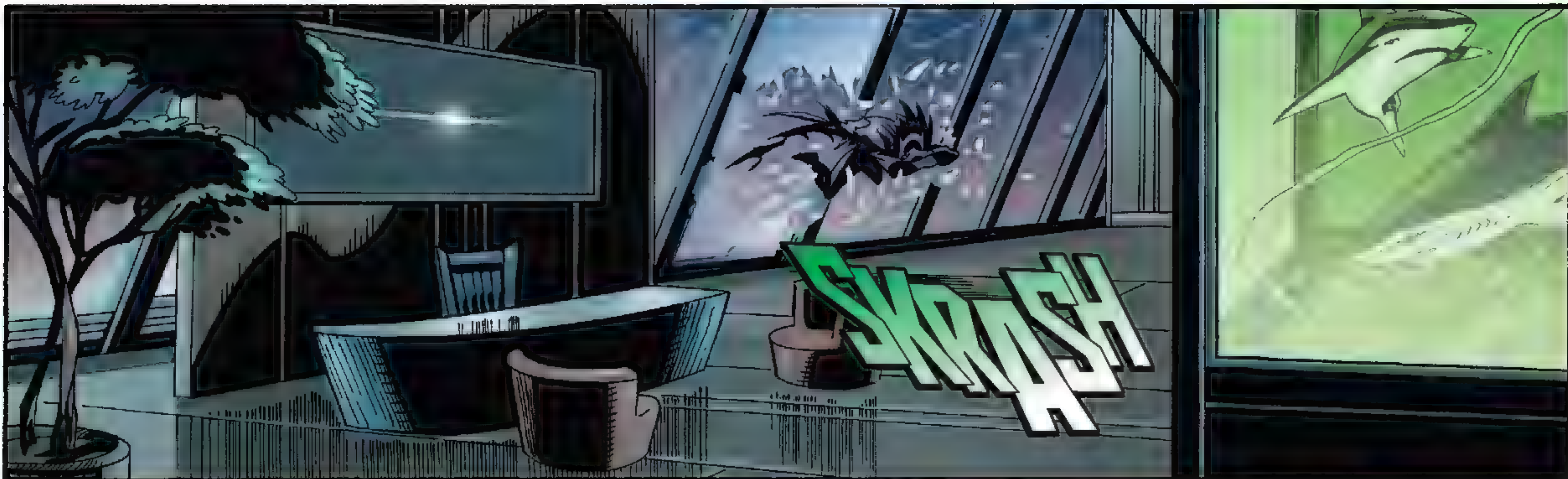


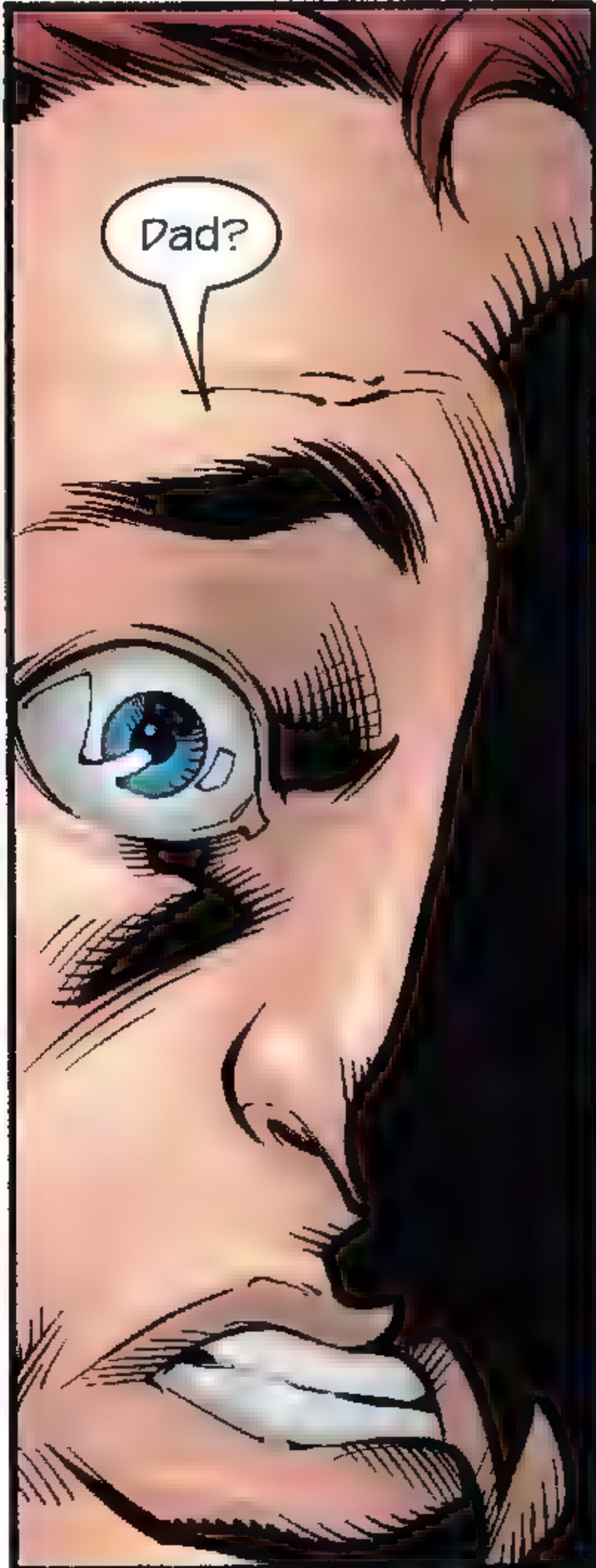
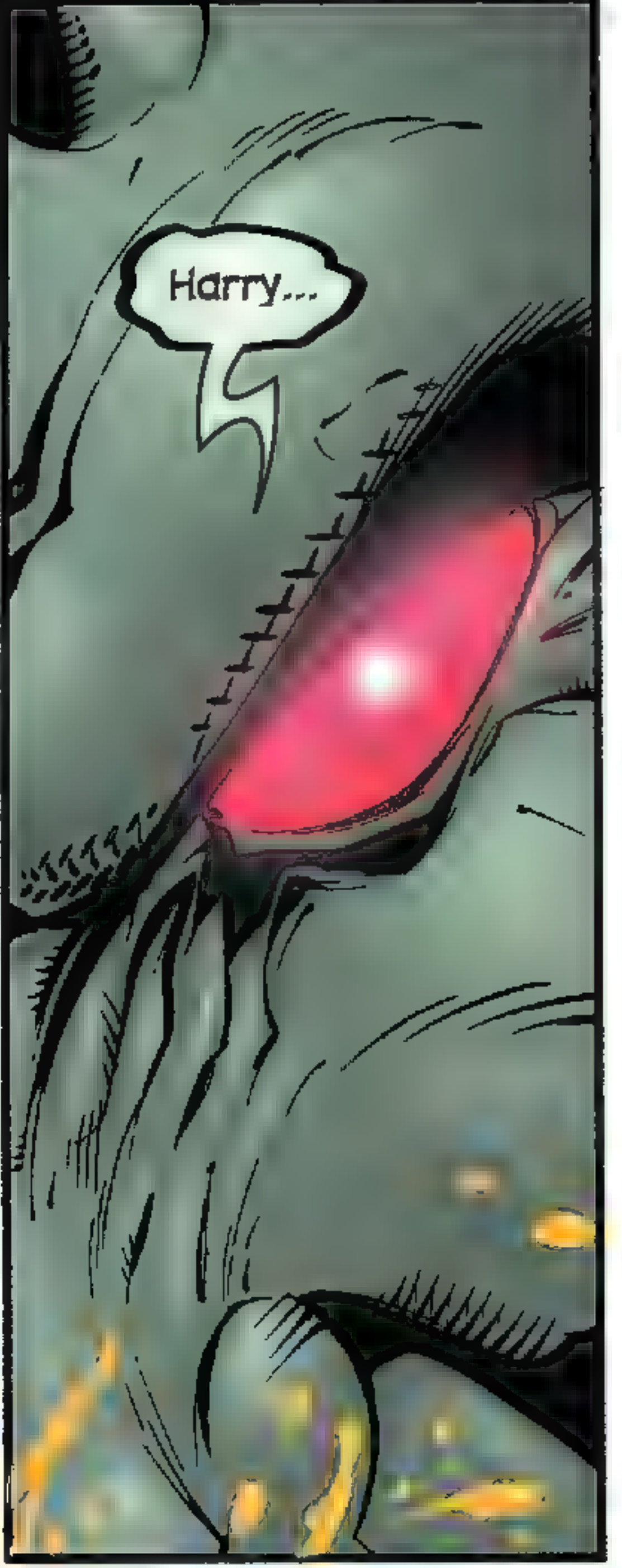
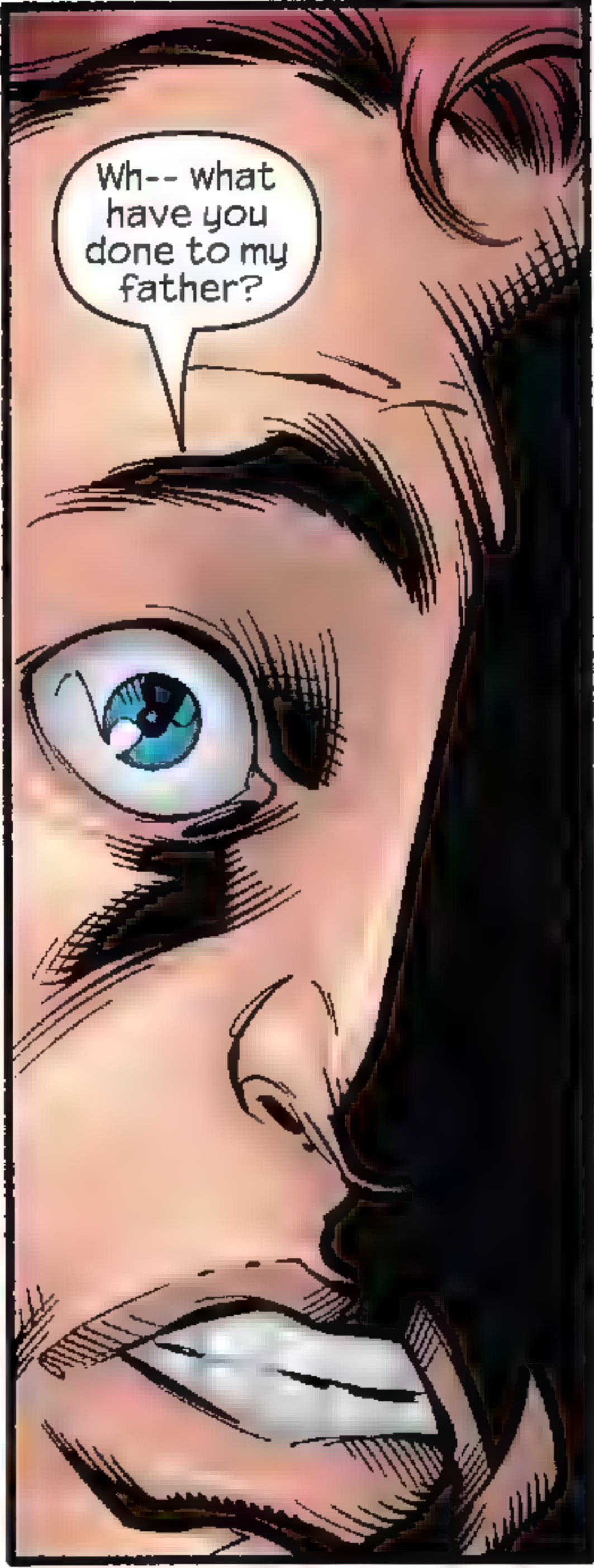
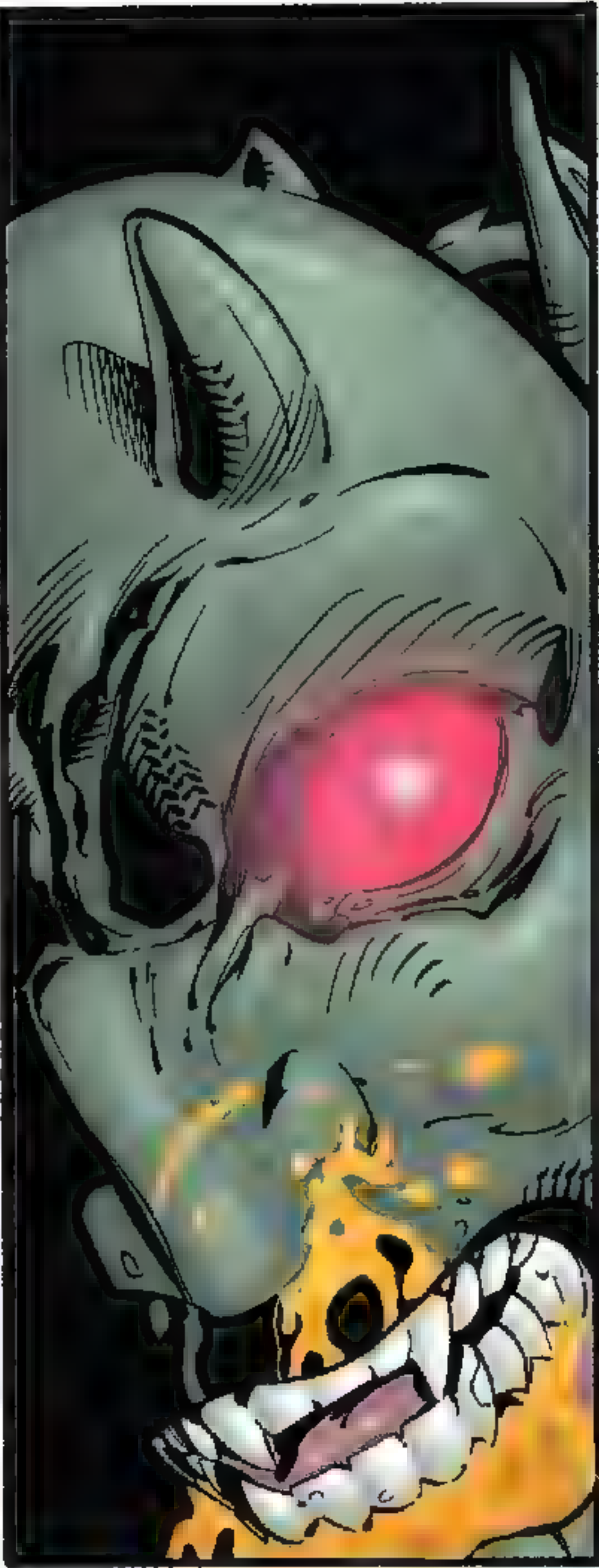
Take the shot!



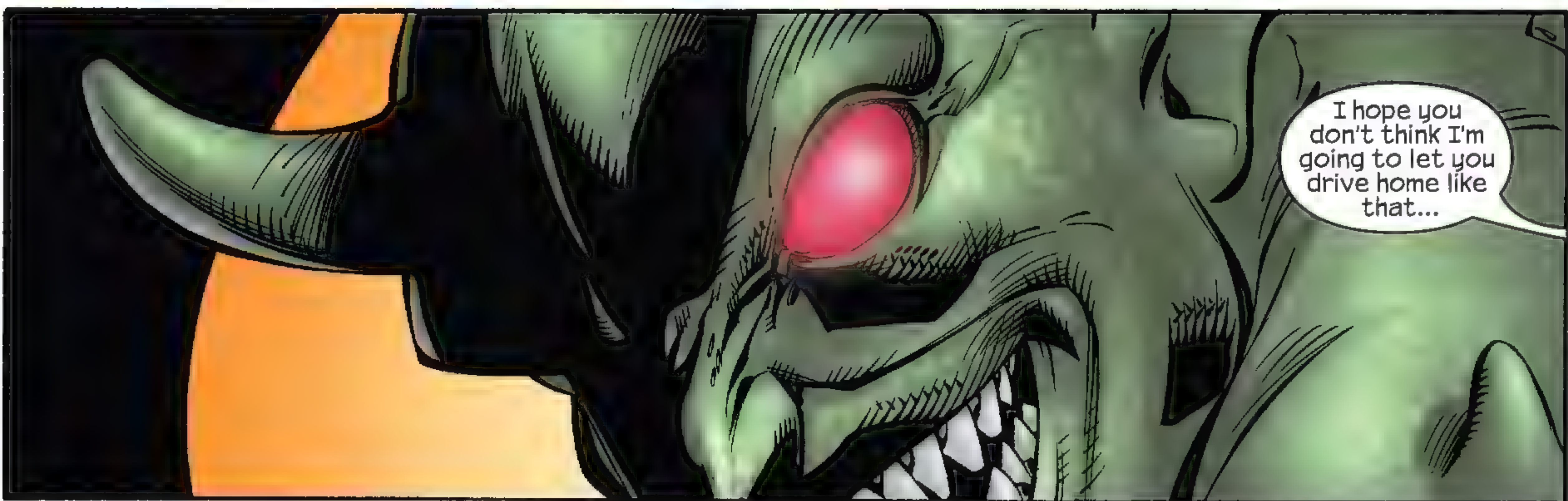


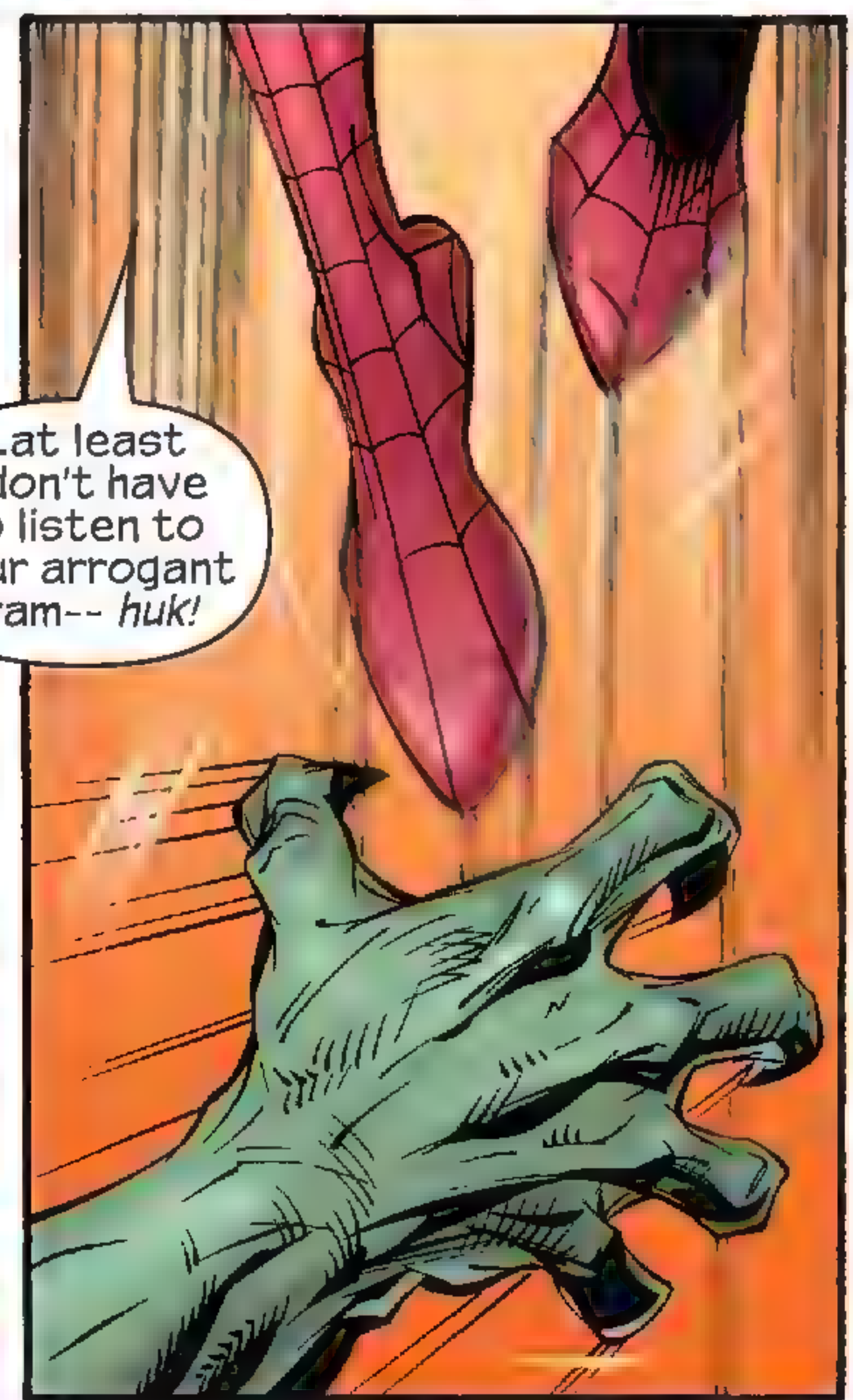
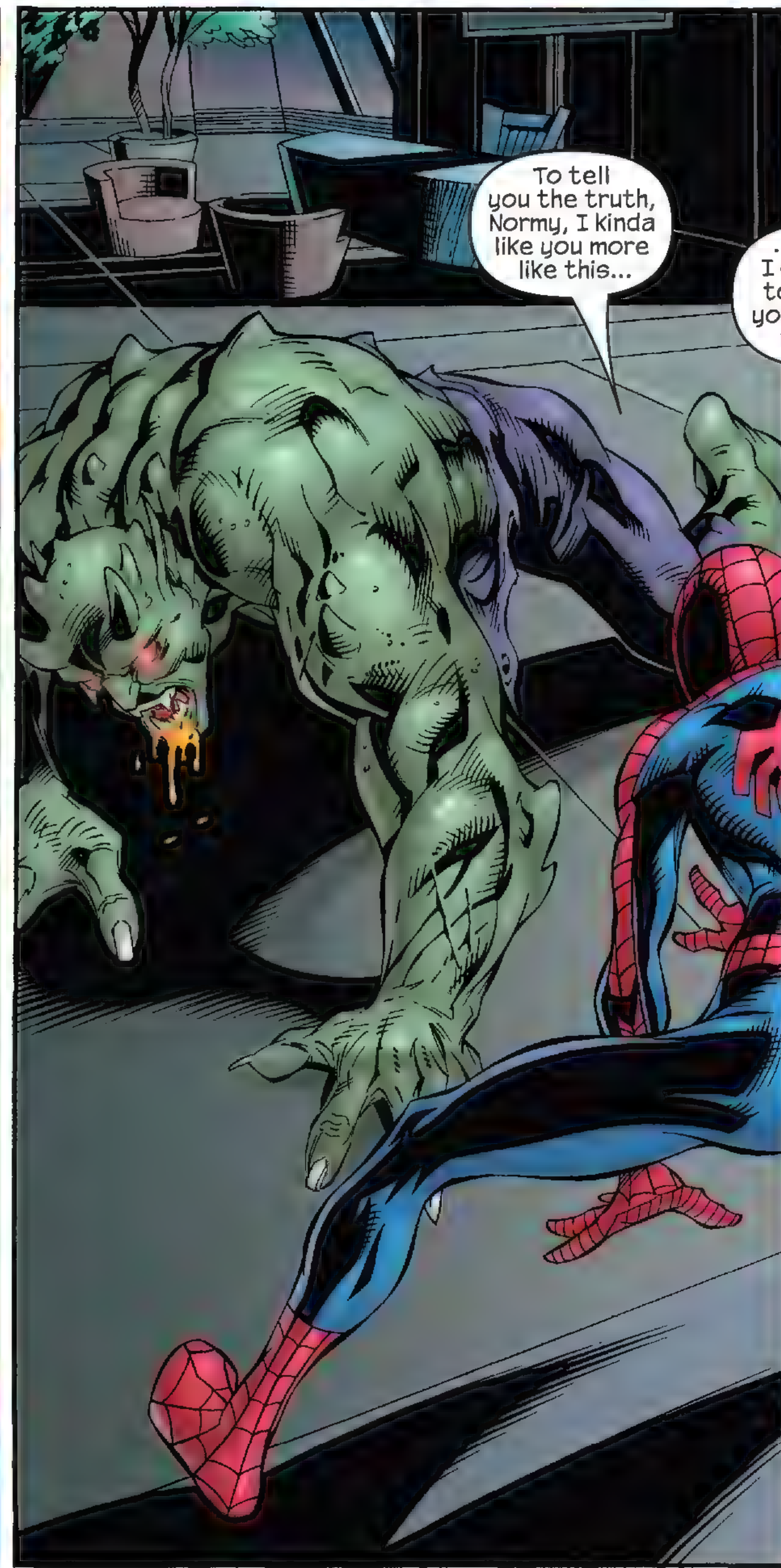


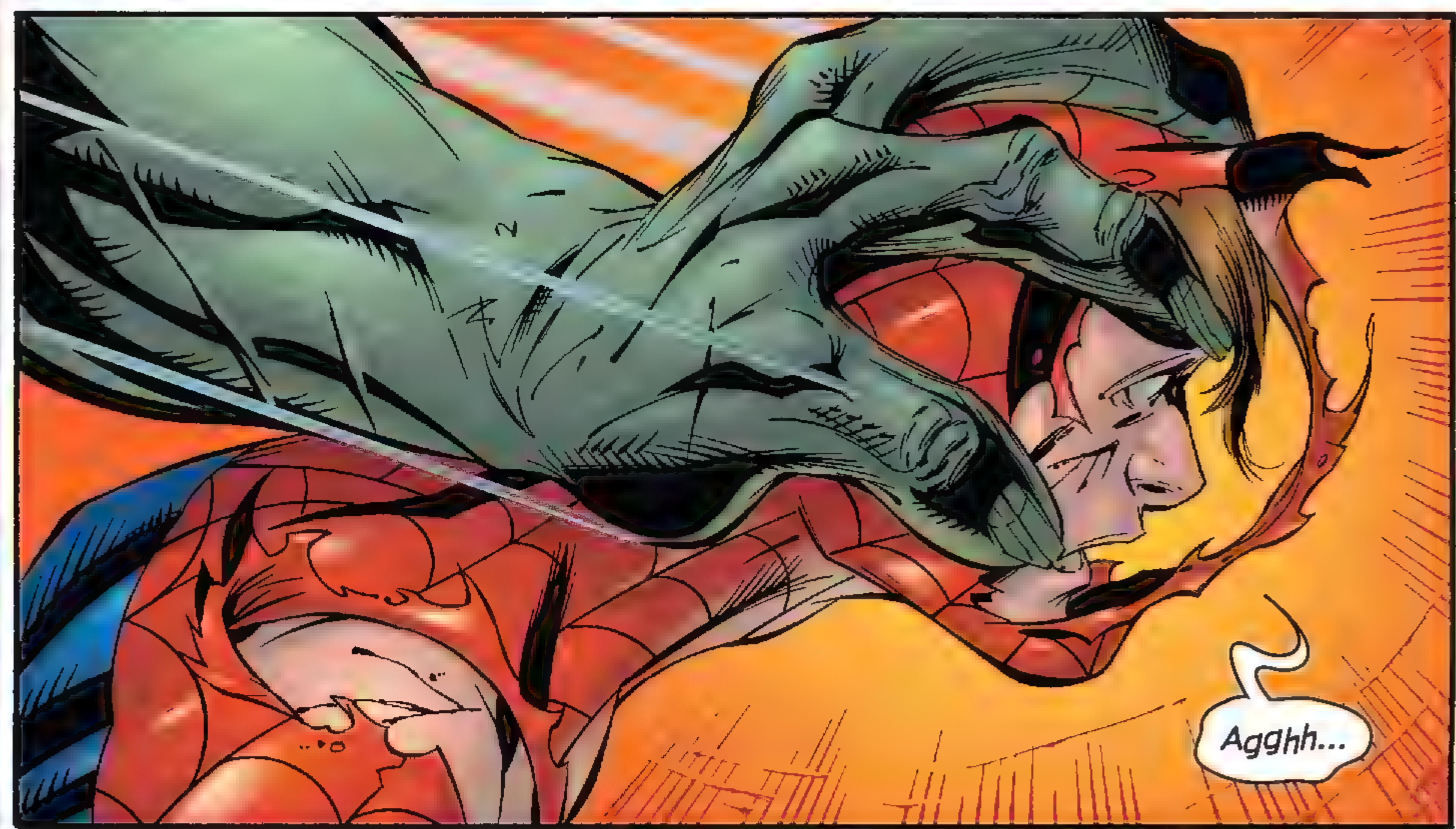
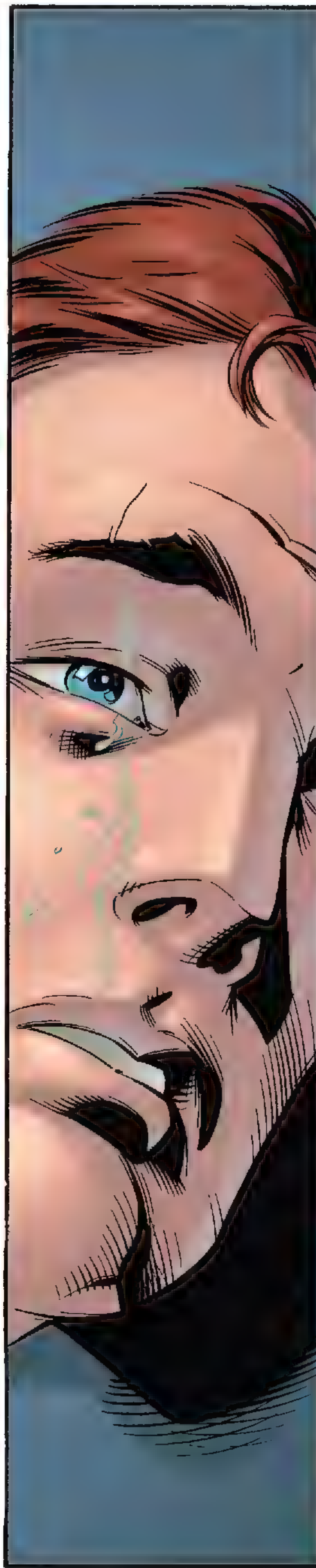
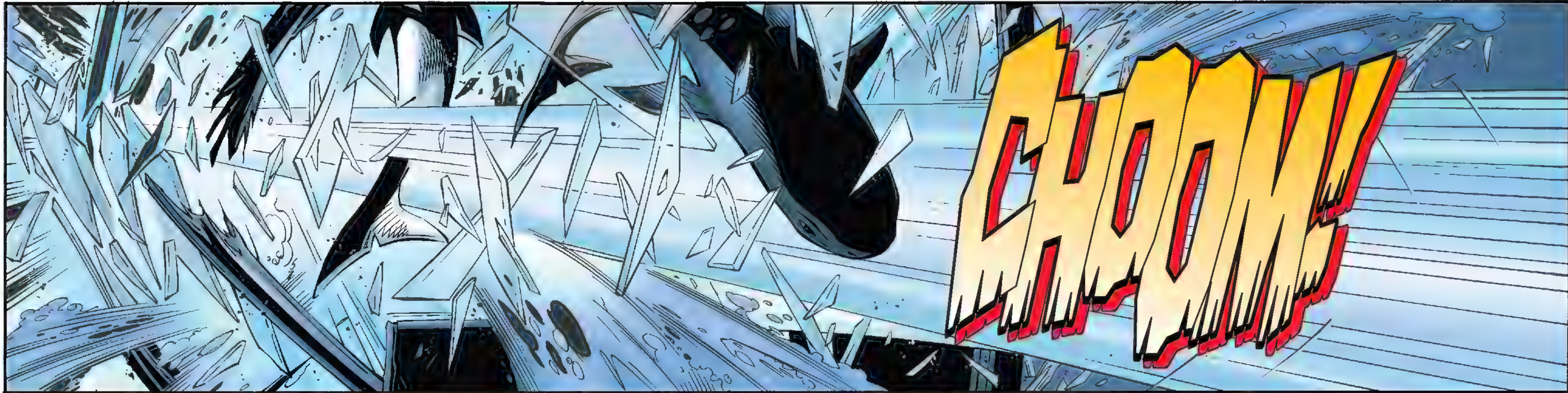










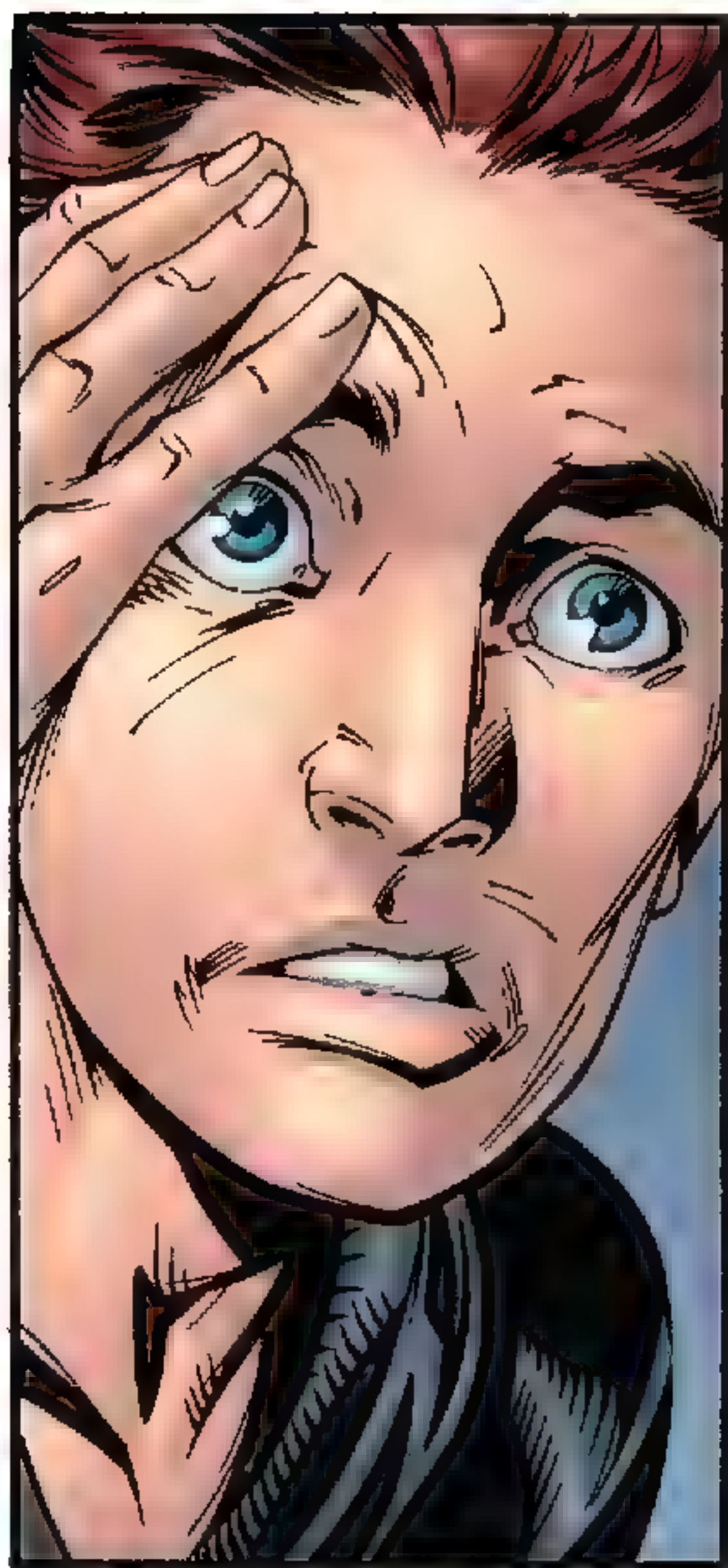


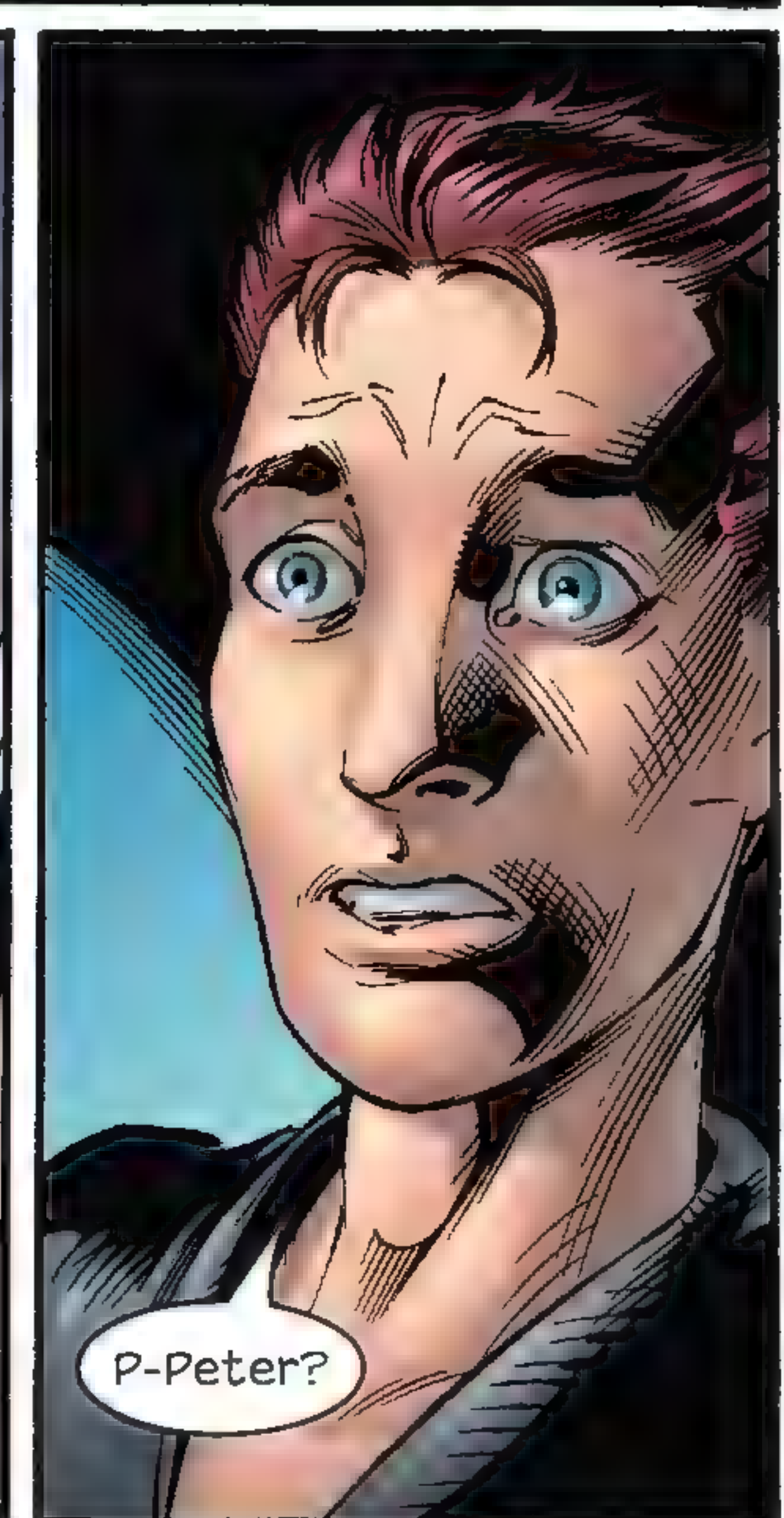
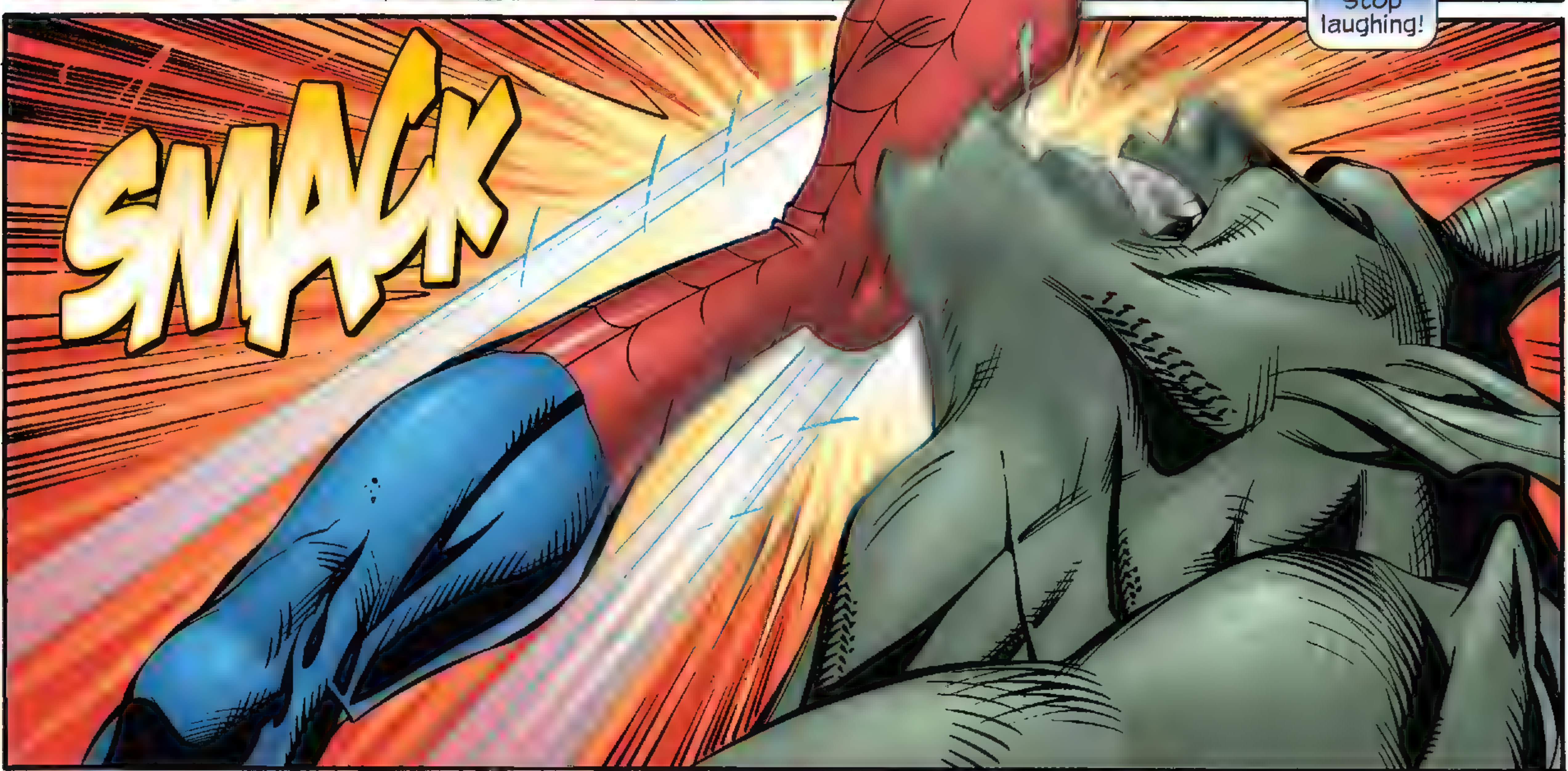
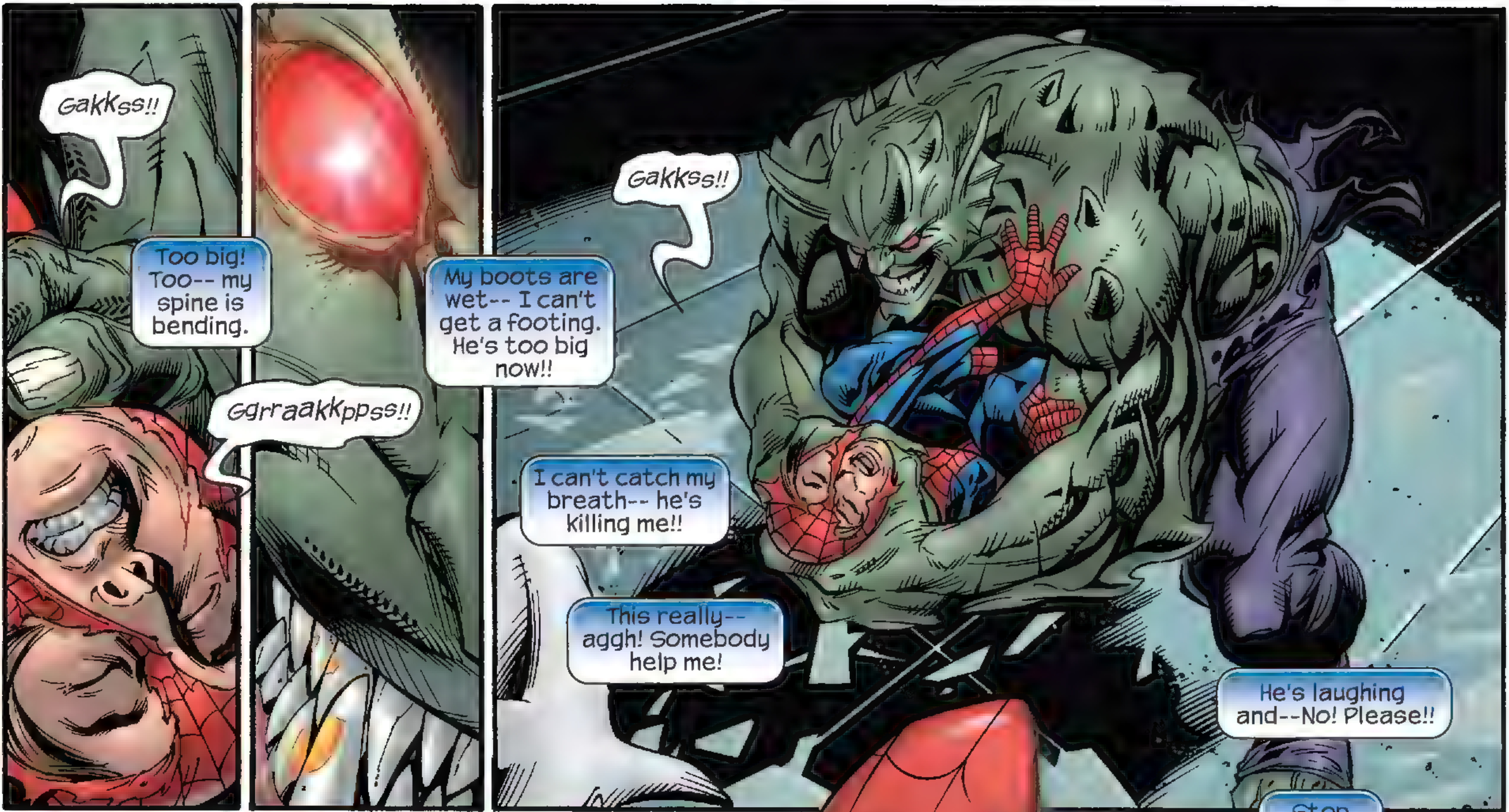


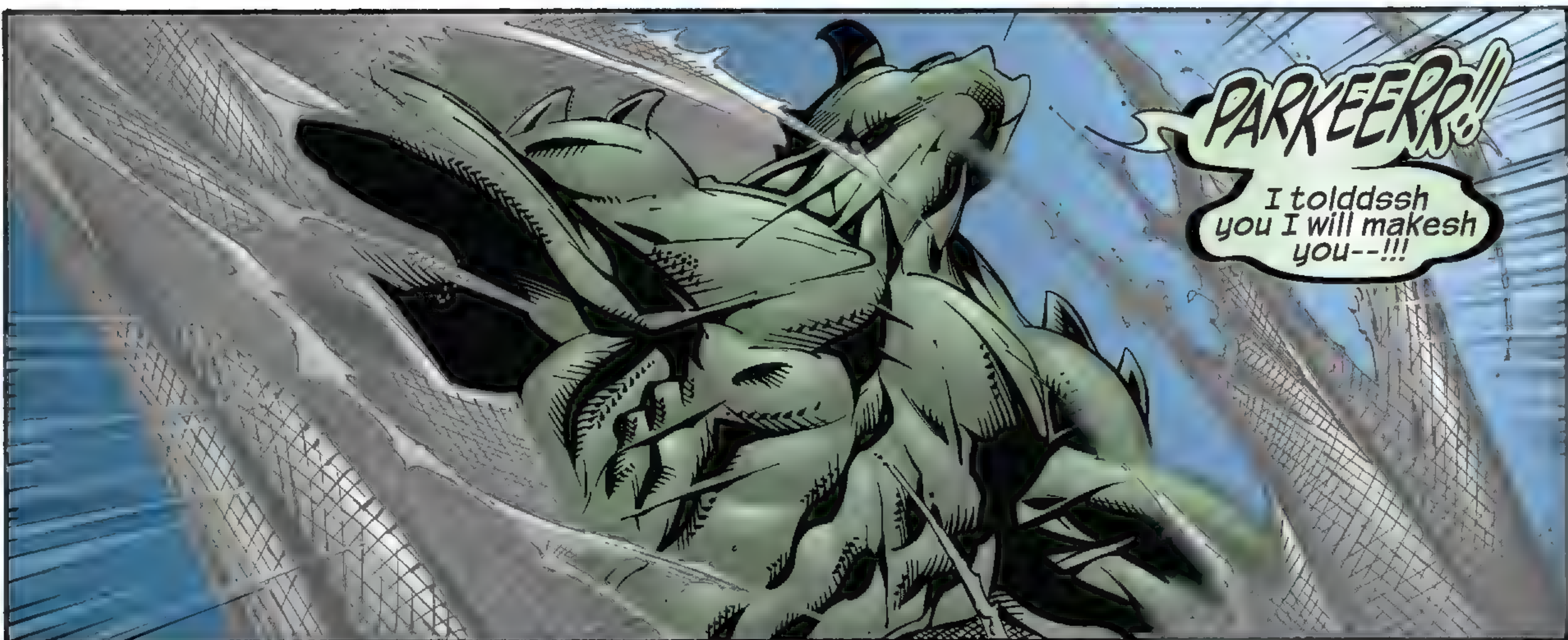




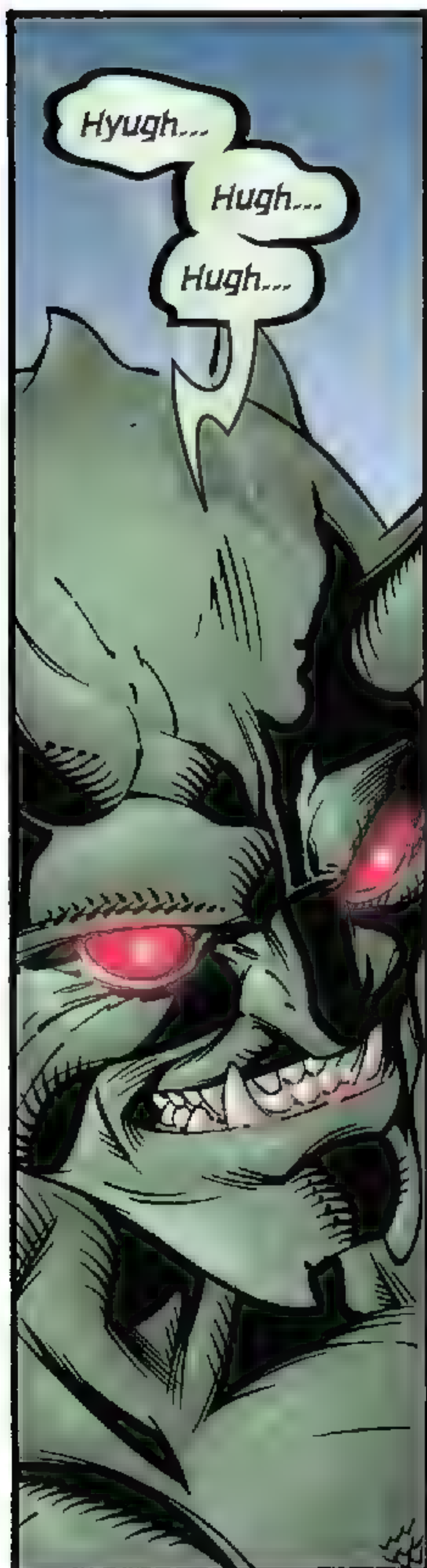








PARKEERR!!
I tolddssh
you I will makesh
you--!!!



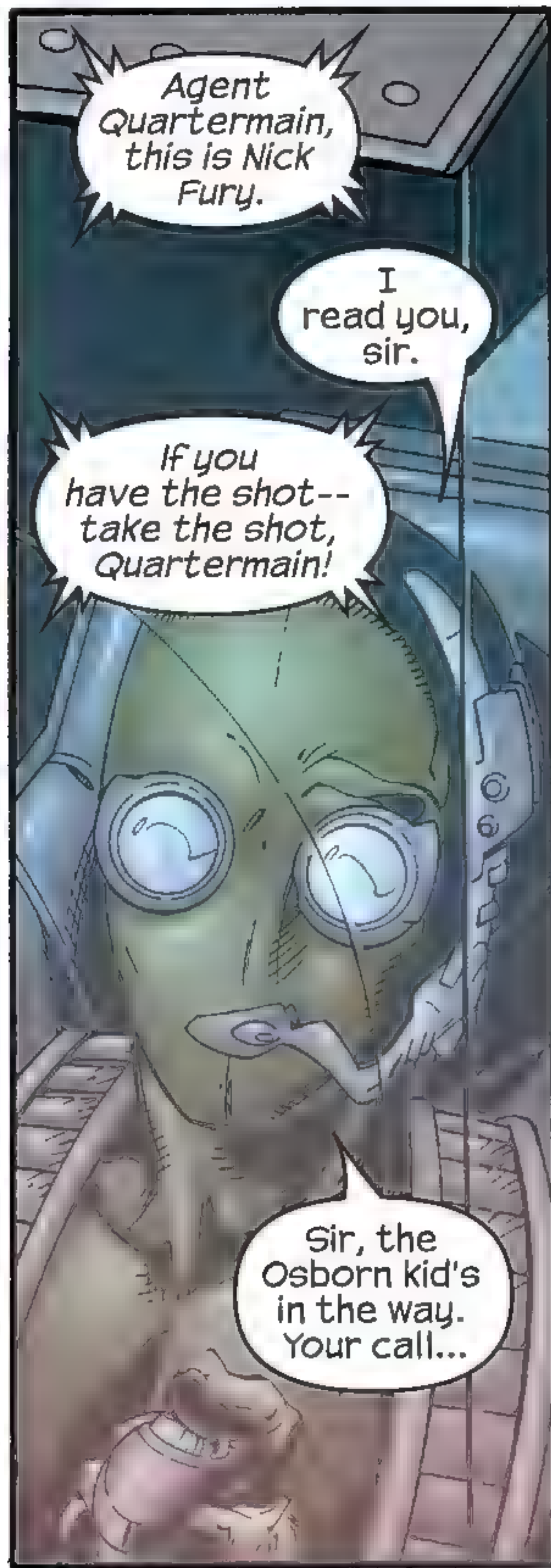
Hyugh...
Hugh...
Hugh...



...Dad?



Hyugh...
Hugh...
Hugh...

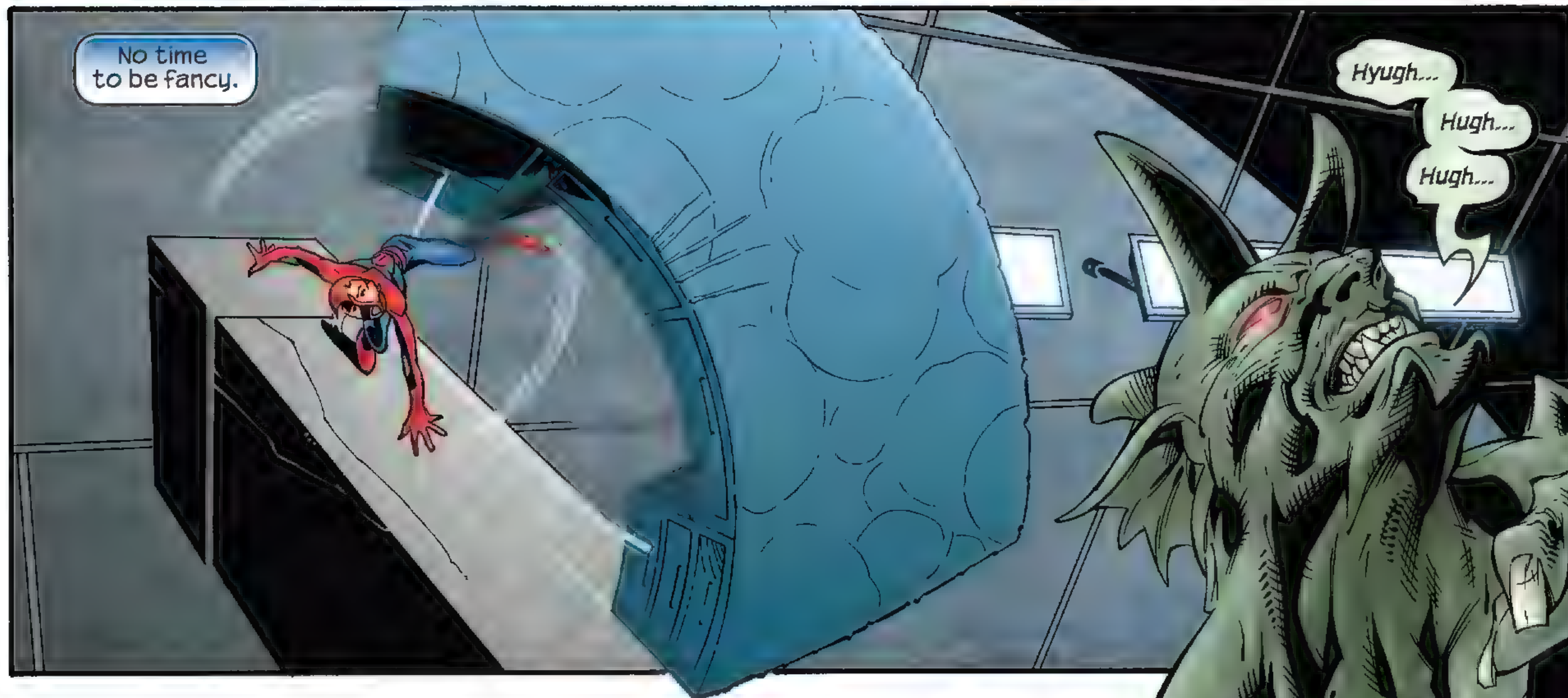


Agent
Quartermain,
this is Nick
Fury.

I
read you,
sir.

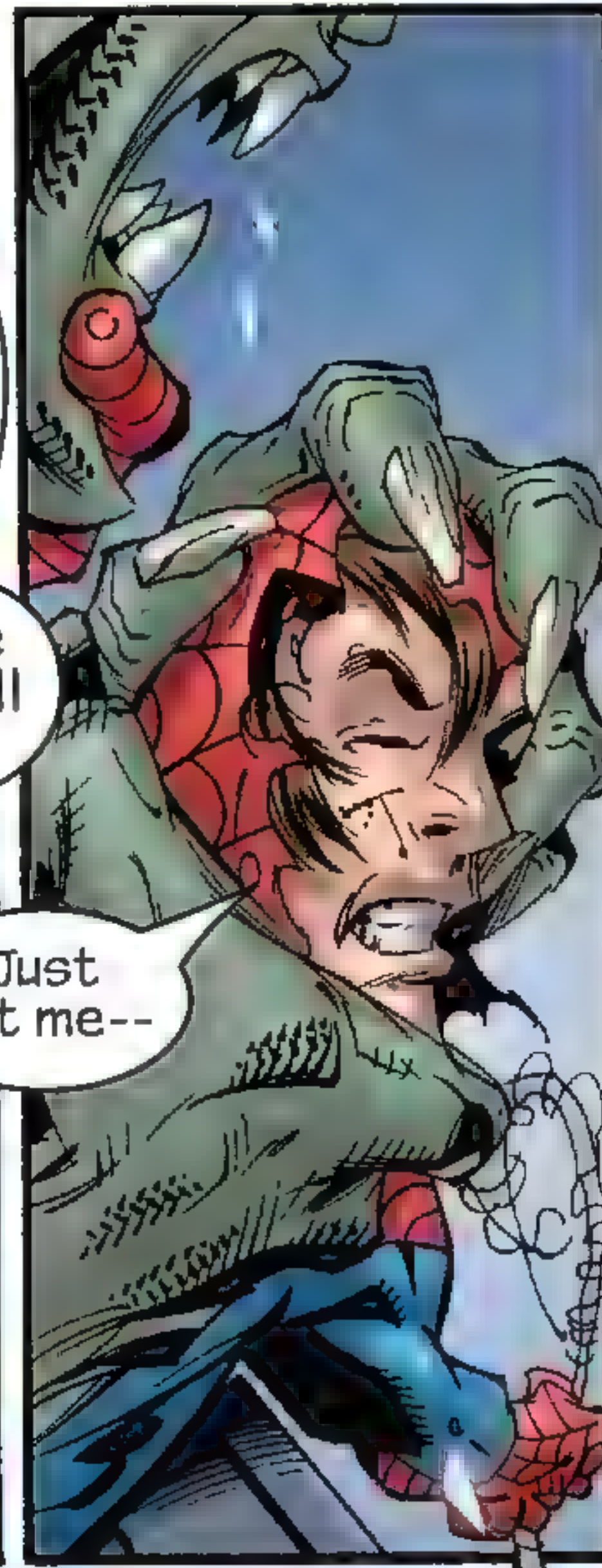
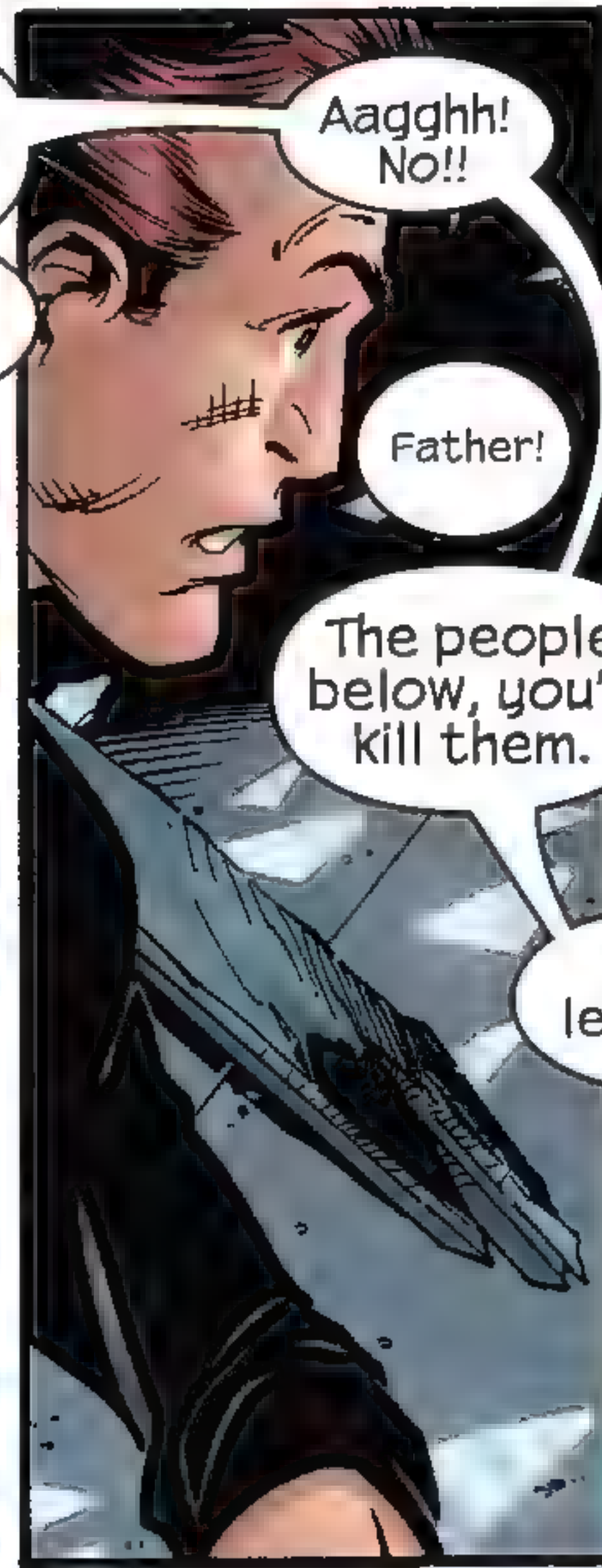
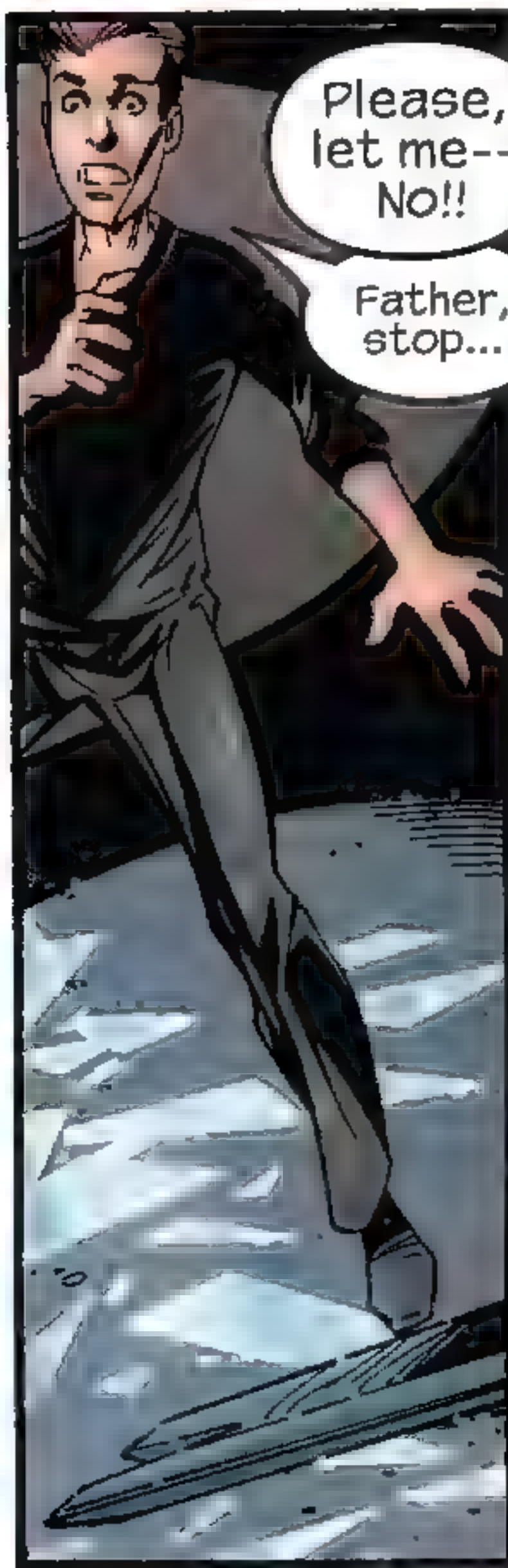
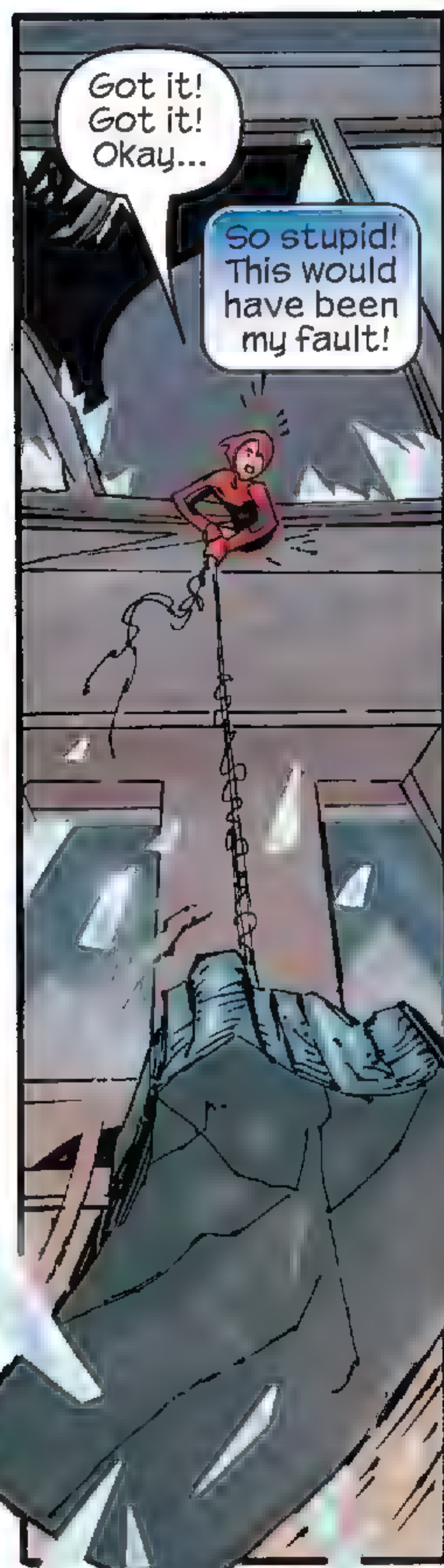
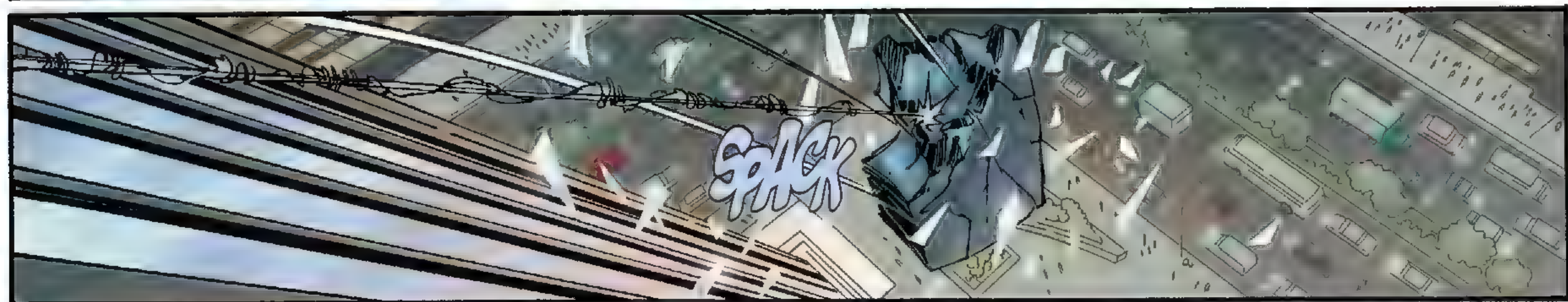
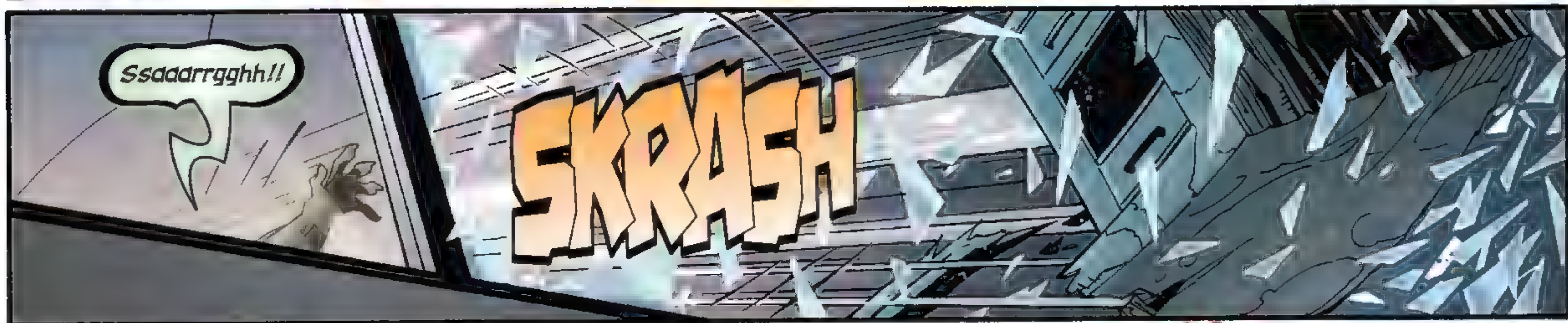
If you
have the shot--
take the shot,
Quartermain!

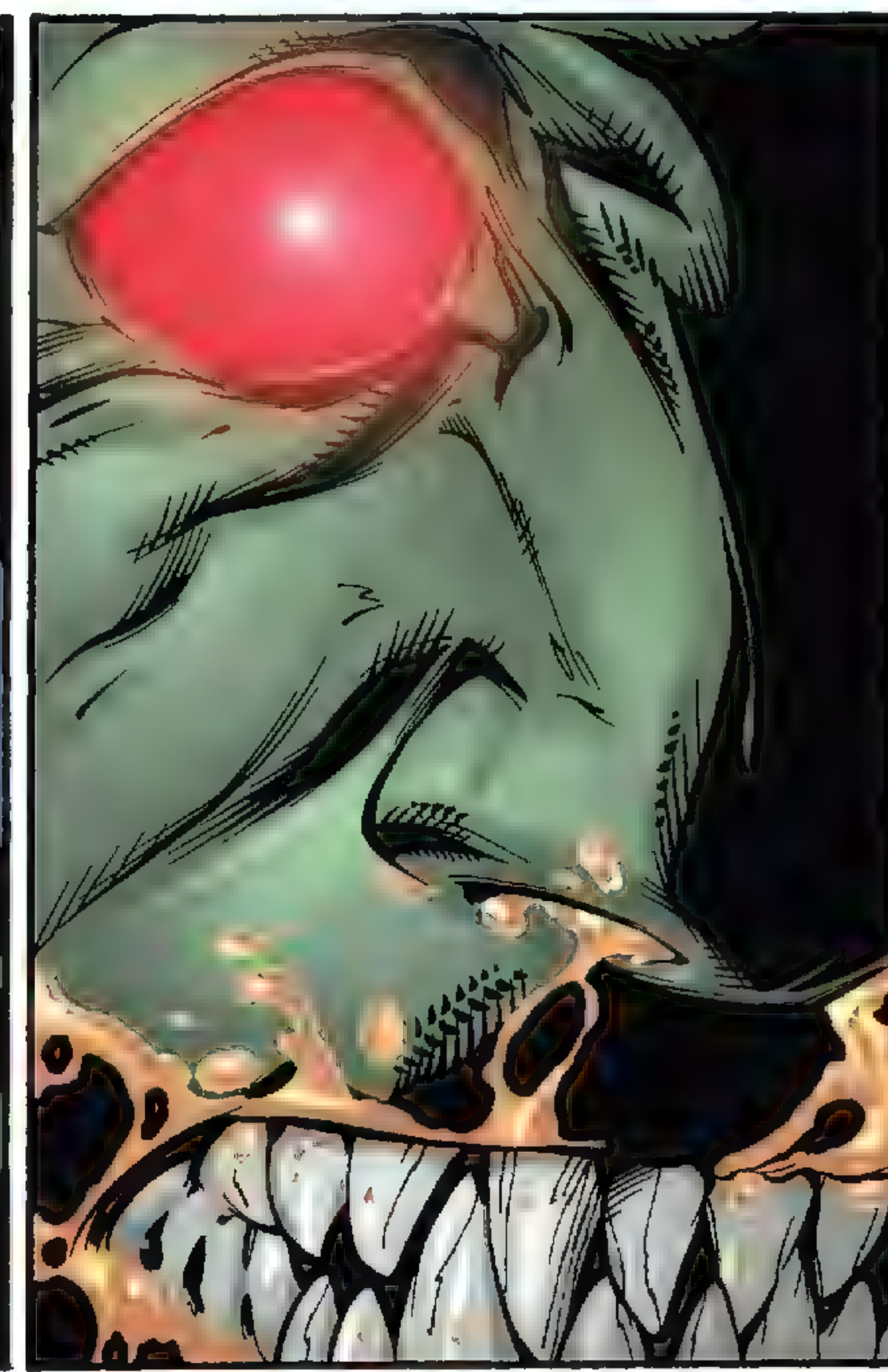
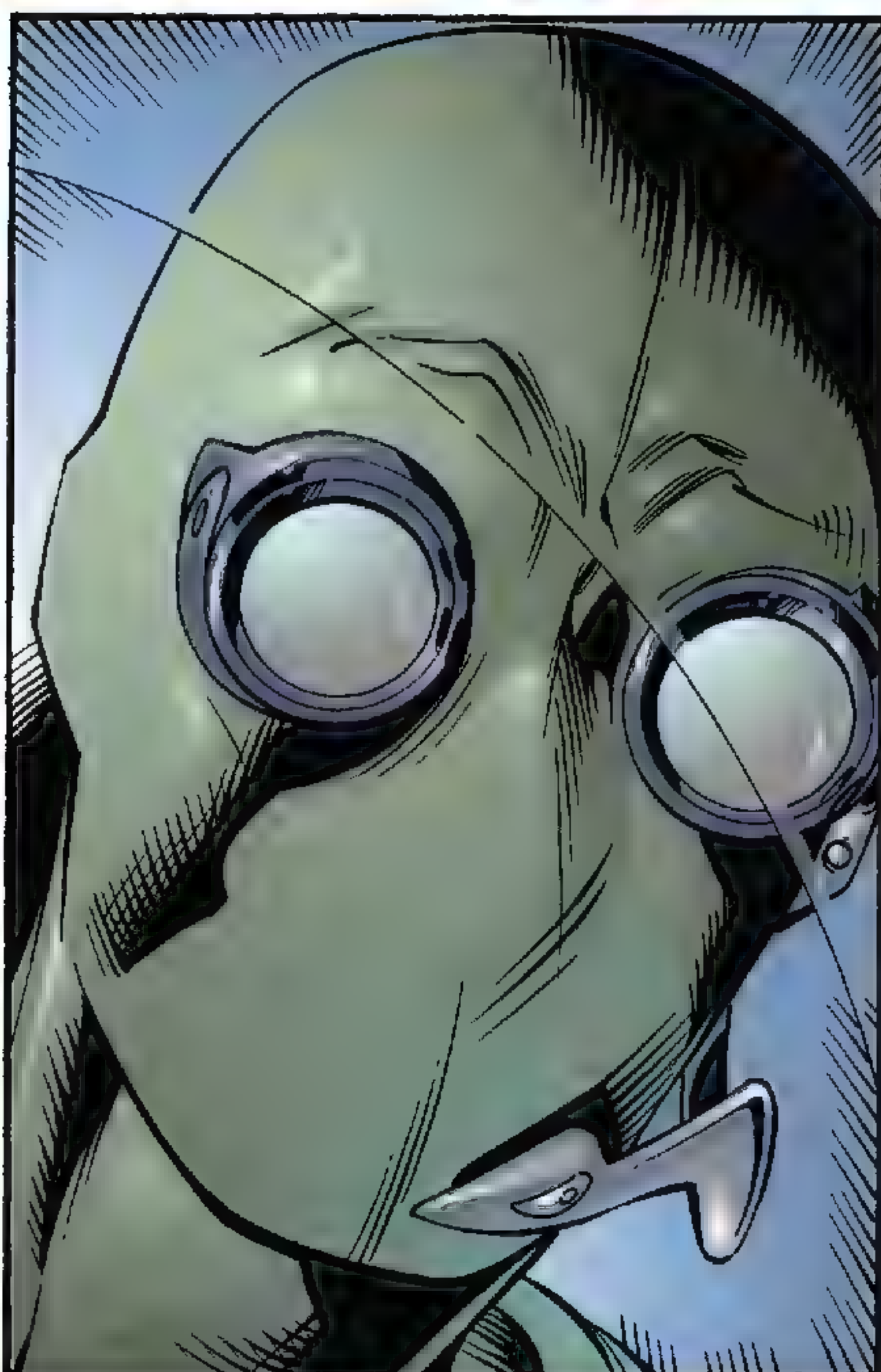
Sir, the
Osborn kid's
in the way.
Your call...



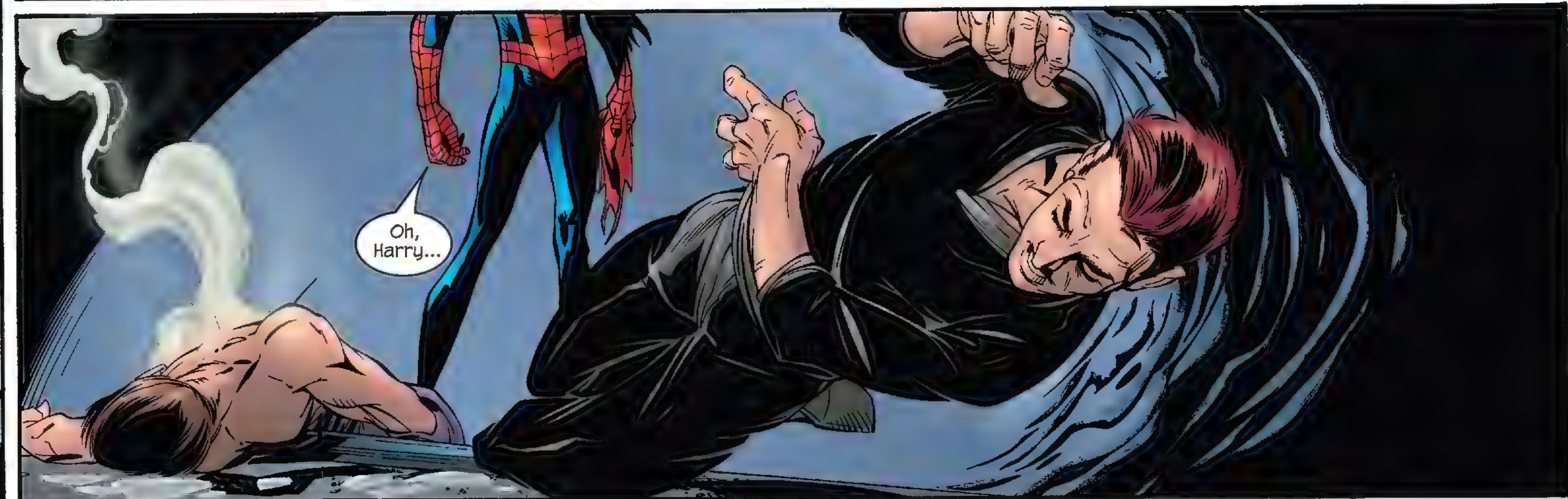
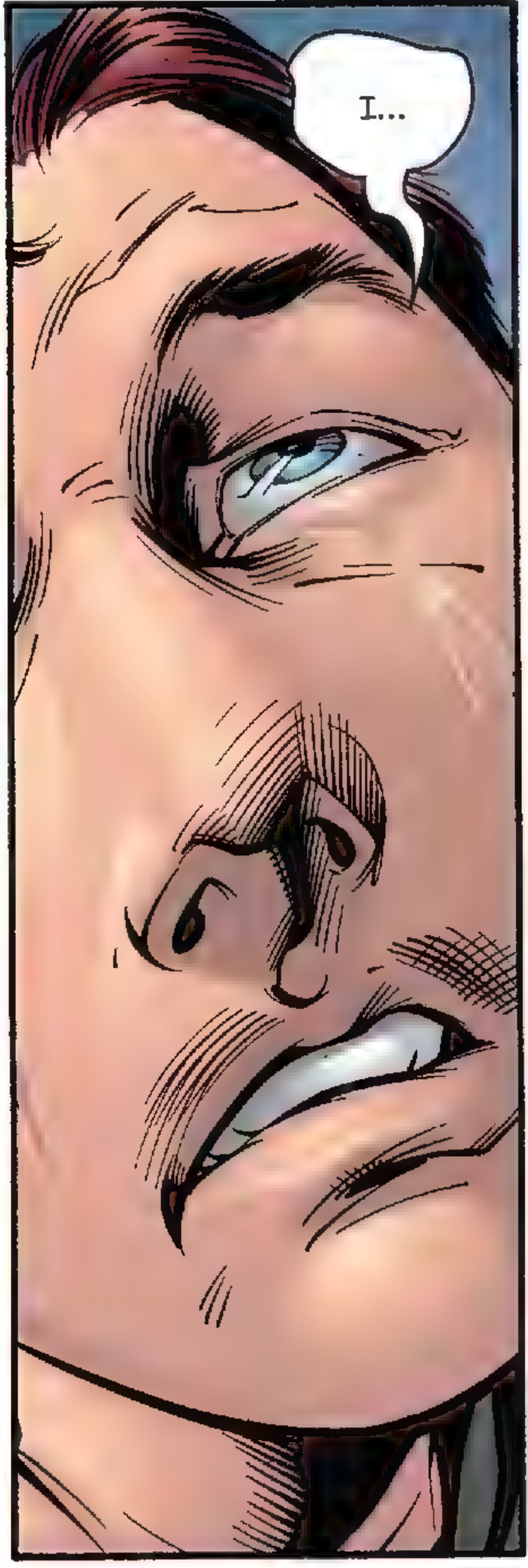
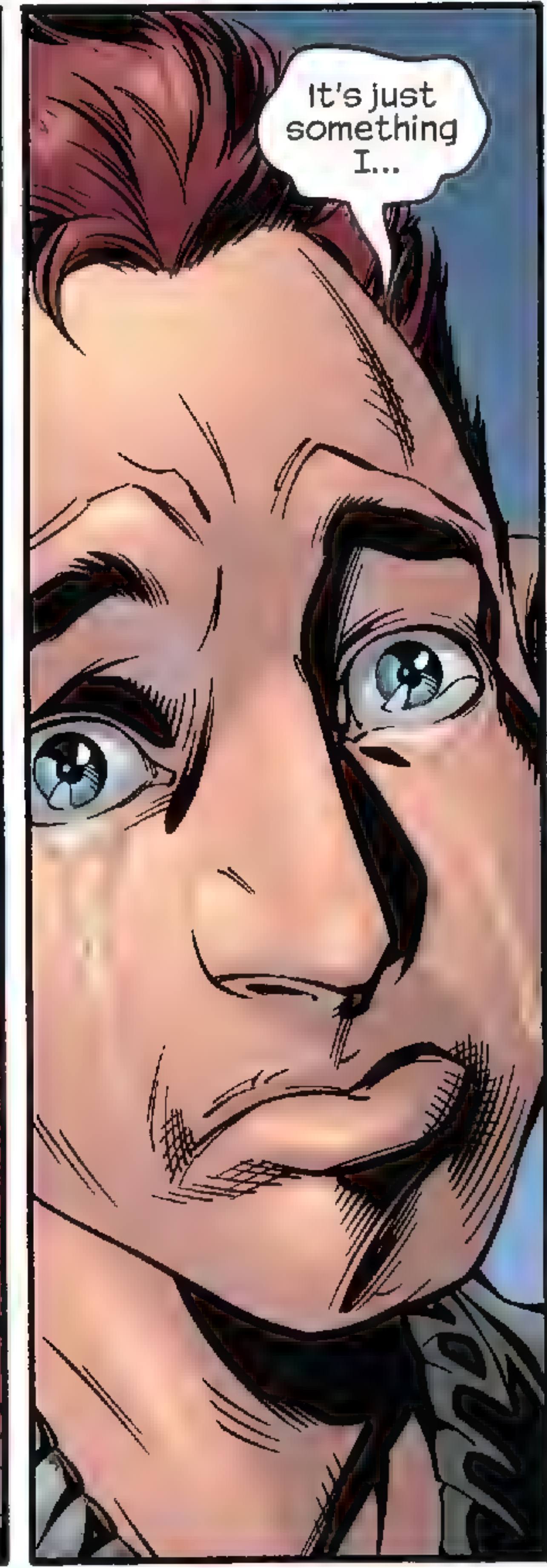
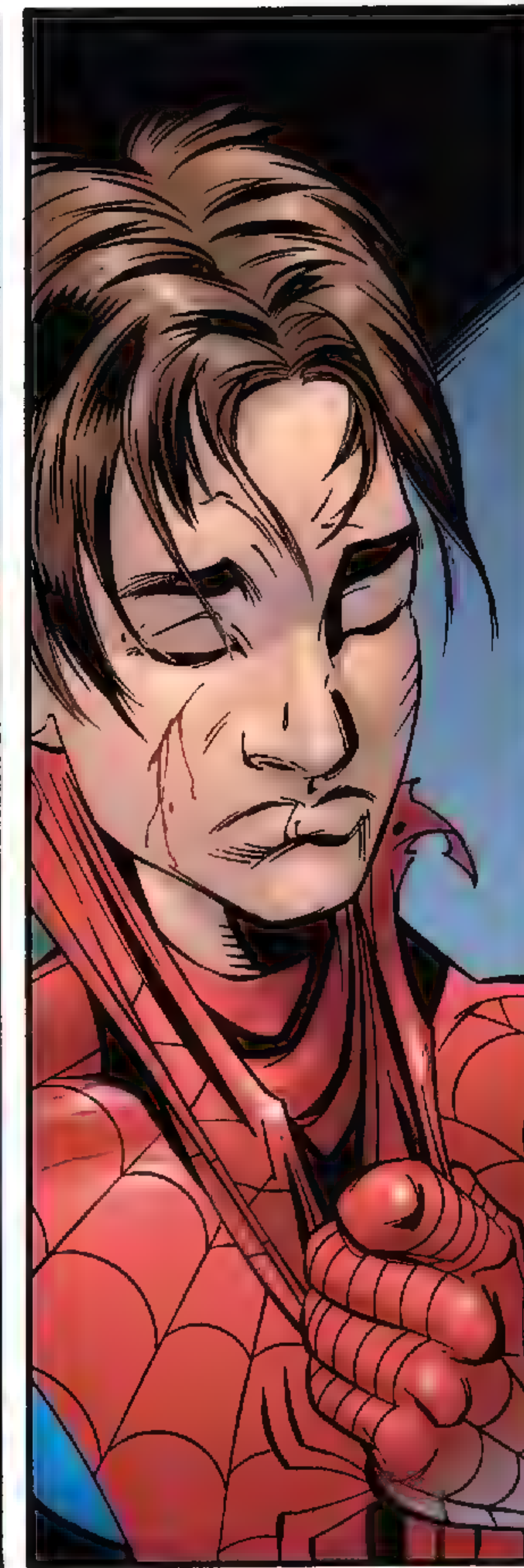
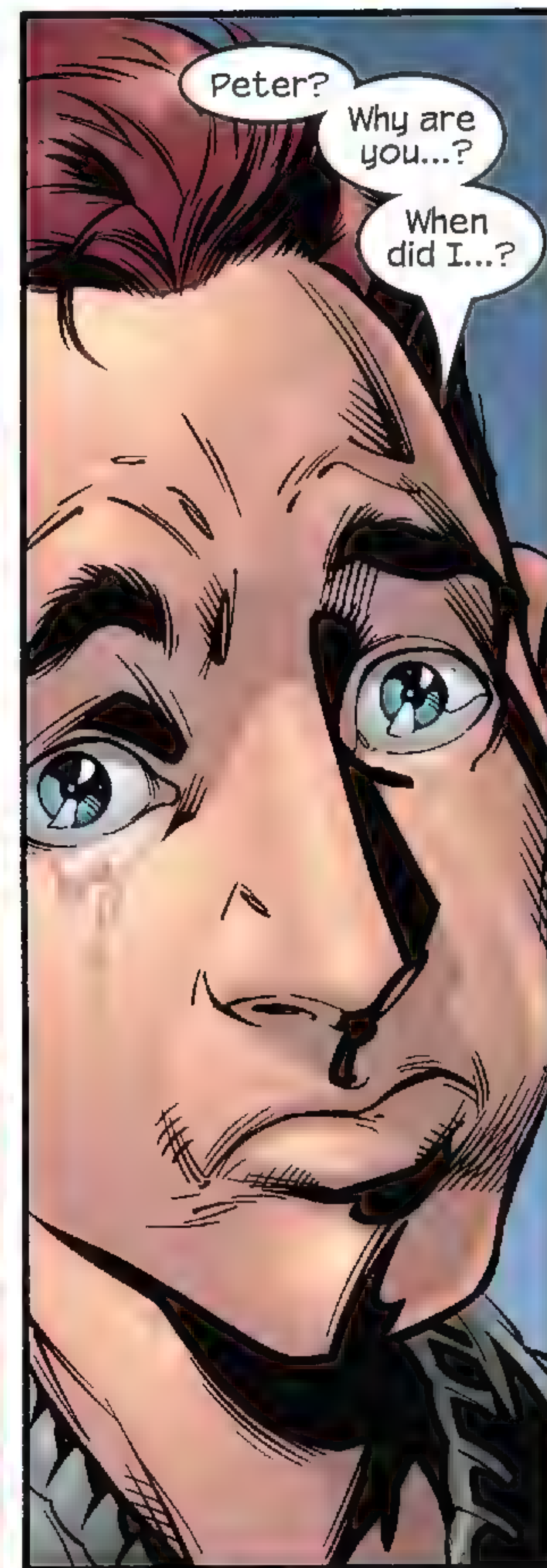
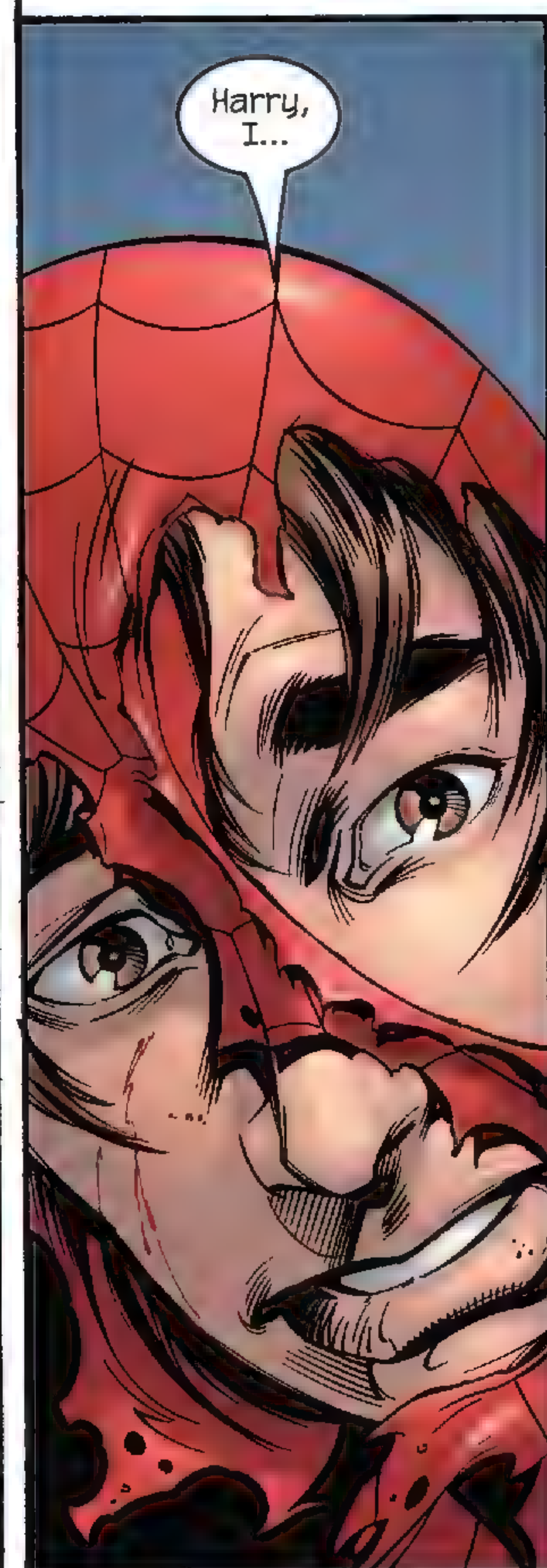
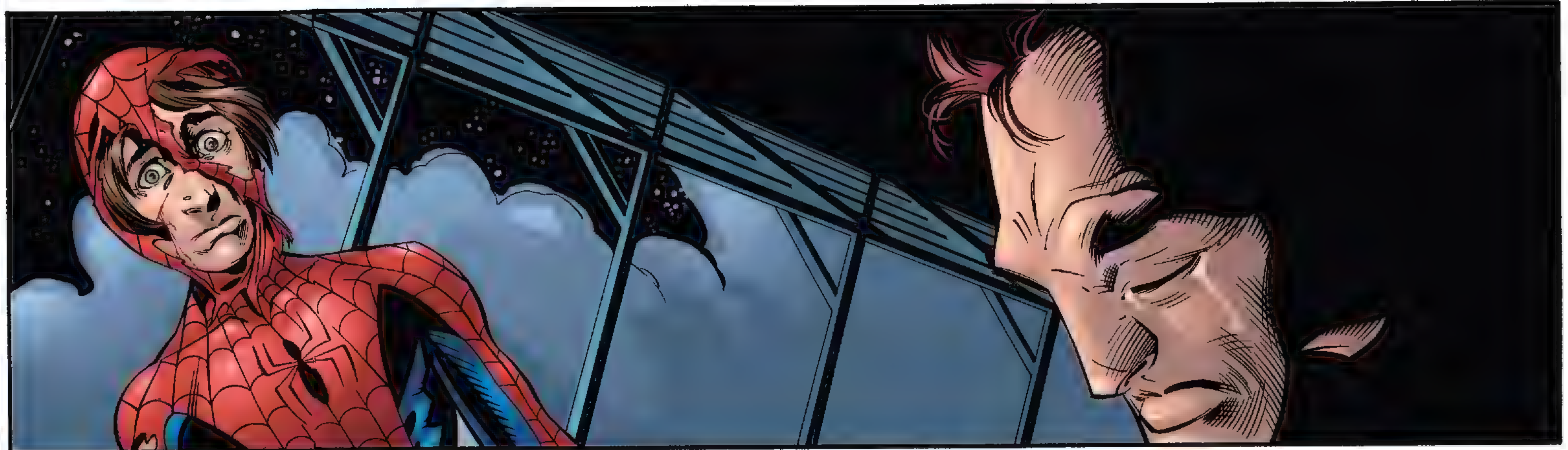
No time
to be fancy.

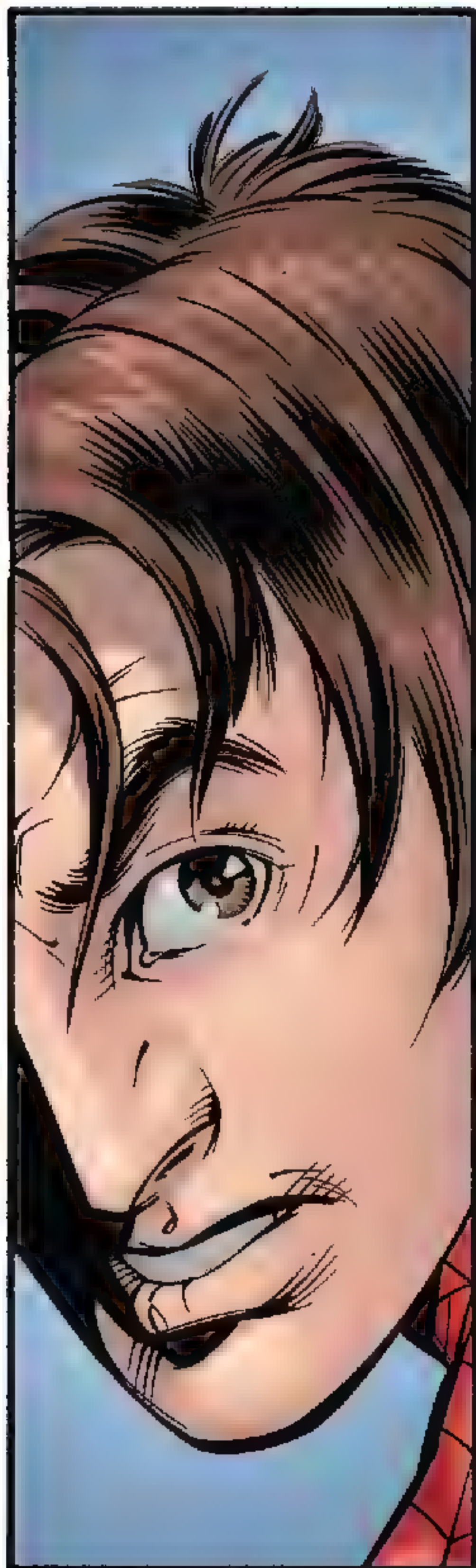
Hyugh...
Hugh...
Hugh...













He fainted?

Yeah.

Probably for the best. We'll take care of him.



Are you going to arrest him?

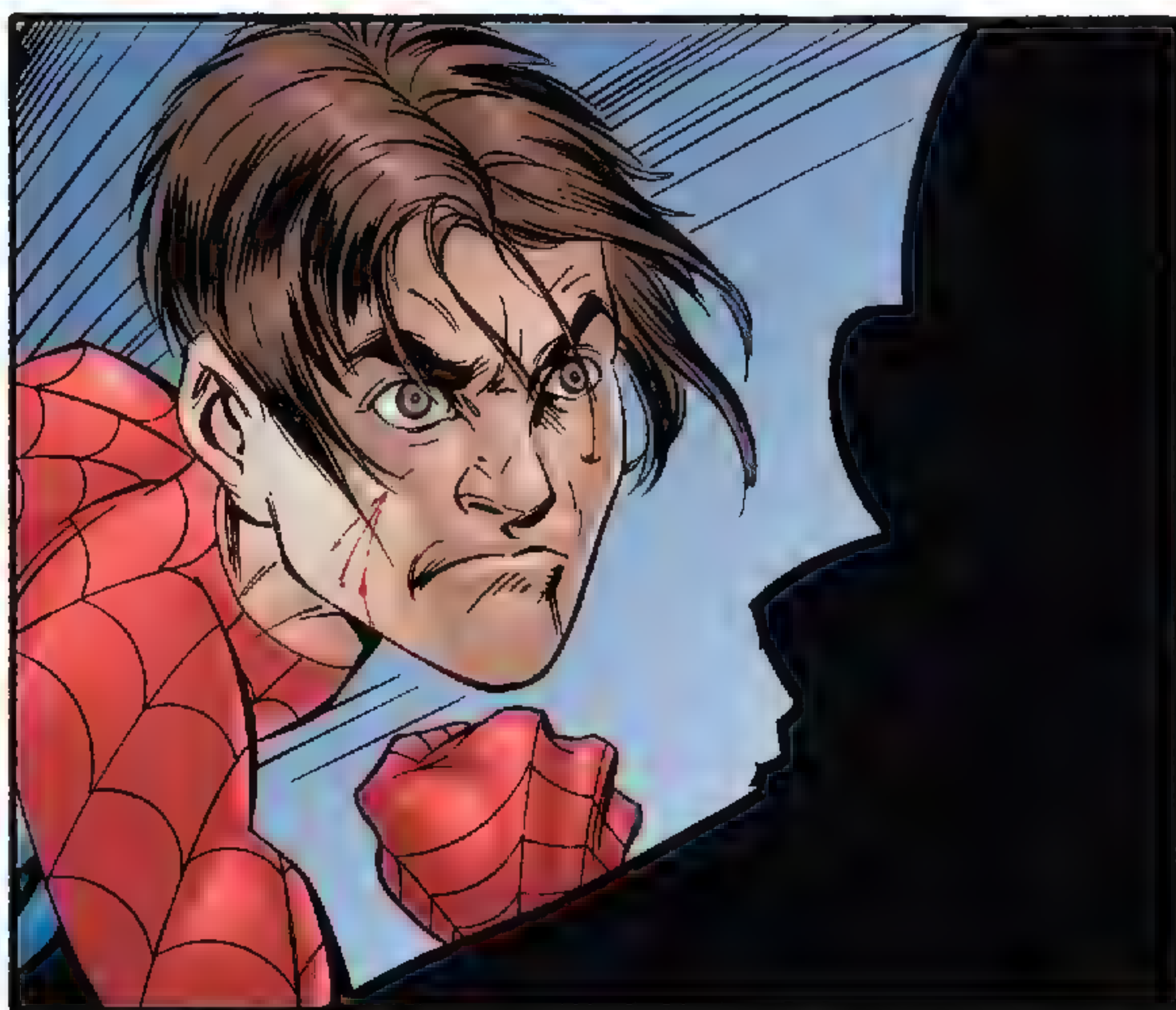


No. No, we don't do that.

We'll deprogram the hackwork hypnotherapy and then we'll do what we can to get him back to a normal life.

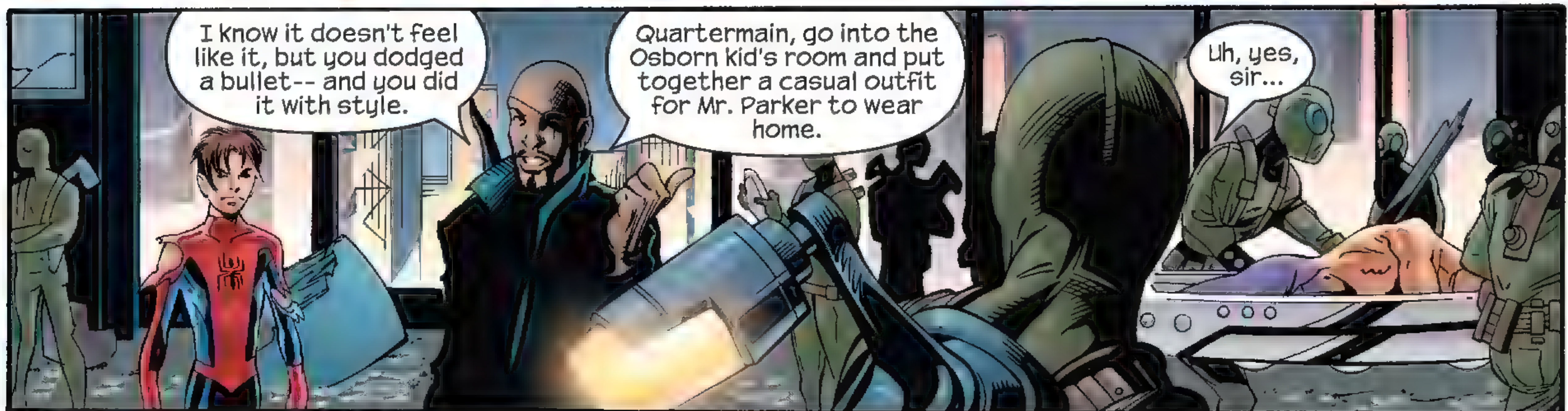
It'll work out. We've seen worse.

Told you we would be there when it came down.



Think of it this way, kid--

--one less injection and Norman might have had enough wits about him to really do something horrible.



I know it doesn't feel like it, but you dodged a bullet-- and you did it with style.

Quartermain, go into the Osborn kid's room and put together a casual outfit for Mr. Parker to wear home.

Uh, yes, sir...



You want some gum? It helps with the nausea.

No.

Buck up, kid.

You saved the girl...



Woo, did the Watson girl make it back to Queens in one piece?

Okay. Pull recon out of there.

All surveillance on the Parker kid is done.

Yes, sir.

Yes, sir.



Listen...

You're young and it will be hard to explain this to you...

...but the *less* you tell your girlfriend about all this... the better.

I know it feels good to talk to a nice girl about all this crazy stuff you're going through...

...but every time you confide in her, you're inadvertently risking her life.

There are just some things civilians aren't meant to know.



My recommendation to you is--

--enjoy your youth.

You're too young to be this involved with the big boys.



There will be plenty of time and opportunity for you here later.



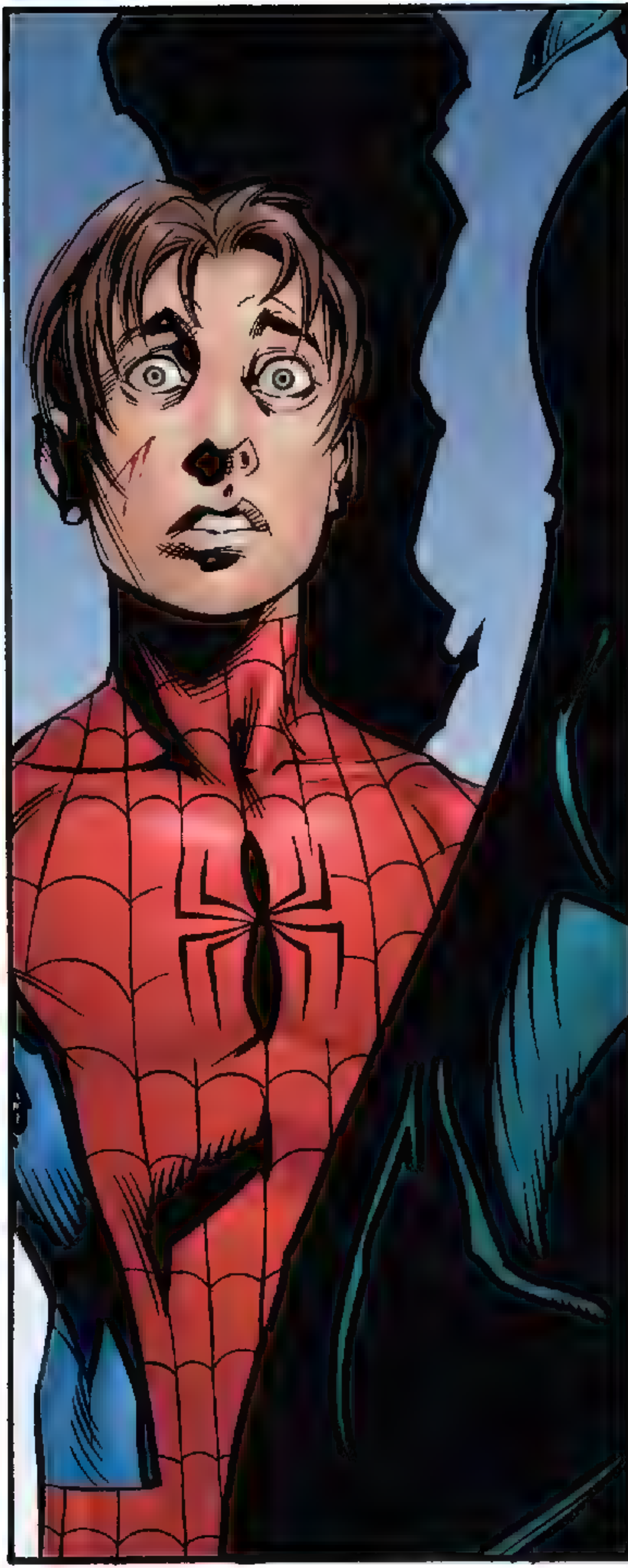
Yeah, uh, no offense...

...but it's hardly like I want any part of this "big boys" world of yours.



Well...

...you hardly have any choice, kid.



You're an illegal, unnatural genetic mutation.

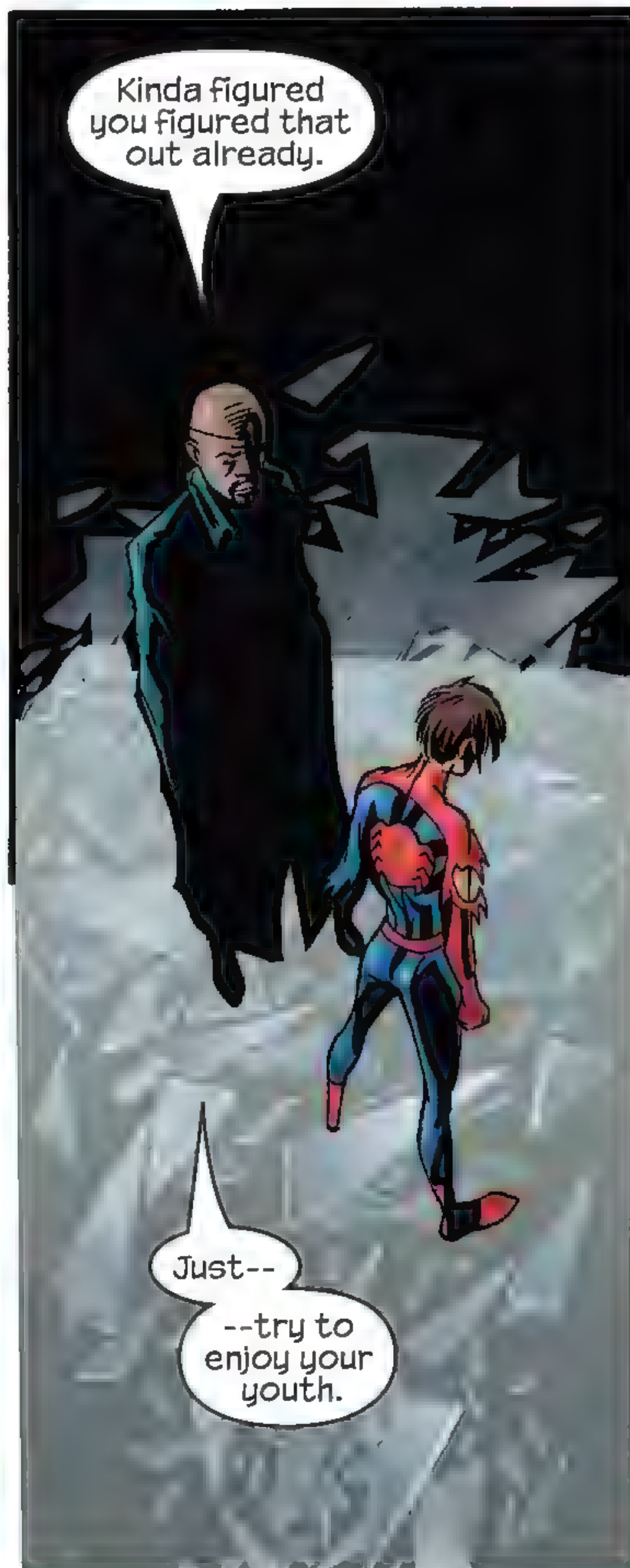
You turn eighteen-- you belong to me.

That's the way it is.

Unless you turn yourself into a menace to society...

...there's nothing we can do about you now.

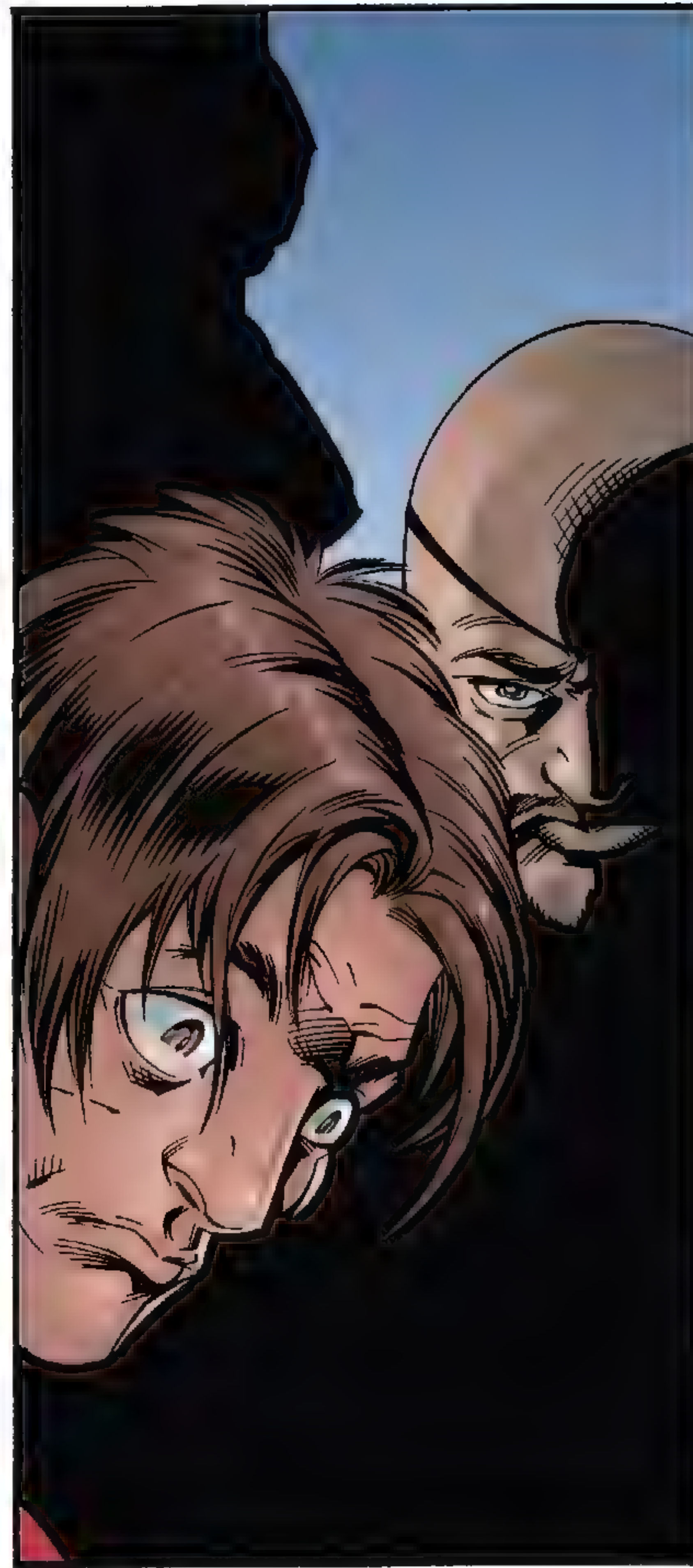
You're a minor, but when you turn eighteen...

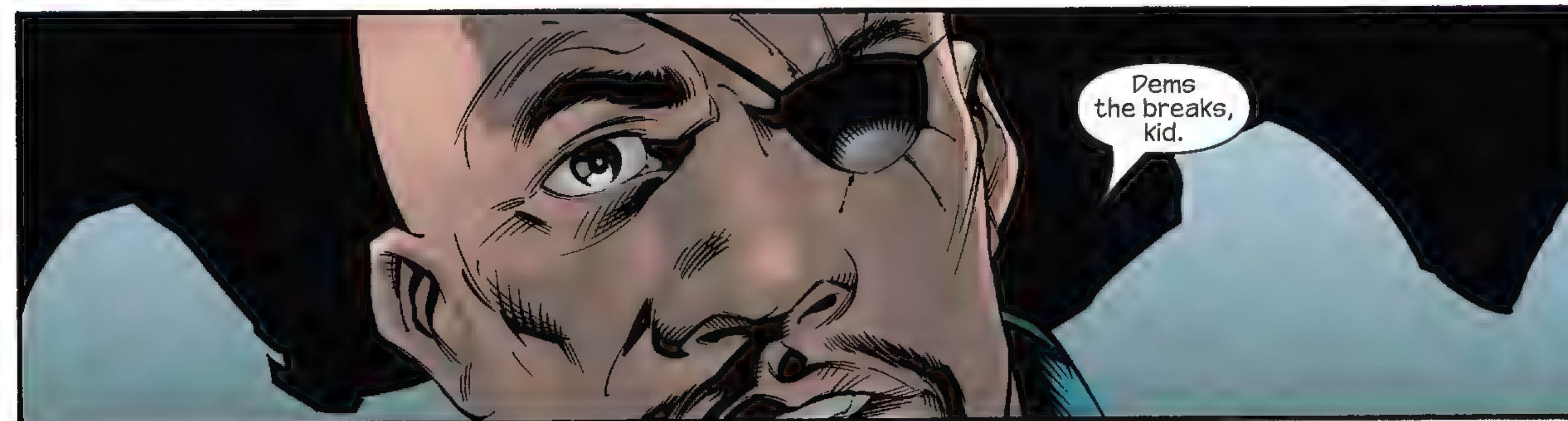


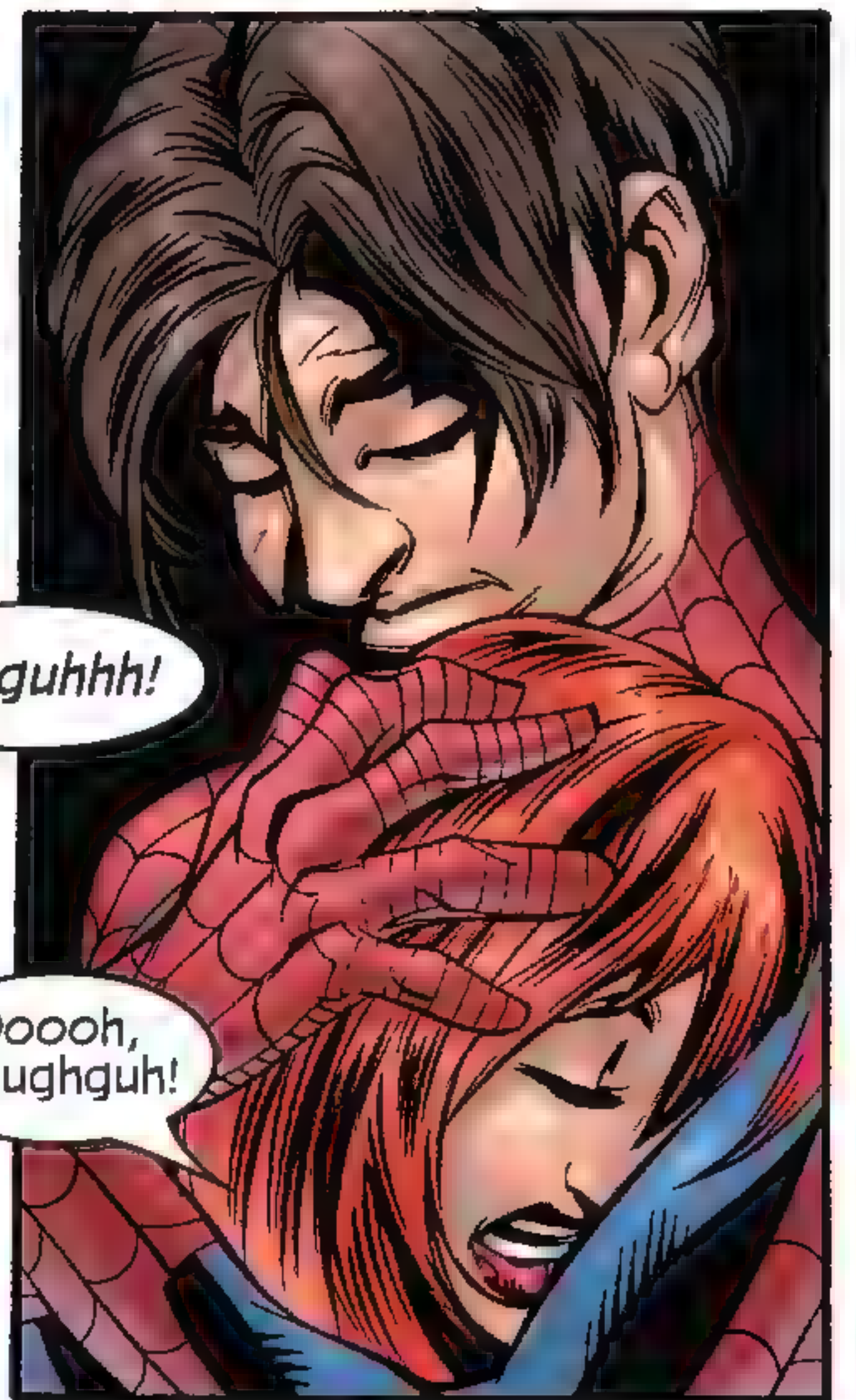
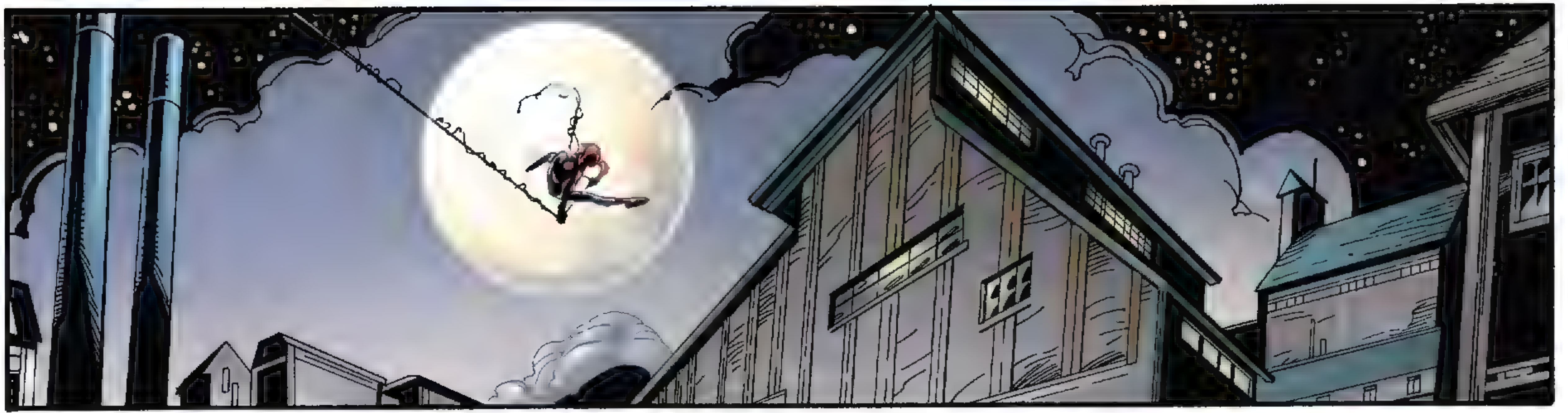
Kinda figured you figured that out already.

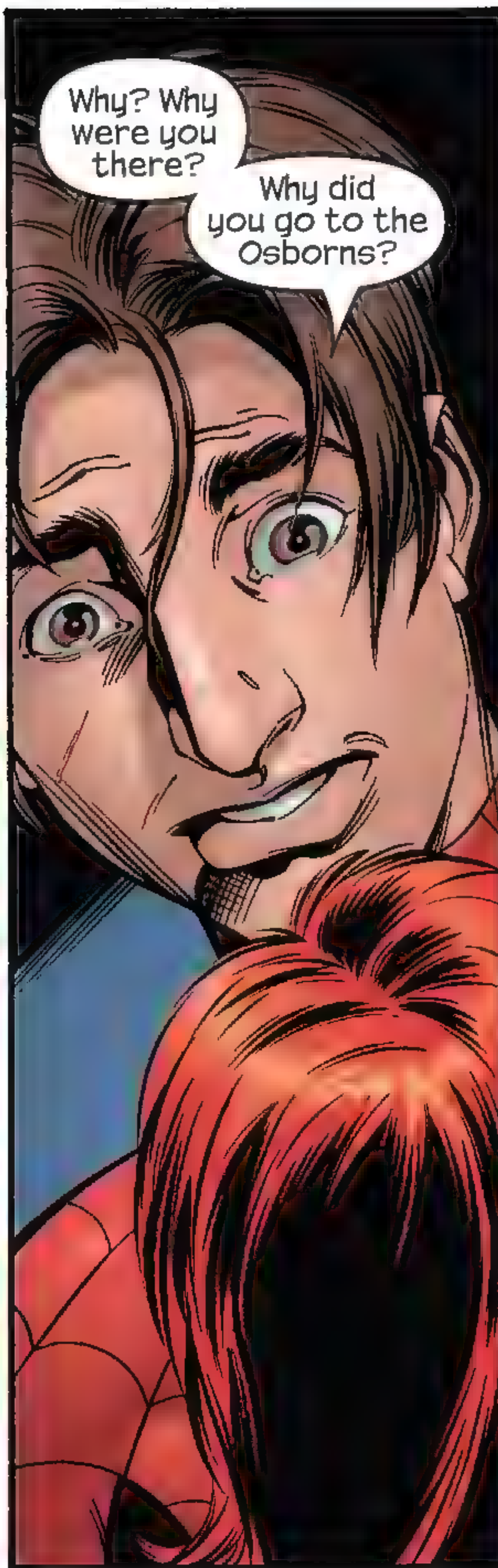
Just--

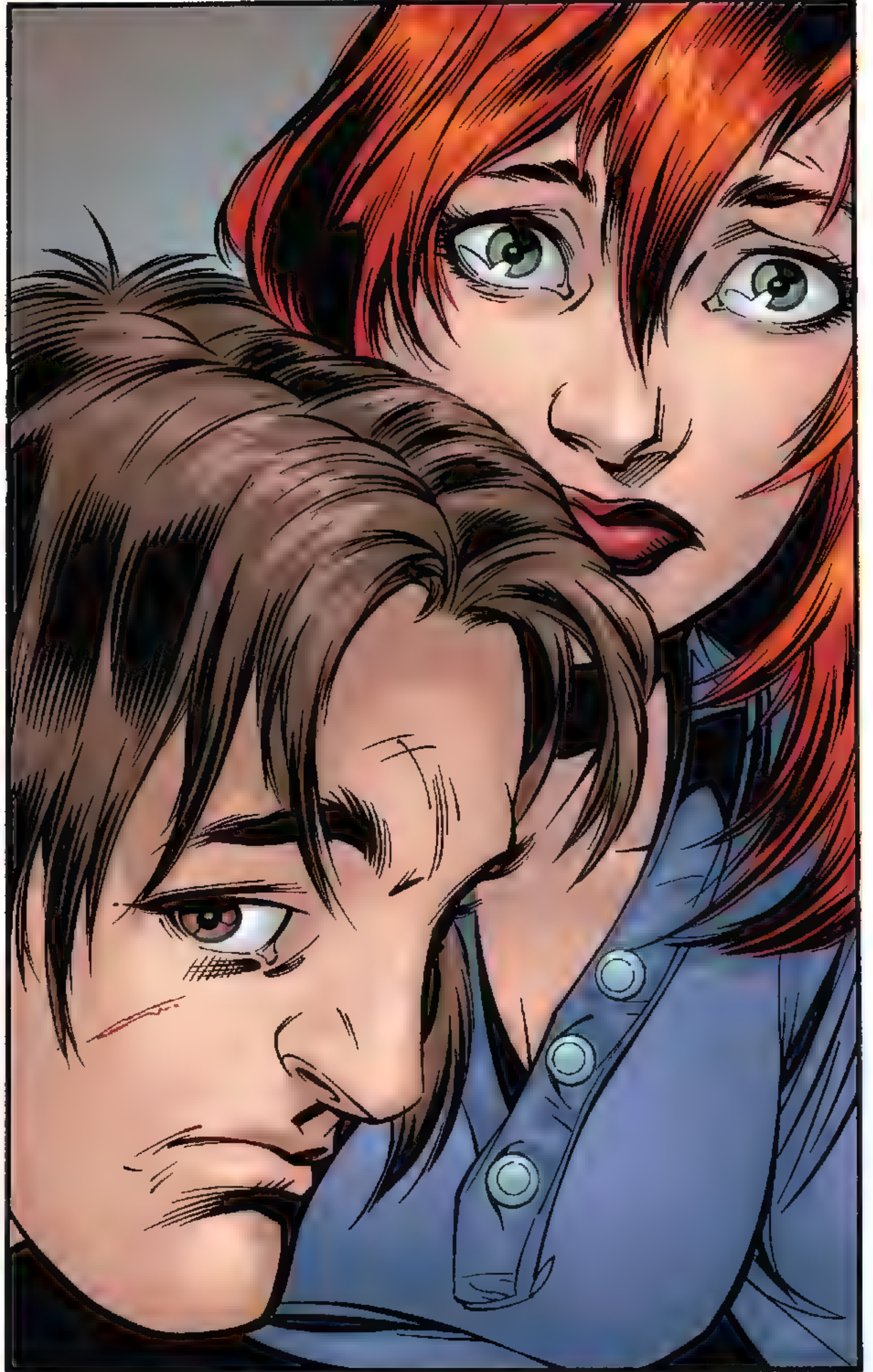
--try to enjoy your youth.













GREEN GOBLIN
CHARACTER SKETCHES
by Mark Bagley





HOOD - MOSTLY WORN
BACK OFF HEAD.

ALL BLACK BODY SUIT -
WILL RARELY BE SEEN -
COARSE FITTING
NOT SUPERHERO

CLAWS
EXPOSED TO
FACILITATE
WALL CLIMBING





HEY BRIAN, -

I CANT HELP IT. I TRY TUNIC AND I GET
TOGA. - I'M STILL WORKING ON IT. BUT I REALLY
THINK NORMAN WOULD REVEAL IN HIS POWER +
PHYSICALITY. - I DONT THINK HE'D SNAODLE
HISSELF IN ROBES. - ILL KEEP WORKING.

BAUS.

**Peter Parker
has a secret:**

**He's different from
other kids his age.**



Well...not *that* different.

He still gets picked on and put down, but his classmates can't walk on walls or lift 10 times their own body weight. They call him a spaz and a geek — but to the rest of the world, he's Spider-Man...an everyday teenager gifted with the incredible powers of a human arachnid!

Besides staving off the school bully, the fledgling web-slinger now must contend with the re-emergence of the Green Goblin. The last time these two tussled, Peter barely escaped with his life. Now, Norman makes him an offer he can't refuse!

Collecting *Ultimate Spider-Man* #22-27, by Eisner Award-winning writer **Brian Michael Bendis** (*Powers*, *Daredevil*) and acclaimed artist **Mark Bagley** (*Thunderbolts*, *Amazing Spider-Man*).



MARVEL